The Bridge

The Casket Lottery

Uncle Jack, when i look back, sent a lot down to me. my mom would say we both seemed to be the life of the party. he was a picker, and a drinker. he took one step over the edge. a drinker, and he ended up with some debt i guess. nobody knows what really happened. the river was swollen when they found him in it, and it rained all weekend on the bridge leaving town. this is how i see it. this is not something i was told. i envisioned it to be dark, wet, and cold. if he jumped, or if he fell, no one knows. but ive got a different picture for each one of those. i was a baby. and we never really met, its really sad, i guess. he was a musician, just like his nephew and if he couldve i wouldve wanted him to teach me. but all i ever got from him, Uncle Jack, was his need to stop drinking.

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