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"Bucolic Sketch"

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Trumpeter

When I moved back to the country
They tossed old tires into my head,
And fist-crumpled beer cans began to litter
my heavy metal sleep...
Acid rain is eating at my roots,
And my wired dreams are not holding any water.
Slowly my claws are growing into the wire mesh,
And my body transubstantiates
into a toxic garbage dump.
Air Force flights are crossing my mind,
tearing up the rural peace for practice.
The third-growth woods are apathetic
And mostly watch the game shows on T.V.;
They really want to go to Florida.
The fields take on a second job
To meet the payments for their tractors.
The country road piles into cars
To seek relief at shopping malls.
(The heart of darkness hooked into a satellite dish
To have its nightmares colorized.)
Soon they will take me out and dress me up
In day-glow vinyl
And shoot me for the season ---
Camouflage turkeys up in arms.

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