

teddy

by leah angstman

maybe now the windmills of
nantucket can be spinning
on the hills of the sound
where the richies can see

blowin out there with
your legacy your depth
your final great roar as
the last congressional lion

explosions are best
confined to engines
to leave the head
well enough alone

i suppose in those crushing moments
you saw flashes of that infamous
family curse
perhaps the most noted premature deaths
in history
and you saw your own history
fleeting like the last
extinct big cats of the sahara

your head is left with
the holes of your past
filling those legacies in
with decay
decomposition rust
dysfunction distortion
disorientation
instead of
history
instead of
future

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