A Lavonne Mueller Sampler

Some poems and short prose pieces

Private Elvis

LAVONNE MUELLER

SERGEANT SUGAR: I was company cook at Fort Hood when Elvis was a raw recruit. Yah, I saw him look like all the other guys. Crew cut. Fatigues. He use to polish his brass better than any of them. But what I remember best from those days was when Elvis pulled KP. That's right, he pulled Kitchen Police just like the rest.

He didn't ever want no special favors. I'm talking here about hard duty stuff—scrubbing pots and pans and scouring the grease trap. I've seen men who later won medals in Nam cry when they had to tackle the grease trap. These days grunts got it easy, with a lotta modern disposal equipment. But in them times, we had this contraption that looked like a little septic tank outside the kitchen that collected all the oily crude. It was a mean thing.

Later Elvis went into Special Services and had it soft. But first he had to go through Basic Training. There he was treated like an ordinary recruit. He actually liked it that way. Said for once he could give his pelvis a rest and even belch off-key. He didn't have to be professional for a while.

At that time when the King came through, I had just made sergeant with an MOS in baking. Everybody called me Sgt. Sugar 'cause I boiled my dumplings with a cup of sugar. My cabbage and beets, too. I got a sweet tooth. Never did get checked out on no rifle range. Me—I was checked out on a Coleman stove. I cooked so good the Company Commander never let me leave the mess hall. I was in Korea, but the only fighting I did was aimed at stomachs. Now a belly don't take sides. And it's got a mixture of hydrogen, carbon dioxide, and even methane. Every one of us is all walking explosions. Even

Elvis. Especially Elvis with the things he snorfed down. The way I figure it, good food is victory, and maybe I contributed to the only victory there was in what Truman had the nerve to call a Police Action. Well, I didn't see nobody over to Korea wearing little whistles around their neck. I seen me men with weapons around their neck.

Most of the time it was my duty to sit on a federal green stool near the stove drinking my own black gritty coffee and yelling out orders to the right and to the left of me. There's something beautiful and patriotic about a lot of shining pots hanging from the ceiling. I love to see steam coming up from a giant pan of boiling spuds—holds my attention.

Elvis and me hit it right off that day he pulled KP. Cause he liked my *cat heads*—those were the spoon biscuits I personally made for mess every Sunday morning. Light as Ping-Pong balls. I seen him eat fifteen to twenty at a sitting. Elvis liked fried Jell-O on his. Ate them two at a time. He said eating just one insulted his mama. Her biscuits were flatter than mine, but he could stack them better, was all that was.

Elvis also took to me seeing as how I was R.A.—Regular Army all the way. I'd been around. He said he respected experience. 'Cause I had seen things. Not like a lot of his hick cousins. Not that he didn't like his hick kin. He love them. But once in a while it was interesting to meet a man who'd traveled. Had adventures. Not adventures like he had—singing in halls and dives and cramped TV and radio stations. But foreign and exotic adventures. Like me cooking in the jungle alongside vultures who had them a seven-feet wingspan. Hell, in Ko-rea, parakeets sleep upside down. Guy quails sit on the eggs. Moths grow a foot wide. Spiders spin webs strong enough to knock your cap off. Elvis loved me telling him junk like that.

I also had a string of medals. Lotta times the mess got shelled in Korea. Guys who were gung-ho would panic with pork sausage and fried eggs in their mouth. They'd forget their helmet liners. I don't exactly know why that is. There

would be hysteria and trampling you don't see on the battlefield. I'd end up protecting some dimwit by putting a skillet on his head. I saved a hell of a lot of men with pie tins.

That day Elvis come in to my mess to pull KP was a day I'm not ever gonna forget. It was raining, making it even steamier inside. Four in the morning, but he was perky. Helped hisself to a glass of milk. Never saw him drink much coffee. I could see he wanted me to treat him like anybody. He was working hard to act like anybody—yawning, scratching his famous crotch, then stacking the metal trays right away and putting out the salt and pepper shakers on the long wooden tables even before I told him he had to. The two idiots with him, Private Odegaard and Private Sprague, kinda held back, just following Elvis around like *he* was suppose to give them orders—not me.

After breakfast, Elvis and his two buddies hit the dirty frying pans with gusto and scrubbed the floor. When my back was turned, them two dumb sidekicks tried to steal the mop Elvis used. Said they wanted to share it. I put a stop to that. No way was I gonna pay for any stolen inventory, be it monumental or not.

