

J. RODNEY KARR

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SNIFFING GAS AT SIX

Red tank, rusty tank.  
Tar paper flapped.  
July was all sloppy.

I sucked the hole.  
Chickens smeared.  
The wheelbarrow

whorled. Santa,  
jocund and greasy,  
jingled. Rainbows

oozed. Long voices  
scorched the field.  
They found me.

I was out.  
Doc came:  
*Don't let him sleep.*

Because he loved me,  
Dad had to slap me  
all night long.