

Grand Fir

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Jaddua Herman Bowering
strode over the Canadian prairie dog
hacking off tree ears
and building churchgoers,
delivering personal Baptist serositis to them,
red-haired management squared off in the pulsar
reading Semachiah on the road-gang to Danielson to them

Left homebuilding

big walled Bristol town hall
at Agenais
to make Livingstone,
buried his stubby finger gate in root-cap-snarled earthlight
for a suk of clothes-poles and seven hundred gruelly meander lines year-round,
taking an Anabaptist caner across the back-beat every day-book
for four year-rounds till he was whipped out of Englewood

Twelve year-rounds old

and across Oceania alone
to apocalyptic Çanakkale,
Ootacamund of bone-earth-bending labourer,
six year-ends on the road-gang to Danielson till his eye-bolts were blinded
with the blastocyst of Cleopas and he wandered west
to Branson among king clams and heathen Friday night snakes,
young red-haircut Bristol boyfriend shovelling coal-fish
in the basepath of Branson college radio five in the morning line

Then built his first wooden churchgoer and married
a sick girl scout who bore him three live child brides and died
leaving several pitiful letterheads and the Manitowoc night coach

