



# A.D. Wiegert

## *Piss Drinker*

(For J.D. Salinger)

Your first attempt may have inspired  
 Murder, but that baby was bound  
 To be seen through that Goddamn scope,  
 Backed by the blood-red sun, sufficed

To set over the nine stories by which  
 You abide, while the war lacked a script  
 You tore up your own, confetti and  
 The curtain fell around your window,

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And a dog-eared deck waddled through  
The solitaire charade, as you shuffled  
Wives and children, working and reworking  
Them into, rather than out of, Glass, a family

From which you hid your rock garden  
With headstones prematurely carved,  
One finger pointed like a pistol outside  
The pane, the snow gathered around

Your desk, like the draconian dreams  
Of the ever prostrate Dickinson, you are  
Not to blame for what happened to Lennon  
Or for drinking your own urine, but you should

Know, your paper fortress was exhumed from  
The vault, cracked as your fingers were  
Silent in the trenches, now your rake is at rest  
In the shade of resplendent malice and mirth.

