

## **Gun**

It's too hot today for wind  
so I take the basket outside,  
stack your bills and letters on the lawn,  
and out of habit, pin them down with stones.

You disappeared into asylums  
when my Gran and Dad began to grind you down  
and I had to grow up delivering your care  
at a distance when you faded away.

All over the papers are granules of lavender,  
then my school reports and finally,  
in a leather case, at the bottom,  
there's me, in a cowboy suit, carrying a gun.