She was waiting

For Lefty who done left
Curled her hair careful
In curlers well I could tell her
I sort of like her but I can tell she only likes Lefty
So I stand around
And wait until she finally goes

-- Judson Crews
Wharton, Texas

Senile
The old son-of-a-bitch still tugs
My heart strings. How to ditch
Him forever? Put my head in a ditch
Under water ten or fifteen minutes
Maybe that would do it nothing else

New Ulm, Minnesota

In New Ulm, Minnesota, we stopped for supper. Lying flat back, arms between our heads and the cool grass. Watching a granite monument; an angular obelisk, seem to fall forever against cumulus clouds moving eastward. We decipher the hieroglyphics and drive on.

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