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Just Because, Bad Heart

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Just Because, Bad Heart

Just because I am old do not tumble me dry. Toss me away with those unused Wheat pennies, Buffalo nickels, and Mercury dimes in those pickle jars in the basement. Do not bleach my dark memories Salvation Army my clothes to the poor because I died. Do not retire me leave me a factory pension in dust to history alone. Save my unfinished poems refuse to toss them into the unpolished alleyways of exile rusty trash barrows just outside my window, just because I am old. Do not create more spare images, adverbs or adjectives than you need to bury me with. Do not stand over my grave, weep, pouring a bottle of Old Crow bourbon whiskey without asking permission if it can go through your kidney's first. When under stone sod I shall rise and go out in my soft slippers in cold rain dread no danger, pick yellow daffodils, learn to spit up echoes of words bow fiddle me up a northern Spring storm. Do you bad heart, see in pine box of wood, just because I got old.

> Michael Lee Johnson Itasca, Ill