Fall 1977

I'm Sitting Down in the Field Like an Idiot

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I'M SITTING DOWN IN THE FIELD LIKE AN IDIOT

I'm sitting down in the field like an idiot with aimless hands and mumbling and eyes that don't look at anything in particular a dummy the oldest sister was supposed to bring in the house when it got dark but forgot it's been hot all day and the moon has risen at eye level in a blur of mayweed and yarrow from the frayed edge of the field

how innocent the weeds are and the swarm of gnats like a big amoeba and the now dead mosquito that stuck its mouth through my pants leg and the crickets I hear suddenly as if someone pulled 13 fingers out of my ears and the air is wet it makes the inside of my nose feel heavy

and I've bowed and scraped to the glitterings on the leaves and now sat down on the wakening giant of chaos I'm nervous at its yawning and stretching in the dusk and as it gets up I fall over on my back and howl like a dog up the road you listen to for an hour trying to figure out what's wrong

it sounds so awful that the mice close up their ears and the chickens shut down and women maulder at the sinks their hands in the dishwater.