3-11-2016

Louisiana Hayride Shivaree

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Louisiana Hayride Shivaree

Abstract
I'm unhitching a conjugal trailer of stars so that you can dawdle with me, my darling girl, my dandelion twirled between thumb and forefinger of the god who created pedal steel to explain the sorrows of turtledoves and horses.

Cover Page Footnote
"Louisiana Hayride Shivaree" was originally published at Booth.
I’m unhitching a conjugal trailer of stars so that you can dawdle with me, my darling girl, my dandelion twirled between thumb and forefinger of the god who created pedal steel to explain the sorrows of turtledoves and horses.

Come ride the ruts of a dirt road with me and roll down the F-150’s window; let me lean over your lap my .22, shoot a rabid fox curled near a tombstone, and grit the breeze to bloom under my teeth. Wear flannel for me and sugar midnights.

I’ll bait bear for you. I’ll frog gig my heart for you. I’ll gussy up the melodies of some good old cracked tunes and fiddle them for you. I’ll shift down out of second, let your kiss catawampus my memories. Your kiss tastes like vigilance and rebuke.

Cajole you just the tip of my whisper. Your sweet-talk waddles me up a wombat.
Your voice is as husky as un-shucked corn.
Let’s converse in whoops and snapped banjo strings.
Come listen to kettle’s catcall with me
and let the woodstove ruminate on love.

We’ll sip ice cold Colorado Kool-Aid,
play twilight on a cigar box guitar,
and fulminate a honkytonk in bed;
let’s wrack the smashed pallets of our bodies
against each other, drench them in bourbon,
and erupt a damned bonfire from their scraps.