

TTR

1.4



Horse Lubber

poetry by Carrie Naughton

Texas, empty me of me so that I can be filled with You.
Fill me with crude oil, bituminous pitch,
mare's tails and contrails, taxidermy chemicals.
Your interstates run like veins through me,
pulsing with grasshoppers and dead butterflies.
I am your vehicle in tow, drag me
beneath Black Oaks and heavy skies,
falling leaves and branches thwacking the eaves.
Roof me with Ritz crackers and melted butter.
Sink into me the way historic hotels settle into red clay
foundations, buckle down like sloping hallways
with the smell of carpets exhaling history's stale breath.
Texas, sing to me a thirty-ought six song, booming at dawn.
Open-mouthed turtles breach in brown water,
the heron and the egret standing sentinel.
Texas, convince me that Jesus is tougher than hell
and all this flatland Southern hospitality is meant for me,
your megachurch billboards and dry counties,
these horse lubbers crossing hot tarred roads
willing to be sacrificed underneath my rolling tires
sailing ever eastward to the next filling station.