

Snake

There is a belt in the road
That used to move by itself.
Undulating, undulating.
Sidewinding closer and closer
To that safe space in Indiana –
It is far too green for this farm.
So naturally,
Uncle Estel backs over it
And somewhere in that confusion,
He ruins his garden hose.

Boulder

My grandfather caught fish
From his hospital bed.
He sat at the teething stream
Like a boulder in its mouth.
He cast out his lines
And told the nurses his stories.
He told them what he caught
And that he couldn't swim.

Southern Heart

A southern heart has legs on it.

Lanky limbed, little things.

Not enough meat there to gnaw on.

But they'll run for you

Long as you tell em.

Make friend and enemy

Of absolutely everything.

Nothing in between.

I see it as natural causes –

Them legs never give out,

The roads always do,

And shoes, at the very least.

Mover Outers

The mover outers have started
As they do every spring.
Pock marked and craterous faces
Happy enough and in a hurry
Because every couch needs a note
And a curb for an outpost –
The gutter still needs a guy
Who knows a guy.
It isn't the swallow's return
But the crank of the aunt's Camry
As the song that sputters, stops
And must be pushed by all
Just to start.

Television

Ahh, the *big* television,
Brought home in reflective film
From an out of state hotel,
In the “family” Mazda –
Mom argues it’s hers.

It hums on the floor,
With that wrinkle you can feel.
Panasonic. Cables included.
We all scooted into position
So the house could hear it.

The living room lights are mismatched
Overhead, the old table is split by the leg
But its all so warm. That staticky hug
Is the easiest thing to remember.