

Poetry Porch: Poetry

At the Tracy Park KIA-MIA Memorial **By Jennifer Schomburg Kanke**

—1995

Sitting on stone that'd been quarried just down the road a piece,
hearing the gas station clerks with their young voices cracking
Go ahead pump seven. Go ahead pumps nine and two, her
hand reaches out to his name dug deep in the granite.
Fingers follow the curves of his *s*'s in ways that
memory pretends they once did in real life, and she wishes for
pencils or crayons to make an impression of him,
something to put in the scrapbook beside the clipping,
brittle but legible, the war had hardly even started.
The boys on the field in the distance keep going *Hut*,
hut, hut, as she breathes in the air of the evening.