first night out of the hamlet, Green folks blathering

angry men with tattoos, one old backing into the other

conflict

the odor of Bayonne and a youth of violence, I am

at home I laughed picking out some not-grass-fed beef, poison

of course back to my old ways, no longer slave to high

dollars and low fat and no hormones, Jesus I

miss America this GMO flatulence of indigestible garbage on shelves

I shop picking up this and that, dead chickens who never saw

light darkness in the egg shell, fuck, ain’t this America!

I love La Crosse...give me more!

12/3/15