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## Three Poems

By Jason Visconti

### The Epitaph I Scrawled in Kindergarten

Not knowing men made stuff  
even for graves

and in the midst of a drawing I doted on  
with a roundabout pen

I unwittingly serviced my soul with no gray hairs at all:  
it was, as you'd expect,

a phrase I'd snagged from a picture book,  
or the chiming exclamations in my favorite cartoon,

or the perilous journey of crayon crossing the lines,  
interrupted when I'd line up for lunch and be well.

### The Wake

I try to tell myself this is sleep.  
It is Sunday morning, the cat is napping  
at his feet, the room is dark

except for a hing of daylight coming through  
the window, I sit cross-legged  
the good son, waiting on the move

of a limb, the curl of a toe,  
his face changing from the obvious  
stasis of a dream

to one that always seems working,  
I roll his shoulders to say *this now is waking*,  
which of course itself is a comfortable dream

that's actually happening, it is Sunday morning  
I stand and wonder why he's already dressed  
why he's lying on his back like someone propped him up

then dropped him down, lost him to a weight  
beyond this world, a posture trapped  
in the middle of the act,

why the pause doesn't show on his face,  
and if it's Sunday, if it's still slow morning  
drill, if it's about waking to his son

in the inevitable guile of time's watch,

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here, here is my hand,  
wake up to the world.

## The Oath

Each sworn syllable  
dripping like water colors

down a swampy page  
its own blue

arrow  
wobbles:

streak  
of my conviction

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**Jason Visconti**, who is pursuing a certificate in computerized accounting, has had his poems published in several journals, such as *Indigo Rising* and *Orange Room Review*. He admires the works of Billy Collins, Philip Levine, and Sharon Olds.

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