Lunch went fine. Elvis worked harder than the other two guys put together. But by dinner, the King was dragging. He was in good shape then, pretty muscular and not at all blubbery like he got later. But I was working them three hard. Not any harder than usual, mind you. Just regular KP duties.

It was midnight and the three of them was finished in the kitchen. It was time to clean the grease trap. Steel wool was bunched up high along the floor like piles of stiff black flowers. I got myself a beer and told the guys to take a fifteen-minute break. Elvis instantly fell gracefully to the floor, full out on his back, spreading his rock and roll legs apart, closing his eyes. Odegaard and Sprague fell flat on their stomachs with a thud, sort of whining pitifully cause their hands were blistered.

Then, all of a sudden, Elvis says to me: "Sargeant Sugar, sing to me."

I said: "Elvis, I can't sing."

Elvis says: "Yes, you can. Cooking is the greatest kind of singing. Just reel off a list of your best dishes—ones you done here and around the world. That'll be all the music I wanna hear."

Sprague and Odegaard sat up when the King said that. They forgot their burning red hands.

I said: "Elvis, *me?* Singing for *you?*"

He said: "Yep."

So I took a gulp of beer, wrapped my legs around the stool, closed my eyes, and let a string of specialties float across my mind. I entered a near trance and half hummed and droned: "Easter egg bread . . . paper bag apple pie . . . pull and tuck rolls . . . ice cream peanut butter pie . . . Polish pickle soup . . . bedroll chicken . . . corn creole . . . line shack green chili . . . squaw pudding . . . chuck wagon grit stew . . . ohmygosh goulash . . ."

Then without any warning, Elvis jumped up and took his signature stance, thrusting out his lower body and pretending to strum a guitar. He sung to his own tune:

"Fried okra
cooter stew
porkettes
white gravy

hot potato salad
dirty rice

sauerkraut salad
yo yo puddin
oh, my, yo yo
baby my puddin

punch pie
punch
punch my heart pie

pear squash pickles
monkey bread rye
jam cake
jam my cake
jam
jam so much I could die."

Elvis fell gracefully back to the floor and closed his eyes again.

It was the best Elvis song I ever heard. It had soul. It had Baptist yearning—ceramic and crimson. It rocked with love and longing. Jesus was in it, too, along with his mama.

Odegaard and Sprague stared with their mouths open. They knew it was an experience they'd be telling family and friends for the rest of their lives.

It was 2 A.M. by the time the three of them finished cleaning the grease trap. They were all an oily mess as they headed back to the barracks.

Elvis never pulled no more KP. Usually guys got it three or four times in Basic Training. I guess he felt he had done his "just like anybody" duty. I did see him in the mess from time to time. We'd chat over my *cat heads* and I'd tell him about the time I fried an egg on a piece of paper in Korea, baked bread on a shovel, watched ants over there eat the little blue veins outta Roquefort cheese, how I bunked at night on a bed of jungle orchids, the usual stuff. Once he even asked me if I'd work for him after he got discharged. But I'm Regular Army and it's hard for me to think of myself anywhere but in the Service. Besides, dump me into civilian life, and I'm just Joe Smuck. Here to the Army, I'm Sergeant Sugar. Then, too, if I went with Elvis and he got tired of my singing, I'd be like a lotta guys I know—selling stuff from an aluminum suitcase on State Street.

Nobody ever mentioned that song he sang on KP. Not me. Not Odegaard or Sprague though them two bums did steal the mop Elvis used and axed it fair and square right

through the center of the handle, on down to even dividing the braided soapy rags like two scalps. I held their bacon and jerky till they paid up for it. But I didn't have the heart to be harboring bad feelings 'cause the music Elvis sung that night still lingers on me like a light dusting of baking powder. I've kept up with the King's career over the years, and I ain't never heard anything he's done as good as he done that.

