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Busting the Fence

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Busting the Fence

Billy's Chevy pickup in the silver light of dusk, Breaking free at 60 and shuddering through the Dusty half-roads of Midwestern Acreage. Raging against furrowed land. Busting the fence.

Billy's Chevy pickup with me, elbow out the Window. Tobacco spit out on the landscape, Miller bottles stashed low, then flung secretly, Smashing on moving earth. Scarring the fields.

Billy's Chevy pickup on black city pavement, Straining hard against the Good Book, and looking for The daughters of Sodom and Playboy, Waiting on forbidden corners. Staining the Word.

Billy's Chevy pickup, our only ticket to the Wide eyed Promised Land; neon in the Ohio Night.