

JUSTIN HYDE

harold jackson brings my grandmother daffodils

he called one day out of the blue
now it's bingo every tuesday at the legion hall
and sundays after church service
they drive to cedar rapids for brunch
then west
towards keystone
the steep cemetery on the hill
where her Richard is buried
then further north
down a twisting gravel road
along the iowa river
past marengo
a spot overlooking
an eagle's nest
where he and Edna
took picnics for
forty-three years before she
went dust last august
and he buried
a fistful of her right
there along with
that norway
spruce