New Farmhand

Nathan Hoks
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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.