

TORNADO ALLEY

Not far from here at the intersection
of loathing & indifference,

I nailed a picture of you to a scarred
telephone pole. The wood, swaddled with a
million oxidized tacks & staples, sighed relief

at exhibiting not another bill of sale.
It promised to hold that image of you in

effigy no matter the velocity of the world
all around. Long hours of exposure cannot make
your sickness mend more quickly.

You were a twister in a dancing emerald
pasture & I was a tin-can-trailer-park

dissected in your wake.