

## *Country Friends*



Here the grey and gloomy  
rain makes a pastel.

Brushes of black  
sweep across my windshield,  
blending, blurring  
huddled figures as they walk  
  
through streams of color.  
Beyond

in the mist of  
gentle rolling hills  
green leaves change with the season.



*"That's the beauty of this place,  
nothing changes,"  
my friend says as I walk  
into her house. A warm  
sick feeling hits. I'm dizzy  
with the years, my memories re-  
created by reality.*

A smile comes,  
feelings offered, freely,  
as she gives herself.

There is a strength  
here

in bed with her;  
the mystery  
is *why I left* ...



Stillness

pumps through us, flowing  
in the wake of love.

Lingering in spite of twitches, tingling and  
our giggles.

Autumn burns with a zeal here.

So different from

in the city  
the anxiety

driven taxi catching

coffee drinking  
in search of

that better job, apartment, lover...

Exhausting days

and drinking nights and

doing it again the next day...



*It's not the same here.  
How could it ever be?  
Now bitter and bewildered  
farmers lock them-  
selves away. In dog-guarded houses.  
Sleeping with shotguns and, well,  
everyone else does too...*

**(Maybe they always did  
and I just never noticed.  
Lost in country bliss, in the swivels  
of my lover's  
hips, in the way  
she curls  
a wisp of hair  
around her finger.)**



*Cars with banged-hoods up  
doors off  
the wheels gone—*

*barren spaces overgrown with prickly burdocks.*

*People sitting on barstools,  
bent-over drinks,  
squeaking and rattling  
joints and jaws,  
bodies  
nicked and dinged and corroded*

and about ready to give out.

I finish my beer  
and drive back to my lover's...



In the morning  
she splashes nakedly

through gold and red leaves  
scattered  
into air...



*Grass has grown up—  
around glints of tools  
left rusted by the rain.*

*And the people?*

Here not caring  
about words written

for those

who never go  
where

sometimes it feels right  
to just sit—here  
among tall stalks of grass,  
whispering in the wind.