

Parking Lot Conjuring

March 25, 2001
Motel

Is this where you parked?
Could be, I imagine
looking into the night
from my car see back stairs
leading up four story,
windowless side of motel.
You took your gear this way, I'm sure
avoiding glass
shotgun and ammo
in black plastic bag
up to top floor,
concrete walled corner room.
You meant no harm
needing only to end the hurt
no one understood
or could cure.
I know this
and love you even more
for your courage
and dignity
throughout your whole life
struggling to survive
beyond what most can even imagine.
But you, who sold a gun to my son
in such terrible pain he shaved his head
so his hair would not touch it
much too thin for his large frame
looking pale and unslept,
you, gunman,
agent of death
who helped him find peace
I cannot hate you.
But I wonder, is this the only way
you know how to make a living?
Come, let me teach you to garden.

~ Printed with the permission of Kristen Spexarth ~

Her son Colby died at age 22 on December 31, 2000 from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. He died alone in a motel room he had checked into the night before.