

CAME THE DAY, PAPA

Tony Curtis

Came the day, Papa
when the bullets missed you.
The shrapnel sang indifferently in other places
ignoring your open body;
when the marlin flashed and fought
for others cut from the Key;
on that day when the furious bulls pranced
and dulled their ways moodily
without anger at the picadors in the red-hot arena;
when the grizzly loped on all fours
off into the cool of the forest,
allowing you to pass unhindered by,
unchallenged, without combat,
on your mere two legs;
when the deer in the woods, the dusty antelope,
bird and beast and fish all died
at another's hand,
the red wine of Paris and sweet Spanish dried,
as your shotgun bled you, strongly torn,
the Feds, their informants and files,
all delusions drowning in your spent brain:
came that day
Mr. Hemingway,
laughs, tears cracked the face of the world
at your last, final innocence.