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New Farmhand

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NATHAN HOKS

New Farmhand

We were in the badger state
milking cows and mopping floors
and we stood up like flowers
leaning on each other to smell the
fresh dirt. Each morning I felt
as though the peace lily were growing
from my tummy. Your skirt
was as though a peace lily had
the fabric baby. I am not from here,
you whispered though you wanted
everyone to hear. The regional accents
were smothered on my face, I was
wearing umbrellas that blocked
the sun. The Cheerios stuck to the bottom
of my feet but I didn't care, I liked
the crunch, how I seemed to be crossing
a fragile galaxy and my lazy wings
weren't working. Ho hum, I hated flying,
that whistle in the ear was a song
falling out of tune. This was no picnic,
my arms ran into the wall, the wall
creased like a dress shirt, my helmet
hardly held the window up. The wind was
an accident. Ancient, but no less
a nuisance. No one dreamt of water.