old games

Rose Schumacher

when we used to play
cops and robbers
I said bang-bang;
when you died, you
didn't get up, some
nasty bullet I launched
blew you
away from me

out of the time when we played
philosopher, on the sweet grass hill
above the ocean, counting the derricks
and keeping track of the wine
just us

now I strike oil everytime I think of you,
right through the sandstone,
to where the pain is liquid.