

NICOLE KOROCH

ME, LITTLE

lying there behind that old white barn
watching the ragged tips of long grass
wave in the languid breeze
the heat pressed one so
but it was cooler
sinking into the dampish dirt
with the sky
above
and the smell of the loamy green
and the cicadas whirring and buzzing
because they were there too
a beetle clung
above me the slender
blade drooped with his panicked weight
his existence precious to him
as mine was to me
off a ways, my mother called
*god-dammit Nikki, I swear to God if
you're playing in the creek again
I'm going to sell you to the peach pickers*
near by
the water sang over the rocks and stones
and I could see myself
riding in the back of a green pick-up
bouncing over a dirt road
my new father strumming his guitar
singing his sad, sad songs