

## ASHTRAYS *by Glenn Carmichael*

a poem influenced by Carver

And a typewriter  
And whiskey  
And ashtrays.

Ashtrays on the coffee table.  
On the television.  
By the bed.  
Under the bed.  
In the toilet.  
On the bath.  
In the bath.  
Turned over  
In the hall.  
On the kitchen table.  
By the stove.  
Full ashtrays.

And when your wife left  
No need for ashtrays.  
Ash  
In the bed.  
On the coffee table.  
In an empty whiskey glass  
By the window.  
On the porch swing.  
Everywhere in the car.  
Everywhere.

And ash by your knees  
As you tried to fix the water pump.  
Ash on your lap  
As you stared at the chair  
Where the T.V. used to be.  
Ash on your belly  
As you stared at the ceiling  
And thought.  
Too many thoughts.  
As allusive as smoke.  
As ephemeral as ash.  
And yet somehow  
You composed  
Poetry.

You died young  
Raymond Carver.