

*Crop Duster Jerk-off: a poetry of abuse*

The crop duster jerk-off is strafing just over the rise,  
dropping clouds of fallout over “green light” wheat;  
he prides himself on his skill in tossing  
the plane about: small, but *not* insect-like—  
in spite of the warning-sign paint-job:  
red and yellow stripes—it’s a plane,  
just a plane tanked up with chemicals.  
He touts its fragility with an incessant buzz,  
a throttling up that draws attention:  
flicking about, if it comes down it will  
take us all out. This isn’t “terrorism”?  
There’s a strong wind blowing in our direction.  
The baby is out of the house, for which I am grateful,  
but it will come back to an invisible coating.  
A new layer to our occupation. They kill to make us grow,  
to feed the population. There’s a chain  
of profit as perpetual and cyclical  
as a teething ring. Yelling into the tintured air  
makes you hoarse, and the pilot  
gets off on it: it’s in the loins, like reproduction,  
through sperm count dropping  
and the wheat changing colour.