
From around Here



I sprouted
from a hillbilly hoodoo garden
nurtured by the shining signs
in the stars
in the night sky,
tended to by the phases of the moon.
I bloomed, full, from superstition
from Mars
from timeless magic mothers
who wear the pants
and grow the food
and put it on the table.
I sprang up from the rich soil

and I busted up out of the dirty dirt.
I am a bastard born
of the lusty loins of a bad-boy hick
with a handsome, blond mustache.
I was conceived, unexpectedly,
in an encounter with a beautiful
kindhearted country girl.
I was created when opposites attracted
and connected and danced
and fell apart, together.

I kicked my way
out of a powerful
one-woman womb

at the end of a gravel road.
I burst from the belly
of a holler
in the sticks
in Kentucky.
I come hard
from laughter instead of tears,

from a place of mythic Mamaws
and Papaws
and kin thicker than blood
or water
or moonshine.
I descended from a change in elevation,

from thin, sweet air.
I found myself in tangles
of dogwood
and laurel
and sassafras
and hemlock.
I was swaddled
in the stout vines of honeysuckle
and I float still
on a cloud of monarch butterflies
fueled by the grape candy scent
of lilacs.