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## dearest uncle

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# dearest uncle

*by Laura Marsee*

dearest uncle:  
passed out  
cold  
on the couch.  
the last remnants  
of his fifteenth  
vodka-and-grapefruit juice  
cocktail  
dribble lazily down  
his stubble-peppered chin.  
enormous sock feet  
planted square  
center in his  
half-eaten supper  
on the cracked coffee table;  
creamed corn  
and squashed peas stick  
defiantly to the  
cuffs of his  
fashionably rumpled  
levi's.  
a murderous crimson  
splotch  
winds its way  
south  
across the front  
of his  
well-worn  
flannel shirt,

making him appear  
at first glance  
to have been recently shot  
in the chest  
by a high caliber  
revolver.  
the television blares  
pointlessly—  
the radio, too.  
the entire room in  
hopeless disarray  
around his oblivious form.  
and  
a few short steps away,  
his typewriter:  
sticky with random drops  
of drying bourbon  
and correction fluid,  
thinly dusted  
with the snow gray ash  
of countless cigarettes.  
scores of crumpled balls  
of sad, white paper  
scattered dejectedly  
over the table and across  
threadbare carpet  
plead silently  
to be reconsidered,  
just like me.