

HUSK

I pick a husk of Indiana corn
snap off a piece to squeeze
and out pops Starship Enterprise,
causing me to look around,
suspicious that I might be in a movie,
like Truman or TV series, and so not real,
a reel made up of real appearance,
being made to appear, made up on the spot.
Better to have seen Voyager spurt out
of the corn so as to not question my reality.
I put the well- shucked corn on the ground,
walk out of the corn field as there's nothing to do
but husk the reels and high definition laser screens
for the truth in order to heat the dirt full of mites
and corn diseases and those that eat them
and one less marvel to be marveled
as the field is whipped in the silent caress
of the wind. I've done nothing with nothing
to do. Yet fear being a husk, an empty kernel's
next moment bursts love's sheer brilliance
my boots come off in the very act of walking out.
Why not?