

Learning from the Gun

I come from a gun state, Virginia,
where everyone and his daughter
are armed. Thick and blunt-ended,
guns like most people are dangerous
without being sharp. Without

shouting, without moving,
a gun on the wall
can change a whole house.

A gun on the wood floor
being oiled and cleaned while the ballgame
murmurs in the background
can shut everyone up. Guns speak

without talk — the sound
beyond cocking, the blueness
underneath the brown.