

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

CLAYTON ALLYNN

To bless his brain,
To stop that heart

From taking the time
To dip the car in kudzu.

There isn't a single windshield,
Just screened in stars.

Farm winds blanket churches
And it kills him

::
How kids can be so cruel.

The director doesn't want to know
Himself any better.

From what stone
The producers found inside his brain,

He fashioned us a prairie populated
With wild dogs and missing children.