

*Hugh Fox*

**Last Will And Testament**

Thinking especially of death now that the grandkid  
chimps have gone, how could mini-Bea be so  
reflex-responsive, five months old and I'd grimace at  
her and she'd blossom into peony and daffodil  
gurgles, when I'd leave she'd kick-around protest,  
I can just see her twenty, thirty, forty, an oldie  
relic like me, death-bedding it with still lots of  
sterling silver amethyst-eye movie-ability, and  
Bean-Brain (5) and Cinderella (11), I easily  
see Bean-Brain a fifty year old Harvard professor  
of math, at five he loves to mess around with  
calculators of all kinds, and Cinderella an M.D.  
like her step-grandmother, my wife...and then their  
kids, like my friend Joannie Doyle in Chicago,  
grammar school-high school pal, twelve kids,  
forty grandkids, four great-grandkids, fiftieth  
anniversary of our grammar school graduation,  
in her seventies, looking great, "No one lives  
more than five miles from me. I start-out for Christmas  
dinner and then all their girlfriends/boyfriends, wives/  
husbands, their kids....too bad we don't live a  
couple of hundred years and end up with a  
genetic village surrounding us." Why make people  
so short-lived? Look at the mountains and trees  
and those turtles that live centuries. Why don't  
we figure out how they do it and re-make  
ourselves genetically instead of worrying about  
outer space, the moon....how about biological  
space. I'm just getting started and the voice  
keeps whispering "Get ready, the train/boat/plane  
of Death is leaving soon and you've got a  
reservation." If I had money, man, I mean lottery  
money, fifty million, I'd go to the California coast,  
maybe even West Hollywood, or Carpinteria,  
you know, paradise on the coast west of L.A.,

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1*

and buy five houses, call my six kids and put it to um straight. "I've bought houses for you guys

2.

out in California and I'm gonna give you three million dollars each, pay your taxes for the next twenty years, buy all your furniture for you, new cars...and we'll live just a few blocks away from each other so I can be surrounded by my kids, their spouses, my grandkids," ...sad that all my old buddies in L.A. are dead, Bukowski, you know, Alexandra Garrett, my old boss at the university, Ted Erlandson, Aldous Huxley, Anita Loos....but never over ninety degrees, keep as close to the ocean as possible, films, theater, I wanna be around as long as possible, love-hate, bitching-hugging, nachos, quesadillas, walking on the beach like my soul-mate Glenna Luschei does every morning, barefoot, up to knee-deep in the water, one of the original Demoiselles d'Avignon....create your own village, and when you've gotta go, let um crowd around you as you hang on, hang on, hang on, let um cry, "I'm gonna miss you, dad," "I love you, grandpa," "Don't go, grandpa," "You're the best great-grandpa I ever could have had," ....forget all the Tribe A versus Tribe B, North Oz against South Oz, the Catholics versus the Lutherans and Episcopalians, the Catholics versus the Albigensians/Cathars.... read history: "You don't believe what I believe, then I'm going to cut you up into pieces and throw the pieces off the cliffs...the Massif Central." Read history and then forget it. We're surrounded by miracles, skunks and their stench, moose antlers, breasts to give milk, a gallbladder designed to help digest food, flowers and trees that reproduce

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1*

themselves, trees with seeds, look at birdwings,  
you see the gulls circling around over parking  
lots, feathers, hair, finger-nails, claws.....I mean,  
you know, you're born, it's breakfast time,  
"Pass that real maple syrup, and I mean pass it!"  
you go through the ham-wrap, chocolate raisen-  
rootbeer afternoon, it's steak-time, two bites and  
you're Rest in Peace. I visit a lot of cemeteries.  
Even found one with a whole Fox family in it. In  
Michigan...and I'm from Chicago. Who knows, my  
father's first wife...enjoy, enjoy, enjoy....the most

3.

sane guy I ever met was the Buddha....none of  
that Moses hit the rock instead of touching it and  
BAM stuff...my last night, no more mornings, no  
big suprise...full moon, no moon...and then?