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Seedtime

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Seedtime

Grey afternoon left in a huff,
crushing out its spit-ragged butt
between the rows of broken stalks.

November dark fell hard, and now,
as greasy and cold as the winter mud,
on his back beneath his first John Deere,

his kidneys aching with cornstalks
and a mortgage, lies the boy
who played first base for Leesburg.

He's not thinking, as you might—God,
I'm weary—let the damn combine
fall off its blocks. Nor is he hoping

that the girl will have herself—
and that means you, too—fixed.
Tired and twisted, he wishes only

to wrench the Visegrips out of his back
Levis pocket, scrunch them around inside
his coveralls, up and through his front

zipper, then to lock them around
this one stuck nut. That done,
to buy this farm and a dozen others.

Tonight, he's the old grey mutt
that howls in your dreams,
barks at the slowness of your rising,

as you were another seed, bitching
in his thighs, making him ache
for a new plow and a thousand acres,
always for spring and sowing.