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What Made Me Do That to You

We watched laundry
in windowed steel machines,
the humid dryers' air
weighing our eyelids down,
never closing
on the warped plastic chairs
with their curved
upward edges

took the sharp
needle point
of leaf
long and slender

in the aisles of second hand stores
dust rose from faded shades
of brown corduroy sofas.
Black and white TV screens
flipped continuously,
the horizontal always broken
though we twisted knobs
trying to watch reruns of *Gunsmoke*

chased you
sticking
the leaf-dart
in your shoulder

we lay on the floor
eyes turned from the afternoon
National Geographic animal shows
staring at the air conditioner
unplugged, rusting

made you fall

on a brick
as if beat
and cornered
breaking
your collar bone.

Broken Glass

“There’s been an accident,”
Daddy says. “Did somebody
die?” “I’m not sure.”
“Who was it?”

Mom smiles crooked
when she sits.
“I’ve had an accident.”
“Did you fall down?”
“No honey. A traffic light
fell into my windshield.”

A wrecker
backs her car
into the driveway.

A dog’s mouth, rabid
from a raccoon bite
foams on TV.

Trestle Crossing

Coal tar reek in August heat,
we watch carp and fronds weave
in water. Dropped rocks move
so slow fish don’t care. Dreams
of train whistles forcing
a thirty foot jump, or loping
the wooden tracks, tripping:
a train rush over us. We find
flattened pennies other boys
forget to claim. Cattails,
mosquito swarms in weeds,
spider webs between rocks,
thunder sounds at sundown.

At home, heat lightening
and jitterbug huzzz. Cats
eat moths by porch light,
and fire, fire against
the woods. Walk the moonlit
grass, catch earth smells—
horse dung in collapsed barn stalls.

An Indian is buried here somewhere.

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