## ALL HIS UGLY DAUGHTERS

evening sky rips open with a vicious rush of thunder and lightning, and i foolishly stand at the back door, watching intensely, making sure that the flowers are getting enough of the downpour. and why wouldn't they, i ask myself, since they are right there out in the open, fully exposed to the cold rain falling late in the month of may. and then i get even more foolish and i step outside to inspect the flowers much closer, and when i do i see that there are beetles on the leaves. so i start picking them off one at a time. pressing them dead between my fingers. each one i throw out into the tall grasses which are way beyond what could easily be cut with a mower. and who cares, anyway, since the farmhouse seems happiest when floating in a world of grasses gone completely wild. ah, except for the job, i'm getting extremely close to being the hermit i've always wanted to be. the sound of the hard beetles cracking between my wet fingers makes me feel as content as a potato farmer who had married off all his ugly daughters.