Elvis' Dog

LAVONNE MUELLER

I first saw the Presley litter on Alabama Street
there was four of them
mewing, yipping in a $50 a month apartment
oatmeal paper on the walls
Grandma Minnie Mae
Gladys
Vernon
Elvis

Gladys threw fist-size biscuits from the stove
for a human, Elvis could really fetch

Grandma Minnie Mae
held up red-flannel-hash
to see who could grab it first

Elvis was hard running
with a good nose

after he was let out of Humes High School every day
we'd take to the rut roads and creek
all the gone-to-brush backyards
    near the Marl Metal Manufacturing Company
    where Elvis earned extra money
        on the night shift

I worried his old shoes with my teeth

he bonded me

spit into my throat
    his thick saliva made us brothers

I would wiggle my hind-end hard
without embarrassment
(I hold lapdogs in contempt)

you won't find me
on any veterinarian's door chart

Elvis with his guitar
wind turning our ears backwards
me chasing after day-squirrels
then
I'd stop
howl into the goldenrods and grass
Elvis behind me locked on point
his eyes strained
his nose quivering
knowing he was hearing a good sound
listening
like he always done
at
gospel group sings
Red's Place
Silver Stallion Nightclub on Union Street
Eagle's Nest on Lamar Avenue

now
listening hard
to
raw, rocking howling
mostly mongrel
hot with a little Blackwood Brothers
dangerous from the Harmonizing Four
shaking like the Soul Stirrers

Dinah
Fats
Leroy Car
T-Bone Walker
Bukka White
Rufus Thomas
Louis Jordan
Big Ma Rainey
Sonny Boy Williamson
B. B. King
Ukulele Ike

bluebirds on the tree branches
crying for their babies
washed away by the storm

roots
breathing in the dark
white violets
yearning for their bees
this whole marshland of Memphis
played out like WDIA Radio

and me
teaching Elvis to unbutton singing

in all that soapweed and blue joint grass
smeared with swells of wet dirt
stone bruised
the sun sinking into my footsteps

me
shaking off bull thistles and skunk cabbage
afraid of feelings not meant for dwarf spruce and brambles
this hound dog
got up to high D
and kept it there to make a King.

God's Highway

LAVONNE MUELLER

CORA: It all started when I broke my leg. Skateboarding. Really dumb as I've never broke anything before. Not even roller blading. Mom drove me to Paw Paw General Hospital where Dr. Axel took an Xray. There right alongside my poked out bone was a real clear image of a little baby with this crown on him. Dr. Axel said the Infant Jesus saved me from losing my leg. Mom said it was a warning not to skateboard no more. My married sister fainted when she saw the Xray. Me—it was a revelation as I just turned eighteen, graduated from high school, and bought a ten-year-old candy-apple red Honda with a hatchback with my savings from working at Farm and Fleet. Day before I broke my leg, I missed a curve on Sycamore Road, skidded and struck a utility pole that snapped in two and cut most of Paw Paw's electricity out for six hours. But the Honda was fine.

The hospital really examined that Xray carefully and said nobody tampered with it. And I believe that. It's even displayed in the lobby for the whole town. When my leg was all right again, I took off a week of work and went on a pilgrimage to other sites in Illinois. Even as far as St. Louis. To find the "Holy" in other miracle places. I'm twenty-three now and I've been going on the devotional road for five years. Every June. For one week. I've been married once for eight months, moved out of two different apartments, too. I'm currently back home living with my mom. No matter what happens in my life, it doesn't change how I take to God's road.

This here's my car. Same one I drove on my first trip. You can see I just took out the backseat and laid a single bed mattress in there. (When I was married, I had a double mattress.)

I put curtains on the back and side windows—for nighttime. I got a wooden cupboard for food. There's a one-burner Coleman propane stove. A tiny refrig that runs on propane is up against my front seat.

Come on, get in. You can have the mattress at night. I'll sleep up here on the front seats. We'll share the gas money. You won't ever get any one-week tour for this cheap. You won't see as many miracles as I'm gonna show you in this length of time. I've done my pilgrimage for all of five years, and I keep up on awesome events by reading *Shrine Newsletter*. I also listen to Father Gunnard on Radio W-O-W Paw Paw.

We're moving outta Paw Paw. We'll just ease over to 39 and on in to Mendota. Turn right here on Third Street with all its ruts and wallows . . . and then take this left to the center of town. Now . . . look down this street. Yep. That's where a bunch of parking meters—fifteen to be exact—started crying in the early nineties. If you notice these are parking meters for Jehovah's Witness Kingdom Hall. They mostly cry on Good Friday. So just stare real slow. You can see there's a light red rim around their plastic faces. Two years ago, some guy cracked up his car near here, broke both his arms and dialed 911 with his tongue. Kinda amazing.

