1-1-2010

On a Sunday

Kevin M. Fitzpatrick
Gettysburg College, fitzke01@cnav.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2010

Follow this and additional works at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.


This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
On a Sunday

Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Kevin Fitzpatrick is a senior English major with a concentration in Writing. His favorite authors are Jack Kerouac and J.D. Salinger, and his poetic influences range from T.S. Eliot to more current poets like Kevin Prufer and C.K. Williams. "On a Sunday" is written in the framework of Jim Simmerman's 'twenty little poetry projects.'
Kevin Fitzpatrick

On a Sunday

Snow falling is a frozen silent rain, afraid to shout its arrival.
Light sneaks through the clouds and blinds my squinted eyes.
Starving squirrels chatter and squabble over the last acorn.
Warm sweat turns cold, ice water drip-drips down my spine.
Sterile frozen air stings my nostrils.
My cracked lips taste like blood, reminding me of home,
where there is too much iron in the water.
Winter looks like the last time a bird sings,
as its song echoes through the corridor.
John Cash sings sweeter songs in the halls of Reno, Heaven.
Tiny pieces of the clouds fall one by one,
pattering on a tin roof with deafening noise.
I bet the Aztecs had a plan in case this happened, maybe the Incas too.
The tree I cut down held it all up there.
He told me, “Life’s a study of dying, and how to do it right.”
The chalk of my thoughts wrote these words in a musty corner.
The rising sun brought through black curtains,
The sky rested on the top of my head as I tried to stand tall.
Father, never let the world stop spinning.
After walking between these mountains I will arrive at the place they will bury me.
The sorry trees bow and wave,
Telling me goodbye and cracking their branches with Farewell.
Maybe I’ll return to yesterday when I finally get to next week.
The motto was “Plus Ultra Plurimum,”
The best of the best.
The wind never spoke to me in English.