

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 11 | Issue 1

Article 55

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June 2011

## Wake

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### Recommended Citation

Neumire, William (2011) "Wake," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 11: Iss. 1, Article 55.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol11/iss1/55>

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## Neumire: Wake

# WAKE

**WILLIAM  
NEUMIRE**

After his mother died, my uncle got so drunk he curled up  
in the yard with the dog. *October of deer dangling  
from oak branches with their guts cut open to dry.*

My grandfather dug his .22 out of the garage and sat on the porch  
taking aim at the family mutt, Charlie. My grandmother wouldn't go  
to New York for fancier medicine.  
She said god did what god did.

Charlie'd gotten into bad berries out back and shit on the kitchen  
floor. He yelped the whole airborne arc into a pile of leaves.  
My uncle crouched behind the movie theater baked in music.  
On the way home, like his mother taught him, he made the sign  
of the cross as he passed the church.

In the dim lawn, Charlie was a piñata of leaves. Under the deer  
he buried himself with my uncle.

My father tells me this again and again. No lesson. No round up.  
Convinced this will help me someday.