

Deep Freeze

by Katherine Fallon

Massachusetts Deathbed Confession Reveals Body in Freezer
The Somerville News, November 18, 2004

I shot him down in Ventura & went shopping
for a storage unit with a power cord.

I told you kids he'd left us for Vegas
& that soon after he'd been hit by a truck.

What's it matter how he went? He went.
Even you hardly grieved, face-planting

into birthday cakes, preening, borrowing the car.
You had no clue we hauled him along

in a time capsule for years, freezer cord lame
in the truck like a tail & so you'd grown up

with him after all. I couldn't live without his teeth,
his fists, his spit; I needed his long suffering

and to always know where he was, which was
confined & duct taped & mine.