We're leaving Mendota now . . . taking 251 to La Salle . . . then 80 to Ottawa. See over there? Last year's flood took out that railroad bridge. 'Course the thing was built way back when iron was soft. My grandpa saved it once by filling a horse-drawn wagon with stones and parking it on the bridge all night. (*A beat*) These parts around here are primitive. Flints are dug up all the time. You can find arrowheads in the Jewel parking lot. (*A beat*) We're heading for Ada's Majorettes. There. That's her building with the pink polka-dot awning. When Ada and the girls were getting ready for the Lincoln Day Parade, one of the little majorettes saw the Blessed Mother in Ada's hedge. Stems was twisted into a face with a veil. Little green branches grew like upraised hands. When Ada saw it, she just made her students surround Mary

with votive candles. There's a donation box if you wanna get out and put in some coins.

I know a lot of people think driving along God's highway is dumb. Too many people today have no respect for religion or values connected with a spiritual life. They think it's weird that I drive by these places, praying out loud to parking meters and hedges. But I've always said—nothing is an accident. God doesn't jump out at you only on Sunday. People need mystery.

Now we're heading out on 23. Look for the sign to Streator. Right. That's it. Now we get on 55 to Malta. Malta I wanna tell you is got a lotta bodybuilders. You'll see them everywhere on the street. They got spaces between their teeth from taking too much steroids. Their heads grow and their teeth pull apart.

This stretch of road used to be a great pork highway. Thousands of hogs were driven to the Chicago stockyards along here. You wouldn't know it now—with all these campers and utility vehicles taking over.

Farmers around these parts used to put little brass rings in their hog's noses to keep them from rooting out of control. Now the high school kids wear rings in their noses but it don't keep them from drinking too much and staying out after curfew.

Sometimes when I get tired of looking at the speedometer, I measure distance by the number of smashed beer cans and candy wrappers on the road. Fifty Snickers to a mile. Three hundred and fifty Coors to Malta.

Here we are. I know right away 'cause of all those joints of drill pipe lining the street. Lotta brass casings of rifle shells, too.

There it is. See that billboard? The one advertising Freem's Muffler and Brakes. We gotta get out for this one. Why? You'll see. Come on. That's it. Now come over here and stand right under this picture of the muffler. Smell anything? Sure you do. You smell it, and I smell it. Flowers.

Roses maybe. St. Teresa, the Little Flower. When this miracle happened three years ago, Freem couldn't keep enough mufflers in stock. He's branched out as far as Schram City.

When this billboard was first put up, one of the workman stood back to see how it looked. He was thunderstruck when his nose picked up flowers as you can see this thing is smack in gravel. *CNN* was even here smelling.

This is as good as any place to stay for the night. We got a big day tomorrow. There's a statue that talks in Glen Carbon, and its voice screams 9.1 on the Richter scale. And in Hokedale, you'll see a doughnut that glows in the shape of Jesus—though some think it looks more like Tom Hanks. We can buy a T-shirt there: "I ATE DIVINE DOUGH." And they sell a videotape of the doughnut's mystical light. A lot of Paw Paw People think religious renewal will come out of Hokedale.

At night just before I go to sleep, I look up at the Big Dipper just to get myself centered. If you follow miracles, you shouldn't ignore the stars. Besides, I think some day, thousands of years from now, we'll be going up in space to live. It's a simple matter of evolution. We're gonna be something better and more devout up there. Miracles will be just an everyday occurrence up there.

First Lady of the Road

LAVONNE MUELLER

MARY EDILIA: You might say I'm First Lady of the road. Better yet, the First Lady of Illinois. 'Cause all of this state is Lincoln Land. I survey real history here in my Cab No. 88 with "Mary Edilia" painted on both doors. Mary, of course, is my name as well as the better half of Abraham Lincoln. Not to mention I'm the only lady truck driver for APC. I drive for Abe's Potato Chip Company. I use to work inside the plant, but that was no fun. I'm better out here on the road. Like today, for example. I just tool along the interstate and it's like being Lincoln's kin. Inside the APC Factory was suffocating. Boring. Nothing's gonna barrel at you around a wide curve. An Abe Potato Chip is a fragile thing. I worked on a conveyor belt that was 10 feet deep, and it's sole purpose was to get Abe Chips in a red-white-blue bag without smashing them. Those bags were put into boxes marked: *Handle these like eggs.*

I take mostly I-55. Today it's been overcast for the last 85 miles. I can tell when it's gonna rain. Fifteen more miles of gray to total 100, and it will downpour. Never fails. Then it's brake lights and headlights on slimy concrete and asphalt. I hate it when I have to use windshield wipers. The thumping of those things is like a nagging kid. Wu . . . mp. Wu. . . . mp. Wu. . . . mp. Can I? Can I? Can I? I've served my time. I've had my sentence of nagging. My kids are grown. My ex-husband is in California and my life is free, even though you might say I still belong to Lincoln.

