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I'm Sitting Down in the Field Like an Idiot

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I'M SITTING DOWN IN THE FIELD LIKE AN IDIOT

I'm sitting down in the field like an idiot with aimless hands
and mumbling and eyes that don't look at anything in
particular a dummy the oldest sister was supposed to bring
in the house when it got dark but forgot it's been hot all
day and the moon has risen at eye level in a blur of mayweed
and yarrow from the frayed edge of the field

how innocent the weeds are and the swarm of gnats like a big
amoeba and the now dead mosquito that stuck its mouth through
my pants leg and the crickets I hear suddenly as if someone
pulled 13 fingers out of my ears and the air is wet it makes
the inside of my nose feel heavy

and I've bowed and scraped to the glitterings on the leaves and
now sat down on the wakening giant of chaos I'm nervous
at its yawning and stretching in the dusk and as it gets
up I fall over on my back and howl like a dog up the road
you listen to for an hour trying to figure out what's wrong

it sounds so awful that the mice close up their ears and the
chickens shut down and women maunder at the sinks their
hands in the dishwater.