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The Grackle

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The Grackle

I'll never drop the scent of dried blood from adolescence
 The smear of copper left on train rail, a bottle cap chipped tooth
The feeling of fork on amalgam filling
 Sore like shin splints racing into quarry craters
 The body of a chipmunk
 Squashed in the middle like pulled taffy
Little yellow teeth - fur stuck to viscid asphalt, pothole overflow

Where his heart must have went

Thrust into his cranium

Cover him with clover and gravel, ride no-hands
Letting the longest wind-blown strand knot itself
 Shoelaces deftly escape bike chains, the lullaby of loons

 Six miles home – thighs
 toughen like kiln fired terra
 cotta knees moan – rusted
 wrought iron steady as fan
 blades - smooth as leech
 bellies

Crushing cedar buds in virgin palms
 Cradle the pulp – a coniferous potpourri
Whip it to the ground like fun snaps on porch steps
 One in eight a dud

Listening to the sun searing the earth

At the bay eluding horse flies while
 Walking a straight mile up to the bellybutton on
Brown sugar sand hard packed and
 Ribbed, speckled with prying zebra mussels
 The Zen garden at the brink of the deep

Running through locust fields leaping over rabbit holes
Letting the ants from daisy faces explore knuckles,
labor over dunes of hair
Letting milkweed juice fuse fingers

A leak proof cup hand
splashes warm hose water
over grass stains – raw
wounds dirty soles chalky
elbows

Standing with a handful of thistle, hips like the Venus de milo
Waiting for a bold finch, a lazy mourning dove

A purple bolt to split the largest ash with
Toilet paper caked and fused to the highest branches
Firewood for winter stacked in the tin roofed chicken coop
No chickens, a family of mink, mice, a pine box of black crickets
A lean-to in the back made with a plastic tarp
A railroad tie where I buried Timmy

All rocks dad said never get
it into the ground - early
May rain softens soil like
oreo – stop and I make a fist
like a mallet – blood and
rust mashed skin – barb
gouge dimpled knuckle –

Rain rattles the tarp like a thousand tiny ball bearings
A grackle eyes me from the pea trellis while
The butter yellow lady slipper submits to the weight of the rain
Kissing the periwinkle spotted

Molding mulch

Tear and blood converge on
my nose tip – an undulating
berry a scrying orb

A
Persistent hovering
An
Unexpected

drop

Swivels

My
head