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## If Your Real Father Drove the Car For Bonnie and Clyde

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IF YOUR REAL FATHER  
DROVE THE CAR FOR BONNIE AND CLYDE

You would fight the grain  
which lures you like an old hawk  
chasing a young jack rabbit into a field  
of lovegrass. Your father  
splintered in that hot soil.  
You make a religion  
of the mossy side  
of cedars, move north.  
Plant field corn  
conserving moisture, invest in dairy cattle  
things that shine.  
What if the land slides  
the skin  
off your father's face. His strong body falls  
into your lap  
wrinkles your cotton dress,  
his vocal cords vibrate an old song  
about going home. You follow him back  
to guns laid on the table like silverware,  
you polish his boots.  
Fast plans drawn with your black crayon  
shatter daisies  
on the kitchen wall. A kachina windchime  
puts you to bed  
on the screened-in back porch, jangles  
the night loose, brings shadows of Kansas  
Oklahoma and Arkansas within reach. Armadillos  
carry the farm off  
bit by bit.