

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.