

What Deer Season Means to Me

In the house there were always two
white deep freezers packed pretty
decent with red meat. Deer season,
the hunters and the deer would satisfy
rent in season, by meat if not by cash.
It was May, I was fifteen and we smelled
fifteen or so throughout the warm insides
of the man-handled school bus, when pops
steers quick and clear to dodge the deer
and Shirlean yells, "*I didn't even know it was
deer season.*" As if deer only lived so they
could be killed during deer season.
What's a deer outside of deer season,
except a reason for deer season?

A Mad Gas Company

at our feet lie an assemblage of split and whole logs across a hillside of freshly sprayed sawdust. the kill is our installment in the tall dense series of events we make. its purpose we feel as much as we see the projected silhouettes of flames on the walls. the loggers come to steal what grows on the land, thinking we don't value it 'cause of how it keeps. money eats at the minds of these men. power charges in their guts so much so they believe what is ours, is really theirs. our arms brim and heap with firewood for the night. our pores brim and pour with sweat from the day. the density of red and white oaks ablaze could thaw the shoulders of the coldest muthaphuka you ever seen and now we done made the gas company mad.

Field of View

a field of summer corn staked with tassels
tickling the lowest air the sky can claim a
murder of crows caw and caution against danger
and its motor of men the sky down here
we name cerulean after what we remember first
men promised wings I pawned at the corner of
U. S. Route 51 and Mississippi's Hwy 6 in a
country store in Panola County its name
Cherokee for cotton near a river's hurt
imitation of a bigger river the Anishinaabe call
Misiziibi I stare at a palpable amount of theft
in my address I ought to apologize for the
cameras sittin' back above my nose the
registered cerulean filling the sphere the lust
at having been granted such ancient sky