A Row of Eagles

David Bottoms
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The cop beside the plugged cannon pulls a ticket book from his pocket and turns toward a row of parked cars. How long it takes him to see me double-parked across the square, to wave me on is the time I let myself remember you sitting in the lawn chair in the red haze of maples, holding in your swollen and useless hand the ball of hard rubber that never rebuilt one ounce of grip.

Grandfather, in the memory's shop clouded by the dust of Tate marble, I walk you again down the long alley of stone taking shape, stand you by the righteous shoulder of a statesman, the wing of an eagle, put the chisel, the hammer in your hand,

but you keep turning on me, hobbling out of my childhood and into that yard, into that chair and the risky tilt of the maple shade, waving me home from high school, from practice, with the one good hand that meant to me, at sixteen, another afternoon of chores.

The eagles gray more every year, the exhaust, the layers of soot darkening on their shoulders like the grand indictments of the memory. Grandfather, if we are ever worthy of the years that know enough to change us,

why does my memory search for you in the musty rooms of the house run over by the road, in the woods gone to office space around the dog lots, to find you only in that one place, the invalid's chair tilted in the shade of a tree?
And why does it bring me back to the only thing left of you in this town — stone birds on the roof of this courthouse — to feel again the justice that keeps them so aloof, that keeps my hand from tracing in the carved grace of a wing the pardon of a life's wrong turns and turnings away?

—David Bottoms