

Tonight, death wears a three-fold mask:  
    one laid to rest beneath the earth  
    one lost among the city's night  
    one longing for the other two,  
        for days once gold and bright.

My father's pain, it radiates  
My own, it daily suffocates  
And now we tread  
    amid the crash of waves  
    adrift within the wake.

The third death is for us to bear  
    Lungs filled with water  
    and not air, we gasp  
    now tearing gills to wear  
    on throats  
    becoming-fishes  
    (those of muddy Kansas rivers).

Yet, together we might become a  
    a school,  
and swim against the current,  
dodge through the branches  
and the hooks that dangle  
    out for fools—evade  
the turning storm above, the gale  
    and rainy torrent.