

Getting a Junk Starter at Stokes

Stokes, in the hollow on 468.
Think eclipse, no sign of the hens.
A wrench pitched into a pan of wrenches.
Ravel of a dog chain somewhere close.

I carry the old one, heavy, rag'd, inert,
seeing no place to put it down
between the nearing noon and boy
in someone else's too big boots
forgets what he went back there for,
sometimes. Three of them. Brought up
not to laugh or look or answer.

Ignoring the fence, a meager crick
is picking its way along the wrack,
carrying molecules to where, the sea?
Sharp-winged monkey flowers. Smartweed.
Constant coursing away of water.
Crooked complication of a couple simple laws.

Good place for starting a black hole,
doing business out of a trailer,
eating a dirty sandwich, but
no place to set a starter down
while it's been known to slip his mind.
What he went back there for.

A sentence from the dispatch radio. Loud.
Static. Out of range and through a wall.
Maybe it's always like nobody came.
Maybe some days it rains dirt.