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# Letter of Apology

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Aaron Robert Allen

# letter of apology

Forgive me.  
All these white crosses,  
Over a hundred now since I left Montana.  
Each one of them standing in whitewash,  
A mark of the end of a life.

Over a hundred now on the roadside since Montana,  
White crosses, white carnations,  
Sometimes roses,  
Sometimes two or three in a line.

Near Pocatello  
the Cross of Christ  
Huge, oily wood, stained  
In the middle of the road.

My Lord lived outside of Pocatello,  
Arms outstretched upon his Cross,  
His Palms towards me,  
His dark pleading eyes,  
The crown of blood and roses.

Over a hundred now since I left Montana,  
And the crimson one twenty miles from Pocatello,  
As I was driving south, and felt it hit,  
And watched the fallen savior in the rear view mirror,  
And kept on driving.

All these white crosses on the roadside  
Covered with carnations  
All these,  
The crimson Cross of Christ,  
These splinters in my face and hands  
A mark of the end of a life.

It was my fault.  
I am driving back towards Pocatello to raise him up again.  
I have with me some carnations and some roses.  
After that, I'm coming home.