

**cash crop
sac county 1953**

by

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hard by the crossing a last plowhorse whiles lone nights
adrift in harness dreams of equine vigor he stands hulking
among slinking shadows of tribes made bold by tillage
ironweed sourdock hemp and stirs his sullen tail through
insect eddies as apples of lustier seasons roll in the un-
tasting mouth and his nostrils sip at the lowland musk

above fresh plowed fields still new to the throb of
pistons and crankcase drip and five rods in from where the
accident of right of way preserves purslane cranesbill and
yellow aven from cornfields a billboard exalts pastel smiles
the wellgroomed content of streamlined folk passing unseen
unseeing collecting miles without smell or touch gathering
speed without effort of muscle or mind accelerating hurtling
aloof

wet with moonlight the tracks gleam slick like the slimy
trail of a silver diesel eel whose crazed moan wracks the
night as tormented by the vastness of inanity sown in her
belly she rushes night wild up landlocked mazes desperate
for her place to spawn and die