

Cassandra

by Megan Kemple

Memorial Day in the graveyard.

21 Guns on the Fourth.

Reminder: Veterans are still living.

Chris Kyle, the kid, and the Quran.

Four kids under four at their father's funeral.

Brunch and beers on base.

Hangars smell of fuel, steel, and concrete.

St. Jimmy taught him to shoot in the sandbox.

We're afraid to tell you how fun war is.

The O-club is where I learned to swim.

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die.

Pissing away life.

Not enough left for an open casket.

I never want to see them again.

And he ain't gonna jump no more.