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# How I Learned

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## HOW I LEARNED

we were  
in the middle  
of john kearn's  
fallow bean field.

grandpa  
strapped wooden blocks  
to the gas and brake  
of his suburban  
with bungee.

he showed me the gist  
and where to stomp  
the emergency-brake  
if i lost nerve,

then he got out,  
said certain things  
a man needs to figure  
alone.

sweat  
ran from my asshole  
but i feathered the thing

worked it  
in a big slow circle.

my nerve didn't go,  
i took it faster,  
made a figure eight  
and nosedived  
clean into the little creek  
on the south edge.

grandpa set his flask down  
put his hand on my back,  
said a man usually  
gets thrown by his first bull,  
that i'd done well.

said it would be some time  
before john kearn came back  
from the indian casino  
to pull us out  
with his tractor.

we sat in the sand  
next to the creek.

he gave me a small  
taste  
of the flask,  
told me someday  
i'd want to ride a woman  
like i'd done the  
suburban

how the results  
might be similar

but i shouldn't  
let that  
deter me.