

The Reverend Henry Evers Has Been Conducting a Lot of Funerals Lately.

MICHAEL SCOTT CAIN

The old men are quietly dying.
Each day fewer go to the park
or the Paradise Tavern. The aisles
of the malls are less crowded.
The old men are quietly dying.
They see their cycle is up,
nod at each other knowingly.
They don't put in their teeth.

The old men know they're dying.
They walk more slowly, drive
as though looking for a place
to park. They no longer wait
till the fourth to cash their checks.

The old men are quietly dying.
The air does not quicken with their cries.
They protest deep in their throats,
too tired, too polite to raise
the holy hell their end deserves.