



We are Wasteful

I have watched my family die from their own ignorance and lack of health care. These are similar things in some areas of this vast country. My family and myself suffer this sin with a toothless grin. We are used to this type of life, with all this young death. We are an uneasy people, rounded like Crowley's Ridge and jagged as the Vicksburg Cliffs. This is the reason for all this proud ignorance and near constant state of rebellion in some foul fashion. We see ourselves as the good guys in black, the world sees us as the dirty bad guys in white. We will know nothing else except this loose failure, this bent edition of a beautiful, unattainable dream.



Wil Gibson currently lives in Humboldt County, California where the trees are big. He has had 5 collections published by kind people, and has been included in a number of anthologies and lit mags both online and in print, such as Marsh Hawk Review, Button Poetry, Midwestern Gothic, Drunk in a Midnight Choir, Yellow Chair Review and more. You can find links to books and more info at wilgibson.com

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