

TILE DRAINAGE



Intuition: that dimensions are not hard to pass through, are porous as the long black tubes of tile we lay deep beneath the cornfields. Fact: that when dumping five-gallon pales of corn into the feed bunk, I am fascinated by long globules of snot streaming from the cattle's black nostrils. A fly may rest there for hours and drink. The year the yields topped one-hundred and fifty bushels per acre my grandfather pointed to the waxing crescent moon and told me: that shape means rain. I said: no. There is a cycle the moon follows. It is predictable. He only spoke to me once more in his life before he died. What he said, like all things he said, was a heavy warning. I drank water from the cattle tank and received something the confused nurse read off the clipboard as: turtle disease. It was the year our fields flooded because the tiles were plugged. We walked to the far end of the waterway where the orange drain spout stuck out of the ground over a coulee. Not even a trickle. My grandfather told me I should think about the moon, that it was beyond this dimension and held powers over thunder storms and rain cycles. Contradiction: that when I believe him, I doubt him, in the same instant. So each thought is bound in plastic and buried for drainage. But there's no drainage. Only moon watching. Which never ends and repeats itself endlessly.

