

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

Burnt Cornfield

We've spent all week hiding from Jesus.
They're persistent bastards, He and his dogs.
We'll never know what He wants us for,
maybe still sour from that thing with the cross.
We've explained that, reimbursed Him for His trouble.
Some men you just can't reach.

The whole county's full of informers, all's within His reach.
Not a city man or farm boy who aint beholden to Jesus.
Wherever His souped-up Ford prowls, there's strife and trouble
for me and my, um, associates. Our... "reputation" dogs
us everywhere we run. I knew it was bad idea to cross
Him. These types of men there's just no help for.

We've been Goddamned willing to compromise: Four
times tried to apologize, but got shot at before we could reach
His porch, where He sulked and muttered to Himself, cross
at you, me or the whole dang world. The only ones Jesus
will listen to are the hogs, and hell, we'd rather be fed to them dogs.
Ever know a man who only wanted to cause you trouble?

The whole damn thing's His fault! It was unfairness led the Troubles!
We were all one happy bunch. What'd they have to do that for?
Some people have no sense of propriety and treat others like dogs.
Darnit, when steel is plentiful why build with clay? Reach
down into Your blasted wisdom and find me an answer for that, Jesus!
We waited for it to pass, but it when on and on and a line was crossed..

So now this confounded chase will go on till he nails *us* to the cross.
He's so smug, in his purple robe and Sheriff's hat. Does it trouble
His mind that we're tailgating in the cold, we who once joined Jesus
at His supper table? We who once had the whole South created for
us? Hell, the pleas of his own laborers don't even reach
His ears cause He only cares for two things: His gun and His dogs.

One day there's gonna be a brawl. It'll come to a head, and just like dogs,
we'll roll in the dust. My whole clan and His whole clan, going at it across
a burnt cornfield. I guess that there's the only way this can reach
any end. If they want trouble, by God they'll get trouble.
We were first, after all, and we'll show Him what wrath is for.
Once the dust clears we won't be taking no more lip from Jesus.

I should be getting along now, I hear Jesus and His pack of dogs.
For nothing in the world would I want to cross His trail right now.
The trouble with being on the run is you never reach home.