

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