

Elgin Miller

Thinking Fellers Union Local 282

I found in a letter from my mother that not much had
changed. But there was something there, something she
said twice - "Elgin Miller died from poisoned
lemonade." "Elgin Miller is dead."

Memories of Elgin Miller drifted by. My father's voice
at the window - "Elgin. Driving by."

I remember the way it can be there - the rigid days and
the rubber nights.

I can picture the wake so soft-lit, the corpse's face
aglow.

In the light from his remains to his remainders - maybe
he is there, not so heavy or readily defined

I wonder if anyone is frightened by the thought of
Elgin Miller in the mystery of the other side.

Some wonder if he's formless - can he read their minds?

Some may wish him in hell

The mystery of my mother's repetitions, the lines
between the lines - were they peaks above the sea or
were they peeks at the way the hours push the corpse of
everyone, of everyday, of every goddamn thing?

The mystery of Elgin Miller - was it suicide? If it's
so, I wouldn't be surprised.

August's breath, moist and heavy, aging frame

Lemonade - now that sounds fine

For a little while

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>