

*Toward Lafayette*

Good god of the cheese aisle, of the corner bakery, autoshop-tacobell and interstate 20. Surely you've noticed the levees stopped the land growing and our too-tight cardigans, I think, stopped our breasts. Wouldn't be too out of character but do you think we've dug ourselves in here? I love my best friend and the other. In a way that makes me want to kiss them and brush their hair.

I'll say, since it's just us, there never really was much looking out or over. The car's a six seater and my hands are full. There's no sun beneath our feet or anything like that but we like to keep her closer. We've got these winter blackberries. We've got this too-good truth about us like all this honey dripping down from the eaves and the old dog's labored breathing and her pink nose. It's lit up like before, this, though they've seem to forgotten. The still water crawls and we've buried enough the dirt does, too and we're sorry, good god of the Red and the train track screech. We've been waiting in the yard for you. We've been waiting with our hands in your hair pulling, listen. Our fingernails are black and there's all this ash in our throats from the singing. Listen, just one time. We'll prove we're some of yours.