

Poetry from Westley Smith: “Homecoming,” “On Not Dying,” “Nocturne”



THE SHOTGUN, BREATHES / *image by Amalie Flynn*
Homecoming

He doesn't feel quite right, being there—
same house, a little run down, dirtier
than he remembers. They smile and shake his hand,

escort him to his room—with everything just where he left it.

Then, they surprise him—they leave. He hasn't been alone in years. When night arrives with no boots to shine, no weapon to clean or letters to write, he listens for threats that never come. He's up and moving before everyone to stalk the house, lock and relock each door, his family asleep in separate rooms.

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Days later, he finds a retail job at Sears, takes orders from some stateside twit named Greg. When he's had enough, he slams Greg into a wall—Then, no more job.

He starts to drain his savings. His family adjusts to him being home. They start ignoring him, which he prefers.

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Deer season now. He packs his rucksack, grabs the shotgun, leaves the family a note and hikes out to the deep woods of Ohio. First time he's felt himself: carrying and wearing his BDU's, scarfing MRE's.

He sets up camp near where he tracked a deer—swatches of scraped oak-bark and tramped ground mark its territory. On the cold, hard ground, he sleeps the best he has in months.

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He wakes, packs up his gear and climbs the oak. Wandering back to friends, to when he knew what was expected, back to when he had

a purpose, when he knew his life mattered.

In the tree stand, he sees the shotgun's dirty—
a stick jammed in the slide and around the chamber.
He pulls it out, unloads the shells, and wipes
the weapon down with the pre-oiled rag

he carries in his pack. He does a functions check,
reloads, then sees a deer, a five-point buck
breaks cover and stands, looking him in the eye.
He aims the shotgun, breathes. The deer just stares.

On Not Dying

I'm glad I didn't pull the trigger
on the .44 magnum while

the barrel was in my mouth.
Oh, I've done crazier shit—

Walking at night along
the handrails of bridges, backwards,

to entertain laughing friends.
Drinking rotgut whiskey

on top of abandoned buildings, hoping
never to wake, but always waking again.

After the war, during a protracted
divorce, unable to see my kids,

I'd wake from a nightmare to grab
my gun and patrol the perimeter

of my ranch-style in Richmond,
Indiana, to make sure everything's

secure, everyone's safe.

Finding no threats, I'd sit
on the couch, in the dark, feeling
stupid, still fighting—
for what? I didn't die there
and I refuse to let it kill me now.

Nocturne

I'm awake—the bed shakes
as I bleed out, alone, a blade still
buried in my thigh.

I feel the warm wet
on my legs but it isn't blood.
I throw the sheets in the washer,

retreat to my favorite chair.
Flipping through reruns,
I settle on a comedy I've seen.

It's dark. I hear his breath
wheezing slow. The odor
of cigarettes as he drives the blade

deeper. I scream—my dog barks.
The windows blush:
I'm on the floor, the TV
flickering the news of a new day.