

Hush up Hady 'bout Preacher Reach

Hey Jackie hey beautiful Jackie
Strong Jackie Hi where are you
picking blue day flowers
dirty heels a reel country girl
Where you run barefoot off to?

Found her in the bottom
of the well no fowl
play suspected they
all said she fell but
Jackie weren't no fool

I knew who done it
but they didn't ask
me cried in the river
crawfish fishing but
I wasn't no snitch &
I was smart sum two

Smart enough to no
slavery's over but no
white soul on Earth gonna
believe a nobody quadroon girl
say it's the white hamlet preacher

Minded my own business
in my shack kissing the river
Stayed out of the way mute

as the day I was born Mama
said I barely cry or make a sound
"Just wash them clothes in the river Hady"

Time shore is funny

She and Clem's gone now, Papa too
before the shack felt like a house
"That's just a stream, that's just a creek"
It roared like Euphrates when I was 4
everything felt bigger then the world

He killed another lamb
weeks back a white girl
this time with orange hair
He helped in the search &
I was screaming inside
but didn't make a peep

Knew it were him
because sometimes I just
scene pictures flashing by
ever since I was a little girl
Mama called it a curse
until I find Cass in the
woods when I was eight

It don't get real cold
here in the winter
but the air's different
He would do it again
Be easier to kill him

then tell anyone in town

Sadie had one a her pigeons
steal me a gun full a bullets
Looked me strait in the eyes
Wanted to stop me but new
that I wood just go acrossed
town to buy a goose gun that
shoot sideways or not at alls

Waited for him hiding
outside during his sermon
after the vows until he said
goodbye to the last soul me
waiting in the stone cold
something in my chest
was itching to run chicken

But I stayed stiller
It wasn't cold enough
to see my breath but I saw
it clear as he came thru
the doorway & pick me
out behind some dogwoods

Then he smile like a preacher
turns it on slow like a lantern
"Girl you come back for God?
Well you ain't late! Ta worship
you been too scared shy Hady
to ask Him into your heart?"

"You killed them girls."

I say calm twice
trying my's best
for it to not hear
like I's axing him

But then he come out
the real preacher
eyes black as coal
palms out smiling long
like a possum's tooth
His voice change too

"This ain't the end for me
I seen the way it ends
and this *ain't it slave girl*
You got some proof?
Nah I dint think so
But me?" He wait "I do"

Reached in his pocket slow
pull out a flask of black magic
smiling his devil smile took a
sip hisself then holds it out
"Tastes like fire and brimstone."
Had me hypmotized almost
until I blue him clear away

Dropped the gun and ran
right away like Sadie say
Ran faster then my hole
life clean off in the river

Washboard under the moon
Lock myself in my shack
wait waiting for tomorrow

Tomorrow comes early
Police bang on the screen
Preaches gone there's sum
dried blood in church and
a white man saying he saw
me running hysterical last night

I laugh and say I ain't run in 20
years but they keep buzzing round
like honeybees & search the shack
and riverbank for weeks & weeks
but the police never do arrest me

No proof, no body
I get away with it even
though some white men suspec
Sadie smiles with haf her teeth
but she won ever tell not
inna hundred years

Years later sum
company offers
to buy my land but
I stick in my heels
stubborn as rubber
like Daddy my whole
life's in this shack

Where else would I go?
Can barely walk or sea
these slow molasses days sho
Glad I did what I dun
even though instead a saints
I wake up sumetimes & sea
Reach he's inside the shack

Jackie, Marianne two they
floated up river to try sweet-
talking me to go with them
But then I touch sumthing reel
old in the room, older than me
a pebble, a teacup, or Mama's
ring and it brings me back

Time shore is funny

Cause lately theys my friends
make me laugh and bring me
icy sweet tea and dandelion
wine 'cept for minister reach
I'm all alone hear we sing
old field songs and gospels

I make them wipe they feet
under Papa's warped cuckoo
We chatter & gossip like hens
for hours and hours on end
They never fools me for long
but I pretend theys got me
fooled just fur the company

That Stupid Poem I Owed You

When will you leave
my heart alone pulling
at strings A master
puppeteer while I play the fool
fumbling falling, stupid in love
reaching for nothing that's even
there while you spin the fishing spool

Everything always falls apart for
me It's you better than brand new
Bought a bride today & a glass
trifle it was 13 Misdemeanors
they gave me but we settled on
four years probation, and two
weeks in a West Virginia jail

Felt the immensity of the wall of rock above
you on vacation in Nevada when you were 11
Hung around your room just to read
your diary it was just to sea it was just to sea
I'm soooo sorry also I didn't take a picture too

Drown me again and drown me again and then save me
Forget about it but still remember the bad things *I did*
Pull the plugs from my heart that love you so deeply
Convince me to swim until I can't see land then tell me
I'm a bad person *and* mentally ill *and* go no contact
crumbling my entire world down totally completely

Imperial Bedrooms made me do it
You used that Virginia timeshare
and Tom Green show to get rid of
me What a bummer dude
A parting gift like a chainsaw
dropped inside from four stories
Thanks for the summer buddy

But you're not _____ or rich or
handsome you're not even funny
"I'm not as excited about this as you"
but hey here's some more gas money
Rushmore twenty years later
I'll build a Roman empire like

Who is uh...Howard Roark, Alex for 400?
John Galt built the motor of the world
Not Warren Buffet, Pepsi Phil, Henry Ford, or David Koch
But I'll still buy up the real estate and low income housing
Mayim I'll go ahead and make it a true daily double
What is everything in this world makes me want to choke?

I'll dye my hair you
won't even recognize me
I fix my teeth, wear a wig
Join the Khaki Scouts, cologne like rue
Your envoy now that I'm a jaguar shark
circling the death of youth culture, Bill
Murray, Sigur Rós, open water, & soju

Like Ayn Rand
you never had a

heart I felt your heart
I can feel it right now
You're in my blood on
air, sea & sand You *were*
my blood like V.C. Andrews

I'll learn how to do our taxes in a
Post-Apocalyptic World, trust me
I can teach you how to shoot deer
cut the fish of gills, & barter Mad
Max-style w/ Appalachia rednecks
swabbing decks on the Blue Ridge Hills

I can feel the immensity of the wall
of you in the Great Concavity where
my heart, frozen as ice cream was
Five hundred miles away through
sheer glacier, cold stone, creamery
and will you please talk to me?

There are words I wish I could take back, always
when it's too late & there's only sorry & I love you
Memories caught on a cloud, a swelling crescendo
Discovering Infinite Jest doesn't have an _____ in college
or eleven-year-old-me figuring out the bug catching net on
Zelda is what defeats the final boss on Super Nintendo

When it's over I always destroy everything
like napalm over flame trees in the Vietnam
jungle or a childish tantrum-sized explosion
brought to you by the U.S. Military or Kim Jong Il
But when you back out a hundred times

it means you can't really mean it on 101 love or until

All those sad old dopey songs play some eternal
longing I was a ship lost out at sea or Art Bell
& you were an ambulance siren or a small turtle
inside a buoy the size of a thimble or a seashell
Spinning spinning round and round ready to wail

Between the Big Dipper and Little, neath the stars of Draco
You never gave me a real chance to show you
that I wasn't hung on every single word you say
or bobbing for apples with William Tell me I'm
not crazy like my father who would switch manic
sometimes, stay up 4 days a stretch, and do tai-chi
in the park while smoking ungodly amounts of roolly tobacco