I'm not going to claim I'll never marry again. 'Cause there is a trucker for Log Cabin Office Furniture who tries to meet me for dinner three times a week at the Union Army

Chicken Shack in Rochelle. Cleve Nimerfroh is probably one of the best drivers in Illinois. He has him a Steelcase Truck and a CB radio though I won't have no CB in my cab 'cause of all the weird porn on its airwaves. I do have a cell phone. It gets lonely on the road so I call my daughters from time to time. I know it's expensive, but then so is bad health. Filling in them dark holes in your life saves on doctor bills. Even if I have to pay extra for "call waiting" 'cause them girls of mine are gabbing to their friends all day long.

Just look at me. I'm driving 29,000 pounds of solid truck, riding one story above ground. A thousand and fifty boxes of potato chips to deliver. I got me tires that come up to my belt. Not many women can brag on that.

Sometimes . . . on Valentine's Day . . . when it's raining and nippy, I tend to look at a condo with its lights on . . . little flickerings from the TV, and I think . . . some guy like Cleve Nimerfroh might be coming through the door with a dozen roses and a box of chocolates. Ready for action. Then maybe staying all night so he can pig out on pancakes for breakfast. But I don't dwell on it. 'Cause I know here on the road is where real living is—seeing people whiz by, different kind of folks you'd never see if you were doing an ordinary job. Like that kid zooming by me on his red motorcycle. He's got him a big sticker on his bike from Frank Hawly's Drag Racing School. I've never seen nobody from there before. And that new Rail-Splitting Auto Truck Plaza coming up. If I want, I could stop there for genuine Canadian bacon along with eggs. They even got them a salad bar. Some people haven't seen anything that big. Ever. Then, too, I'm looking at Lincoln country hour after hour. Who can do that? Why I feel about as close to Abe as his wife. Maybe closer. I understand they didn't get on too well. Not that I'm trying to be negative about the greatest man that ever was. Or about his wife, either. After all, I was named after her. Right now I'm turning off on Country Road 27, and I'm coming up to the special plaque at Lincoln Trail Homestead State Park. This

here that I'm now going by was a log cabin site that John Hanks, a cousin to Abe, built. Sometimes I go on to take Route 97, which goes north to Salisbury and gets you to the New Salem State Historic site. They have a quilt show every August, and twenty-two-year-old Abe worked as a clerk in Don Offutt's store there. They got them the Rivermist Nursing Home where Offutt's used to be.

Cleve always teases me saying: "Mary Edilia, Old Abe was born in Kentucky, don't you know that?" 'Course I know that. But it's Illinois where he educated himself and got to be a lawyer and got elected President. Lincoln belongs to these prairies and highways of Illinois. I know. I drive by him all the time. Along Sangamon Valley. By the grave of Ann Rutledge, his old sweetheart, who lies in Oakland Cemetery. Places like Lincoln, Illinois, just northeast of Springfield where Abe cracked open a watermelon and christened that town in 1853. For our first anniversary, Cleve bought me a big watermelon, and we drove over there where they got them a Lincoln monument on Sangamon Street, and we celebrated the only city named for the sixteenth president during his lifetime by cracking that melon on Abe's iron leg and eating it sitting at his knees.

See here. My speedometer just turned to 1.3 million miles. Cleve called me from Shabbona's Farm and Fleet an hour ago to say he just hit 2.8 million miles. 'Course he's Northern Illinois' Driver of the Year. He beat out guys from Pekin, Kankakee, Sandwich, Hinckley Big Rock. Even drivers from Moline. 'Cause Cleve's never had no accidents. He hasn't even gotten a ticket. I had me one little fender bender in Cortland 'cause of an idiot preacher from the Sunblast Christian Reformed Church who was stacking his collection envelopes with one hand on the wheel. And once I got a ticket for going 65 in a 55 only two days after the county reduced the speed on us. I'm just a creature of habit. But Cleve, he's gonna get hisself in Illinois' Truck Drivers Hall of Fame.

