

For Family

By Zachary Zivalich

For Family,
I would become the genetic clown
And dance
In a cluttered room, where
Cicadas and laughter
Played me on
To a happy grave

For family,
I would live without ideology
As the world spun,
The gravity of reason gone,
I would lend my mass
To the sun

For Family, I would take up the gun
As a scythe of vengeance
Ridding the earth of
The grain
Overshadowing them

For family,
I would become the hunting king
Living in self-made cave
Where men of virtue
Never fail a woman