

**JOHN C. MORRISON**

**Furrow**

Dizzy to rip past shirttail  
and panties  
I lay down on my back

on rough clods in the old  
furrow left fallow  
scraggly spring grass

now golden around us I was  
as underground  
as I have ever been halfway

in shallow grave a plow-depth  
closer to corpse  
and I whimpered to hurry

hurry before a boy out hunting  
quail might kick  
across the dry field onto us

in our scuff and hum a little  
bit of sky  
over her new shoulder outside

the curtain of hair she sorry  
for my back  
and bare ass I for the grit

and the grind on her pale  
knees the wear  
on us enough we finished without

any sweet linger a tangle without  
a moment's hush  
to hear the crows dusted we rose