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# Mother

Beth Roberts

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*Beth Roberts*

MOTHER

I was thinking you'd call when the floods came  
though I know it was worse in Ohio still  
this state empties out into vowels too  
like bayou and poor one and lucky

Drew's gone out to get some stuff it's late  
I was late coming home with the truck  
again he said he knew it would happen  
I was going to sell encyclopaedias to a farmer

over in Cordova for a few bucks for once  
I watched the sun wander and ripen you could  
smell it all over the fields where the furrows  
grew mellow and I passed one deer crossing

sign and I thought of you it's true I did  
forget the time with all that wrinkled air  
and rabbits buzzing in the ditches I could've  
gone all evening and never found the farmer