

Grapes of Wrath: A Found Poem

The bank – or the Company – needs – wants – insists – must have

The promised land.

Great crawlers move like insects,

As rhythmically, as thoughtfully, as a cow,

Screwy as a gopher.

When the monster stops growing, it dies.

He was a part of the monster, a robot in the seat,

And his hands were still white on the wheel,

And the light hissed.

The cars . . . crawl out of the side roads onto the great highway.

Scuttle like bugs, cluster like bugs,

Whizzing by viciously,

Drinkin' oil like a gopher hole.

The truck tires sing on the road.

The screened high trucks and trailers are piled high with white fluff.

Cotton clinging to clothes.

Morning heat growing.

Young fella, all full a piss an' vinegar.

Sure did tell him where to down his dogs.

We're half-starved, Dead weary.

Death was a friend and sleep was death's brother.