

MATT MORGAN

The Weight of

The first night of fall. The ball-peen hammer
your father, the woodworker,

gifted you at twelve. The heft
of two blankets folded into one.

The final dance of your sister's
wedding. The thought of hell,

also at twelve — that endless canyon
of fire and ash and gnashing.

The premium lift of a stapler,
a teacher's gift to a teacher,

your mother's bright ideas.
Fumbling through a hingeless screen

and finding yourself lost
in strange pasture. Empty pails.

Empty mornings. Paperweights.
Bookends. Balsa wood racers —

the way the wood shaved away
like half-hearted waves.

Lifting your bird dog into your arms
on a steep North Georgia pass,

his brindled leg splintered
and pointing in all the wrong directions.



Originally from Mississippi, **Matt Morgan** now lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he is working on his MFA in Poetry from Western Michigan University.