

The Woods

Matt Miller

I'm gonna hop a train car,
lay low in a weedy ditch
'til the brute comes a'chuggin.
I'll take it at an angle,
sprinting, slipping alongside the ties,
boots chucking chunks of
pink gravel behind me,
then a hop and a grab and
a scurry and a roll and
I'm on my back,
heart beating in my ears,
moving smooth to Santa Fe.
Sway to the steel lullaby.
Shiver in the transient night.
Awake at hungry sunrise.
But the bulls are quick
as they are mean, so it's a
prayer and a jump and
a tuck and another roll
ten miles from the coming spur,
knee-high dewy grass
'til my legs are soaked
clear to the crotch.

But it ain't true,
none of it's true.

It's all gas, corn,
quartz, coal, packing nooks
and crannies and locking
every door, the bulls have

guns and radios and know
you're not accounted for.

So it's all ink and paper,
and ink and paper it will stay.
It's all just yelling neighbors
and pissing dogs and
my third-to-last beer but
it's only Monday.
It's all done for me,
time to quit my furniture
and head for the woods
and touch the trees and
touch the rocks and the moss
and the spider webs and
the owl pellets and
the pine needles.

But it ain't true,
none of it's true.

The woods are gone.

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