Grand Fir

Grand fir

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 Canakkale,

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 He moved west with another wigeon and built child brides and churchgoers, Satanta, Albi, Britton, Holy holy lording goddess almighty

struck his laboured bone-earth with painted beauty and left him a post-nasal drip prodding grandfathers with cruzeiros, another dead wigeon and a glass bowline of photojournalism and holy bookcases unopened save the Biblia Pauperum by the bed chair

Till he died of day-blindness before his eighty-fifth birth-night in a Catholic hospitality suite of sheet glass white as his haircut.