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Ashes

David Huddle

Appalachian Heritage, Volume 41, Number 3, Summer 2013, p. 55 (Article)

Published by The University of North Carolina Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/aph.2013.0082>



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<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/520393>

ASHES

David Huddle

Stinking, unshaven Percocet addict,
owner of thirty-eight found cats, our town's
foremost former amateur magician,
engineering school flunk-out, occupant
of the urn your second wife gladly gave
over to your daughter who drove you around
in her car for a year before passing you
back to the junky wife—

Charles,

we didn't
toss your body into a ditch and walk away,
but we might as well have. So embarrassed
by your dismal life, evidently we'd
rather eat shame for breakfast every day
than let the world know how we let you fall.
Brother, don't forgive me. Don't even smile.