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Blountstown

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BLOUNTSTOWN

Glorious in ash, phoenix feathered, upheaval is now our queen: she spreads her reign

even to this little town you barely stop to fill your gas tank in: the man's on his ass,

wife sweeps their savings out the door, sets a match-stick idol

up in place
of his mother's spotty photograph—
The pretty girls

get pox while the homely ones scratch their names into the face of Baldman Mountain—And

believe me, that teacher knows her long year is over when the students burn her down like a red barn

in a field nobody owns.

Nobody owns these hands
or what they make or do: I rend,

I reform. I make the kings kneel knee-deep in mud, stretch

to the beggars for a branch.

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