Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Alexis Rhone Fancher: Two Poems

Alexis Rhone Fancher · Thursday, December 10th, 2015

Alexis Rhone Fancher will hold the launch of her new chapbook, *State of Grace: The Joshua Elegies* (*KYSO FLASH Press, 2015),* on Saturday, December 12th, 4pm @ Beyond Baroque, 681 N. Venice Blvd., Venice CA. A joint reading with poets Chanel Brenner and Madeline Sharples. Reading, question and answer period. Book signing and reception to follow.

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Death Warrant

When my son's ticket was about
to go to warrant, I went to the
courthouse and explained to the judge
that he was in the hospital, dying.
Someone gasped.
Someone grabbed my hand.

Josh lusted over a muscle car, a
Dodge Charger with a Hemi-powered,
5.7L V8 under the hood.
He wanted me to buy it. I wanted to
lease it. He said that meant I
knew he was going to die.

The judge looked over the warrant.
"He's in the hospital, you say?"
"Yes, your honor. Terminal cancer."
"Good," she said. She handed the
paperwork back to the bailiff.
"Then he won't be driving
without a license,
out there endangering others."

*(First Published in **Broadzine**, 2015)*

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Mahogany Funeral Urn

My son was only twenty-six, and I couldn't bear the
thought of him six feet under ground, his death
a crappy movie I was forced to sit through,
flash forward through the rough spots, slo-mo
the sweet. Wishing I could rewind. Recast the lead.
Make him stick around. As if he had a choice.

I imagine him in his wooden forever, his ashes
gathered in a thoughtful fleece bag from the mortuary.
I remember the shock on her face when I told the
funeral arranger I wanted to take him To Go, that
I would place him on a shelf, beside his Jordan's,
his posters, his basketball, his impeccable wardrobe,
his hip-hop CD's, the snapshot of his beautiful
girlfriend, and yes, his despair, when he knew
this game, he would lose.

Out there, these traces of him. A voicemail. A text.
The night, a shining star. Each day, no mercy,
fresh grief. No place big enough to hold it.
Mark, my friend, is cutting a funeral urn out of
mahogany. He called and asked how big it should be.
"Big enough to hold it all."

*(First published in **The MacGuffin**, 2013)*

(Author photo is a self-portrait.)

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