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Black Bean Stew

by David Veloz

Razorback Sam died in his suspenders,
 in the kitchen, over a pot of black bean stew.
 His daughters came in from the rain
 and played hearts by the radio,
 and when they got hungry, they found him in the stew.

Two coronets and a tuba played
 at the funeral, and Sam's poker club
 danced in the hall. They schemed
 how to find his war bonds
 and wondered if the crystal clown with the yellow balloons
 was worth anything at all.

Mary Lee Davis stood by the coffin and drank
 margueritas and Spanish gin. She put fresh lipstick on
 and waited for the tears, and when no one was looking,
 she dropped Sam's bowling ball in.

They drove him down to Austin in the back
 of a truck and buried him by the side of the road.
 That night his daughters found his will behind
 the mayonnaise in the fridge, and they read it
 while their steaks got cold.

It said he left his revolver to the dog, his money
 to the girls, and everything else
 to God knows who, and please don't let him die
 without some brass rag music
 and a pot of black bean stew.