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## At Circe's Farm

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## At Circe's Farm

Bohemian rednecks smoke, drink and spit  
in the flatbeds of pick-ups papered  
with Grateful Dead emblems. The other ones  
stomp bootsoles in the pasture, mindless  
of cow shit and fleeing crickets, dancing  
to the whirring rhythm of a near-by hay-baler.  
I spit  
thick globules of tobacco juice  
into a plastic Pabst cup and rise  
in a rush of nicotine, alcohol, and marijuana to join  
in dance with a howling girl spinning in the bed,  
catching the rhythm we begin a waltz  
without structure, dipping and leaping, rocking  
the truck to our own time. Our limbs become  
entangled, losing control she slides into me,  
and I flail on the edge and try to pull back  
until I am forced to release  
myself to gravity and mud.  
Snorting, I attempt to get up again  
only to fall back, further bathing in manure,  
loam, and water. Her milk hand grasps mine, muddied,  
and pulls me up from the cess. She laughs  
at my pigness and leaves me  
snorting  
with the rest of the herd.

*Matt Layne*