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I Am a Leaf (Though I Do in Retrospect Regret None of Us Knew Better than Boone's Farm)

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I AM A LEAF (though I do in retrospect regret
none of us knew better than Boone's Farm)

Well, the trees are shimmering here in New York—
all leaves, electric, figuring out their soughing
by forgetting so much snowing—
many states later but always July:
good horrible God and Mississippi, I praise you

for a bird sits its nest in a dense green tree
how I sat front seats in dense green heat,
the vines and pines and county creeks
woven around whatever boy and car and red dirt road
and my tight cut-off blue jeans;

for the one with the green Gran Torino who wouldn't
break open the egg, so licked all its shell
and the red Chevy Johnny
and the yellow Camaro Johnny
and the David with the Willys
and the Z-car David later
and the earliest Keith with the drive-in pick-up
and the Keith who gave me my heart in some smoke
and the nameless trailer interludes
nesting in the longing of the metal egg;

for how good it was to be so felt
I deem a semi-redneck girl does well
to ride a boy toward beer, bad wine, a joint, some pills:
knowing the edges electric and knowing
the feeling of going while keeping still.