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We Bury Anthony

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We Bury Anthony

We bury Anthony as you'd bury a tree,
Leaves unfallen, broad trunk, exemplary, a tree.

Six puffy-eyed boys, petrified, become, like men,
Stunned under polished oak as they carry a tree.

The great sky is birdless and the white sun, slipping,
Beats down where wildfires left hardly a tree.

His hair crow black, his rebellious jaw, Cherokee
To spite his brave posture, military, a tree.

I'm gnarled by unprecedented loss. It lops limbs
Off my carefully branched itinerary tree.

Mourners will plant a memorial garden with
Sturdy mums. Witness life and death vary, a tree.

Chris, weary of chasing Anthony, longs to leave
Half of himself rooted, stationary, a tree.

—Chirs Million '02