

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.