Cleve is suppose to call me from Sommauk. When he gets to Priggie's Sheet Metal. Him and Priggie went to school together at Gettysburg High School in Dixon. Anyway, he should be there by now. He's suppose to let me know about dinner tonight. This is a special date. 'Cause it's our anniversary. Three years. I'm thinking tonight might be important. You know, the magic *three*. Maybe he's gonna get serious. I hate it just waiting for my cell phone to ring. It's like when I was a teenager sitting around the house biting my nails and waiting for a guy to call. Though it's different really when you're in a cab like this. It's more liberating for a woman being on the road. Even though a lotta people think you're cooped up. Why I can stand up inside here, that's how roomy it is. I got a little bunk with an electric blanket and a stereo-cassette player that belts out Union Army songs—a collector's tape not available in stores that I had to order from an 800 number advertised on midnight TV.

The secret to driving a truck is not black coffee. Only people who don't drive and see a lotta trucker movies think that. Nope. Coffee is gonna put you in a lotta rest rooms. Coffee is gonna slow you down. It's sugarless gum that's crucial. Dentine. One stick for every twenty-five miles. You chew hard and it's like exercising while you're sitting.

See the old geezer behind me? He's slipstreaming on me. I can't get mad at him. No way. That's how I met Cleve. He was slipstreaming me just like this guy . . . . following too close so he could get gas mileage by tailgating me, which breaks the wind resistance. I don't fluster. I always hold steady . . . . like I'm doing now.

But back then, when I seen this cute guy in my rearview mirror, I got sorta carefree and I tossed a leftover doughnut back to him—right out this very window. He thought that was cute. So he followed when me and a herd of truckers turned off and lined up like cows at a gas pump to fill up. I was just sitting there in this asphalt pasture . . . trying to be coy . . . and Cleve got outta his truck, come over to my cab

with a nice cold Coke and the smashed doughnut I tossed him, which he stopped to retrieve off the highway. He introduced hisself and we shared the Coke outta the same can. He ate the doughnut all by himself kinda defiant like. Then he said that back 100 miles or so in Elburn, he put a quarter in the "Sex Reactor Machine," squeezed the handle, and it told him to take a real cold shower real fast. We laughed about that but I knew that he knew that I saw he was in all due respects quite sexy.

Look at that girl. Just driving ever so sweetly on cruise control with a can of beer between her legs. I ever catch my girls doing that . . .

But you see everything on the road. Like how people here in Belvidere are all shoulder riders. More than any other place. You cross Illinois as much as I do, you notice stuff like that. Up ahead, for instance, at the tollbooths, you see cars cut them across three lanes at a time when they don't have no change. Like that Honda's doing.

Sometimes. . . . I look out there and I have to ask myself—where are all these people going? And why do they have to keep moving like this? What is it all gonna come to? How can all this traffic just keep getting thicker 'n thicker?

I won't deny it gets lonely. Maybe that's why after a while everything begins to look all alike. Libertyville with its Tad's Caramelcorn. Woodbine Village and Four Score Elementary. Harvey's New Salem Burgers. Oswego's Emancipation Proclamation Meat Masters. Cortland's Stove Pipe Hat Body Piercing. Genoa's Todd Pancakes. Me . . . taking my federally regulated two-hour rest stop. Two hours—rest. Two hours—rest. Yet there's no way I can forget that when I was a kid, my first Barbie Doll come with a sports car. Driving is in my blood. I just wish my cell phone would ring.

The City that Killed a Poet

by Lavonne Mueller

The house where Lorca hid in Granada
is now a hotel
local business men use their cell phones
to call in Iberian stock reports

next to the door
where he was dragged out to his
Our Lady of Agonies still holds court
here in the city that killed a poet.

Today
boys eat chocolate buns on church steps
sweets their only piety

during the early months of the Spanish Civil War
thirty thousand people were shot
roaring lorries packed with victims
drove past roses big as cabbages.

Loose red earth
drifted in Andalusian refinement

no one could be executed
without the opportunity for confession

by the light of a lorry headlamp
Lorca dug his grave
in his own suit of light.