

## THE DEATH OF ALBERT METZ

*[In late summer of 1973  
Albert Metz, a recluse for  
over 50 years, was shot on  
his secluded farm. Both  
the killer and the motive  
are unknown.]*

In Anthony Kansas  
skulls are exploding  
like matchheads in the  
blistering summer sun.

An invisible  
bullet flashes deep;  
a body topples  
like a limp bundle of

fodder in the settled  
barnyard dust. Albert  
Metz is dead. His only  
friends, a pack of dogs,

fetch the bloody stick;  
they rip his flesh under  
quiet skies with only  
the wind as witness.

In Anthony Kansas  
tombstone trees hold vigil  
while the moon hangs high like  
a lone ivory target.

—Jeff Worley

## FIRST KILL

I saw you come  
tumbling,  
twisting,  
through bronze trees  
in orange  
autumn air  
only to  
crumple  
at my feet:  
one wing torn in  
two from the shell,  
disbelief in  
your horrid stare,  
breast throbbing  
red with fear.  
I was ten and  
had to ask my  
father to close  
your accusing  
eyes with still  
another shot.

Once there was  
a young boy  
who drew pictures  
of butterflies  
and nursed  
fallen robins  
after a storm.  
—Jeff Worley

## CONFESSION PIECE

I dreamed  
my brother  
Mike died  
last night  
we set him  
on a slab  
but he kept  
falling off  
and laughing  
uncontrollably  
if only my  
grandmother  
had but not  
even the  
humorless  
mortician  
could get a  
smile  
to stick  
to her  
weather etched  
Abilene face

Why did you  
die  
so old  
before  
I was  
young enough  
to love you

—Jeff Worley