

**David Meischen**

**Alone in the Pickup Bed, Somewhere a Break in the Fence**

*Through rain and wind and weather, hell bent for leather . . .*

Dust scatters sunlight through the truck's back window.  
Daddy's gunrack there, his thirty-ought-six.

Post and then post and then post along the bar ditch.  
On the barbed wire, snagged, a tuft of fur.

A jackrabbit shoots across grazed-over scrub.  
His gaunt coyote falls behind, slows, concedes.

Daddy's voice at the wheel, a burst of anger. God-*damn*-it.  
His tongue pops a whip on the second syllable.

His weight on the brake, his truck dead still in the road.  
Cows alongside now, everywhere their humming *m* sounds.

Their muzzles glisten over the sides of the truck bed.  
One cow hunched and pissing, another hunched and mounted.

At the fence line, a lone Hereford bull, his impossible ease.  
Huisache beside him, shade work stitched with thorns.

Let go the fear that fills you. Confess: *I have a crush*  
*on Rowdy Yates*. Feel yourself opened, impaled, raised up.