

# MAKING ARRANGEMENTS

**JIMMIE CUMBIE**

That whole week I drove the old roads. I didn't really see anyone,  
but slowed for the familiar red Farmall  
stalled beside the sunken cattle truck  
in the shade of a blue corncrib. The night before the service  
I stopped at an unmanned stand  
near Old Settler's Park,  
thumbed dirt from knobby gourds,  
poked around the flatbed, chose a squash before  
stuffing three bucks in the honor-box.  
When I got back I handed the squash to my mom—  
I figured she could make something of it.  
In the kitchen they had pictures of him spread over the table.

After I cracked open in the driveway

I watched sparks climb a red ladder from a barrel of burning leaves.