

"it's soil, ... dirt is the shit you have on other people."

- i.gallant

she cracks the good black soil like a master and she should be she's grown grass on the prairies so green it makes God blush and she's nurtured a dying palm back to life in the Mexican desert and she's used those tiny powerful hands to pull a man full-grown out of the seedy infant idiot boy she found sucking bottle at the bottom of the bag "that stuff stinks like shit" i blow over the steam coming off my coffee "you're *very* clever in the morning, arentcha? ... well smarty, you're half-right, it's chicken shit and it's as good as it smells ..." there she is, my lover, up before the dawn crackling knees with her ass up in the air singing old church songs making love to the ground, love and filth, how did it all come to this, wasn't i just a new boy, gone bad from the wrong side of the Rockies acting the part unwilling to compromise living on borrowed flesh and a borrowed couch fucking my next rent cheque outta whatever blue-blood would fall for my tragic shit? i certainly was when we met in the bad old days when bank slips and phone calls could send a shivering riveted spasm of hatred up my spine and shed waltz into the argument full flush up high in those precision-granite cheeks flaring begging to be brought to tears growing nothing but resentful under bare light bulbs in one of the many hovels we had to call home arguing like anything in this life mattered as i sung into the open end of the beer bottle playing Carlo Rossi like a clarinet stupid, young, vain, angry, thin like the razor that cut my life to shit and cut my coke with whiskey angry again at everything i wouldn't give her staring at the empty white cramp that she wore in the place of a wedding ring ready, i'd bolt like an over-grown infant let out into the streets to score trade-level trim and blast off a shot or two for pure eradication to erase the every thing that i wasn't become and every other thing that i was getting wrong "... did Christos call?" she's broken in, once again saving me from my own myth machine, she can tell, just by the glint, nostalgia pulling the plug on the demons in my head smiling, she takes one last, good mitt-full of soil from the rose garden we built out back behind the still and just overlooking the lake, and springs up off her knees and wipes one hand on her still-delicious ass and slaps the other, open palmed and loaded, streaking muck across my greying gnarled chin and I'm young again, ready for the war of the day as she tugs at my belt "come on in, you old lech, the dishes arent gonna do themselves ..."