

2003

Leaving Behind Yaknapatawpha

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Recommended Citation

Bennet, Nicki (2003) "Leaving Behind Yaknapatawpha," *Exile*: Vol. 50 : No. 1 , Article 12.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol50/iss1/12>

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Leaving Behind Yoknapatawpha

You would think the dream
would include cows,
or at least be set in Mississippi.
Instead I just died.
I wasn't upset or afraid,
just a little confused.
For when I entered Heaven
I met William Faulkner
at its gate, not St. Peter.
I asked him what he was doing there.
He answered, in his drunk,
Southern drawl, "punishment."
Then something happened—
he knew I wanted to meet God.
He nodded and pointed over
his shoulder to a bright
white light, keeping his back
to it the entire time.

--Nikki Bennet '04