

BOB HICOK

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*Him*

He's tall, too tall to have a father  
with brain cancer, too young  
to have an emotional attachment  
to Fred Astaire, too thin  
to be a general, too glass-wearing  
to be the spokesman for eyesight, too frail  
to report on hurricanes  
for the Weather Channel, too shadow-anchored  
to be a dream, too aware  
of how much room a hospital bed  
takes up in a living room, too rose-lipped  
for *agent orange* and *inoperable*, too clearly  
a broken mustang at the end  
of a rope in his face, too plaid  
to be a model, too wind-spun  
not to be a tornado, too soon  
converted to elegy, too atomic,  
too hole-punched, too harvested  
of dawns, too tall  
for the other pall bearers,  
too human for this poem