

the chicken could still run even after
my aunt twisted off its surprised head.
she laughed at my city boy first time horror
as it came at me.

her laughter made her hands go to her knees
as she bent over
screaming...

just start running and remember it can run too
make sure you do not lose the race.

my great uncle gustav and cousin johnny could not stop laughing
as they closed the cattle gate.

at least three minutes passed
before either of them
could roll a cigarette
from their durham tobacco pouches.

it was sixty feet maybe sixty three before i felt safe enough to stop.
leaning breathlessly against the water tank
was how i learned about farm humor.

the chicken could still run.
wf.h.
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