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Sullivan County

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SULLIVAN COUNTY

When I die
I want to be buried
Face down in the mud of Sullivan County.

But I will not bury him.
Rather I will till him into the earth,
Turn him over in the black coyote soil.
He will be lined in earthy rows
Under the rough blade of a plough,
And between the tires of a red rusted tractor.

And from the silent seeds and darkness
He will be drawn up in leafy green shoots
Bursting from rooted chambers in verdant victory
The kindly rains will wash his leafy arms clean
And he will sit, brooding
In moist dirt, in dignified rows.

He rises-
Out of June's flooded gardens
In pillars of summer's green sunbeams
Foraging halls with their strapping stalks
And lush leaves that gather rain in hand-like cups.
That blaze golden in autumn
And whip like paper banners
In Missouri's incessant winds

And subtle deer
Disappear and appear
Nipping at the cornstalks
And when they run
Or ghost their way
Through blond corridors of cornfields

I see my father in the chest of deer.