

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

LUKE RODEHORST

*Setting fire in the woods
is primal American Space*

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to sharpen your pen before writing the last paragraph of a letter, remember Abigail Adams. Remember the ladies. Remember gravel and blue ribbon, magnolia in the rain. The father leading you

on a one-eyed horse because soon he will ask you to be the executer of his will. We hold these truths to be self-evident. Salt from the brackish pools of our first emergence, still traces in the blood. Salt water anoints the baby's lips. A fistful of snakes: an offering for rain. Highways and ditches and a mush of wet leaves. That's caveman shit. That's the night you can't sleep because you realize you loved too long and you want to punch glass. But you never do. These are injuries that nature cannot forgive. Confession doesn't matter if you are already in Hell. The pregnant woman can't say the child isn't hers and just got over a fear of down escalators last month, looking for gardens. The bed of limestone under Kentucky produces the finest single batch whiskey, the world's fastest horses. The river Styx passes through the mammoth caves. My first job will probably be writing obituaries. Bury me with starfish. But you never do.