[Oh, Hank Williams, How Bootleg You Is. When You]

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[Oh, Hank Williams, How Bootleg You Is. When You]

Oh, Hank Williams, how bootleg you is. When you leave, you never really leave—you just thread another page off the book & stare through the wobble of mason jars to find me there, wearing camouflage. I’m taking off my worldview with a knife. I get this hovel idea sometimes—it’s filled with pelts, an old woodstove, a clawfoot wash tub in a cabin built of necessary trees. You’re always there, making the most of some hermitage, filling buckets with the milk of cheese-making goats who have biblical names, like Jacob, like Budweiser.