To Each His Own

James Tate

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress) for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/
When Joey returned from the war he worked on his motorcycle in the garage most days. A few of his old buddies were still around—Bobby and Scooter—and once or twice a week they'd go down to the club and have a few beers. But Joey never talked about the war. He had a tattoo on his right hand that said DEVI and he wouldn't even tell what that meant. Months passed and Joey showed no interest in getting a job. His old Indian motorcycle ran like a top, it gleamed, it purred. One night at dinner he shocked us all by saying, "Devi's coming to live with us. It's going to be difficult. She's an elephant."