

Dan J. Johnson

Ombrosa

divided

stockfish

sausages

and cheeses,

and sorrow over the loss of

mania

the beehives

turned

to the peasants

gave orders for watercourses to be dug,

fright began to wave

overturned a beehive and

a cloud of bees ran blindly

a fever from stings

another from wetting

the will to live would stay in bed all day

trees

had been murdered; his daughter married

herself;

hallucinations that Jesuits had taken
his house
from one tree to another,
the branches of cypresses
watched the burial from beyond the cemetery wall
we flung a handful of earth
down a small branch of leaves
bailiffs and tenants
would be on a branch.
perched on the big nut tree in the square
people treated him
telling stories to groups of Ombrosians,
the foot of the tree
would describe our uncle's end,