

Free Ohio

Normally I wouldn't crave Bloody Marys
this early--just days ago, however,
I surrendered my breast fetish
and now march around with permed hair,
tin-dyed, the color of the sky.
Cap backwards and corkscrew poised
I blindly re-invent Sonoma's winefarms
where aging millionaire rednecks
are eager to hunt and kill. I panic
when I hear gunfire, drop my flask
in the smoke and rows of Merlot,
lose my faggy voice, and stand still,
too tired to fall, clichés of winter
and burning defiance echoing
in my head's dull riot. The land
seems dark and doorless, and deer
quietly prepare for sleep or death,
ears crooked to the perfect Pacific
Rim. My next surviving wife will grow
tomatoes. But first I want to protect
fleeing homeless hawks and steal oaky
white wine for my walk back to Ohio.