

AMORAK HUEY

I Have Harnessed Myself Ridiculously to a House Three Miles Outside a Small Town in Alabama
after Lucie Brock-Broido

Place is a kind of truth as walnut trees are a kind of tall.
As persimmon tree, crepe myrtle, chert driveway.
Sharp edges, bitter flesh, a child—me—sliding forward
over the head of a pony. The cold water, the blackened eye.

From this crumbling porch, I can sit on an overturned bucket
and watch the sky turn kudzu-green. Watch the tornado approach.

I can sit a long time without hunger.
There is no one here to count me present.

I am so far gone. I am wearing only the river
which is across the browning field. There are so many churches
within shouting distance, walking distance,
so many kinds of distance. Someday this place

will burn. Become a flat spot where grass will not grow.



ABOUT AMORAK HUEY

Amorak Huey's work has appeared in *The Southern Review*, *Hayden Ferry's Review*, *Rattle*, *Menacing Hedge*, and *The Cincinnati Review*. His chapbook, *The Insomniac Circus*, is forthcoming in 2014 from Hyacinth Girl Press. He received an MFA from Western Michigan University and teaches in the Department of Writing at Grand Valley State University. He lives in East Grand Rapids, Michigan, and can be found online at amorakhuey.net.

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