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.