Cash Crop Sac County 1953

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hard by the crossing a last plowhorse whiles lone nights adrift in harness dreams of equine vigor he stands hulking among slinking shadows of tribes made bold by tillage ironweed sourdock hemp and stirs his sullen tail through insect eddies as apples of lustier seasons roll in the untasting mouth and his nostrils sip at the lowland musk

above fresh plowed fields still new to the throb of pistons and crankcase drip and five rods in from where the accident of right of way preserves purslane cranesbill and yellow aven from cornfields a billboard exalts pastel smiles the wellgroomed content of streamlined folk passing unseen unseeing collecting miles without smell or touch gathering speed without effort of muscle or mind accelerating hurtling aloof

wet with moonlight the tracks gleam slick like the slimy trail of a silver diesel eel whose crazed moan wracks the night as tormented by the vastness of inanity sown in her belly she rushes night wild up landlocked mazes desperate for her place to spawn and die