

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