

Michael Estabrook

Fiery Indignation

Hebrews 10:27 (KJV)

How can I not be angry
that they are all gone, all of them –
grandparents, aunts and uncles
some cousins and friends
my dad, my brother?
Was it necessary to take them all
all of them, even my brother?
He wasn't that old, wasn't bothering you
just minding his own
damn business finally beginning
to figure it all out.

You think it's fair or funny
to have him visit me in my dreams
reminding me what I'm missing
the memories of times past never to be seen again.
My entire past, my entire life actually
only memories, fading, distorted
more and more as I age
as I approach closer and closer to when
I will be joining my brother
and all the rest of them
in silence and endless darkness.

How can that be fair?
How can I not be angry?
Because that's the way it is? The human condition
the way you made it:
be content, take it in stride, count your blessings
accept what you can't change . . . Really!
That's your answer, your words of wisdom from on high!
You had no choice in the matter either. Seriously!

Well I'll not make the most
of my situation, not leave the world a better place
than I found it or subscribe do any
of those moronic mindless platitudes you rain down upon us.
I still have my free will, I do dammit!
And I choose to remain
unrepentant, unforgiving and angry right
to the very end. I'm a man that's why

a human being
not one of your simperingly simplistic Angels
kowtowing and flapping off to do your senseless bidding.
So there it is like it or lump it.
You had no choice my ass.

Michael Estabrook small press poet since the 1980s striving always for greater clarity and concision rendering language more succinct and precise a Sisyphean adventure for sure. Retired now writing more and working more outside just noticed two Cooper's hawks staked out in the yard or rather above it which explains the nerve-wracked chipmunks. *The Poet's Curse, A Miscellany* is a recent collection (The Poetry Box, 2019).