

NICOLE M. PREBLE

RE: Fathers and Copper

Fear tastes like copper must. I know this not
because Sergeant Mann shoved Lincoln inside
my mouth and said blow hard or since mother's
kiss reeked of nut spoons blackened by habit
or from the time when Dad taught me how notes
on trumpets are played, and my eyes matured
upon seeing his hands tremble like leaves
on brinks of some danger, winter, deferred
memoir quilted in Alzheimer's disease:
my tongue sweats awaiting daylight there, not
here, to honor safe ground six feet above,
to shed hard skin, the dread, and gunpowder
smoking off fifty stars of his story,
while some drifter offers kiwi for sale.