

Uncle Richie

Diana Heim

It's true
my uncle ordered
a wife
on the internet,
whom I never met.
He said his bride
would make his brothers'
wives look like
wrinkled old apples.
I saw some photos
he passed at dinner,
a thin woman
with urgent lines
behind her lips. She left
him in the spring
when the fruit
trees blossomed
on his little farm.
He stopped
answering the phone
and coming to church
on Sundays.
No one saw him
that year, just
a glimpse
from a car
window, tending

the garden,
a small grey
jacket
in the brown
weeds.