



1991

For Joe Urzza

Cody Winchester

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Winchester, Cody (1991) "For Joe Urzza," *Inscape*: Vol. 11 : No. 2 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol11/iss2/17>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Inscape* by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

FOR JOE URZZA

by Cody Winchester



Last spring the kid up the road
died in his closet.
We rode the same yellow bus.
Once I told him to turn down
his cheap black boombox.
Balanced on his shoulder, he
played it heavy and loud.

Even before the rope met
his fine Basque neck,
I could have told you his story.
I never saw it myself, but
we went to the same high school, where
muscles rippled under lettermen's jackets
and his thin legs walked alone.

I also saw the hard looks of his
father as he walked along
dusty ditch banks. And I
heard all the stories my dad
picked up at the Co-op.
His mother left early and
so did a string of other women.

I wasn't there when he died.
A one-time cheerleader working at
the gas station told me much later.
It's so awful, she said, that someone could
kill himself.
And I might have agreed with her, if
she hadn't been so eager to tell me.