

ANDREW BENNETT

Grandpa at the Hollow

That sound a horse makes, inside a grumble,
outside a grunt, just short a sigh of relief,
you make too when you draw your list of jobs
and greet me like a warrior come home:
kill thistle, hill-up spuds, prune grapes, saw down
dead wood (oil chainsaw, two tractors), fence posts,
and whatever Grandma needs done. Gee wiz,
you said with authority and triumph
when Buddy kicked your head, I must
go up to the house for a moment — take
a break.

Did you take a break when Dorothy
died last summer? I know you didn't make
that sound a horse makes, inside a grumble,
outside a grunt, just short a sigh of relief,
because I watched you touching her casket,
wincing like God took a spade to your shin.

ANDREW BENNETT grew up outside Philadelphia, and lives in Boston with his wife and two daughters. He has taught high school English for twelve years in New York, New Mexico, and Massachusetts. Other poems of his appear in *Verse Wisconsin*, *The Hollins Critic*, and *Rattle*. He studied at Vassar College, Bread Loaf School of English, and Rainier Writers Workshop.

