

from one woman's tree.  
The foreman, Dave, told him:  
"You spray the dandelions today.  
Fill this tank with weed-killer.  
It's powerful. They  
used it in Vietman.  
Don't get it on your hands."  
Tommy filled the tank, adjusted the nozzle  
and disappeared to the lower tracts.  
Emptied his tank into a trash bin,  
rinsed and filled it with water.  
Sprayed dandelions all day.  
Two weeks later, Dave whistled:  
"Can't understand why those dandelions won't die.  
Cleared off half of Nam with it.  
Better get those weeds a second time,  
Tommy. Get em good."  
Sure, Tommy sprayed those weeds!

#### THE FALL

Going up the ladder behind him,  
I knew Kit would fall, sometime.  
You could tell.  
We calked leaks in the roof,  
re-tarred around the vents  
and came down.  
It was only a two-twelve pitch.  
When he did fall,  
it was on another job and  
the roof was four-twelve.  
It wasn't all his fault:  
the bastard had him working  
before the roof had dried  
and no safety rope --  
so he was sliding and already looking  
like a cat for a place to land,  
but it was all hard.  
He lay there crouched on his side,  
foot broken.  
Tears were running out the sides of his eyes  
into his red beard.

-- Ben Jacques

Yarmouth ME