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The Auctioneer

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The Auctioneer

My supple tongue will sell today
tractors, trucks, buckets
of nails and bolts, a piano beaten
by three generations. I will
push the bidding on all
they have gathered around
themselves for sixty years.
should I sell the sweat?
Should I sell the memory
of the dust as it rises from
his overalls when she sweeps
him with the broom? The bidders
will mingle in the barnyard like ghosts
of cattle. The goldfish were washed
from the watering trough in the last
big spring run-off. At the end
of the day I will have new work horses
for the harness hanging on nails in the barn,
a new cow pony for the bridle that once
calmed a nervous Palomino. I'll push
the bid up a dollar for the bed—
the fevers it held are worth something.