

Studio One

Volume 43

Article 21

2018

Elegy for Stan

Chet Corey
studio1@csbsju.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Corey, Chet (2018) "Elegy for Stan," *Studio One*: Vol. 43, 32-33.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol43/iss1/21

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.

Elegy for Stan

1

Your eyes, for that moment
when with effort you lifted your head

from the pocket of sweat it had made
in pillow

and turned them toward my bent
down face,

your eyes were the eyes of a bull
who cocks its horns

at the cape of a matador,
as if it knows it is merely a man

in an elaborate costume
who invites and waits and turns.

2

They were the eyes
of our father, perhaps in anger,

drunkenness or in fear--all
of which were the same, though not.

His brown eyes yours,
and so I saw him one more time.

3

Fear I think in his and yours
before you'd charged the red cape.

Or more of a questioning: Why?
And I bent to your ear

and whispered you'd been a good
brother and I loved you.

4

Did I say I forgive you? I think I
did before I'd said the rest.

It was the more important,
though you may not have understood

what for. But I did then, as do I now
and I recall it all again.

5

Death was a matador
in morphine induced tights and vest

and pillbox-like hat from the Forties
who invites, waits and turns.

Bewildered--wild-eyed,
you charged the tousled cape bravely.

You gored the matador.

-Chet Corey
Bloomington, MN