Blountstown

Lightsey Darst
BLOUNSTOWN

Glorious in ash, phoenix feathered, upheaval is now our queen: she spreads her reign even to this little town you barely stop to fill your gas tank in: the man's on his ass,

wife sweeps their savings out the door, sets a match-stick idol up in place of his mother's spotty photograph—
The pretty girls get pox while the homely ones scratch their names into the face of Baldman Mountain—And believe me, that teacher knows her long year is over when the students burn her down like a red barn in a field nobody owns.

Nobody owns these hands or what they make or do: I rend,

I reform. I make the kings kneel knee-deep in mud, stretch to the beggars for a branch.