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Approx. 250 Words

Burnt All the Hands
By Cetan Copeland

Silo turnips pollute the field. A bungee cord's remorse braided in strands on an over-rusted, red-blasted, cast-iron fence. Its flakes baking in the sun with the dust of an empty field. The earth swung apart with every passing, dried to the wind's curvature. A snakey breeze slithers past the dried husks of life, the empty field and token water empty valves. The wagon discarded, bare to its bones, lists heavily to its right side. A massive nail gazes with a burnt eye from the ruffles of dark industrial rubber perpendicular to the wheels' function. The air picks up again, like a haversack stocked with apples from russet trees under a blazing sun, but this sack is full of holes. And the wind seeps out, with a consonant moan, its leakings dropped like an oil drip, starting a fire. The garden's walls revel in the burnout. Sprawling mechanical roots sprinkle phosphoric canopy, shrinking under time's pressure. The gouged openings of their nozzles grated into jagged edges and slit along voiceless smoke. Above the fire, no sky is shining, for there is no fire, only emblazoned embers once paraded as the majesty of life. The dust, already blown out, straddles the wind like a steed, hooking to the barred tavern's post, a tar substance eating the water trough. And dust departs to tomfoolery, never to be seen until the morning rolls it out of beds.

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