

## *RESOLUTIONS*

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Who'd of thought it was against the law?  
A sort of self-mutilation, blowing firecrackers  
off in our mittened hands. But it must've  
been something to get Milwaukee's police to  
ruin a car bobbing through thick snow in  
a school's playground chasing us — kids —  
on New Year's Eve, 1974.

I lost my friend as I scaled a fence  
and tore through eight, nine, ten backyards  
of people whose names I can't remember  
and banged through our back door loud and,  
blood pumping, saw you standing there, asking  
with a grin if the cops were after me —  
or something. You knew,

you must've known. I could still hear  
the sirens above my body's noise and  
you went and got your big double-barreled  
shotgun (I was scared to death.) and took me  
to the porch. One minute before midnight you  
said you love me — you love me! — and pumped  
both shots into the white front yard.