

How We Count In The South

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Add one
tonight, when the barred owl
calls her tent revival, the cortege
trailing a mosquito truck's
deodorant breeze.

Plus two, the night
before, where they inject one more
black man up the road in Georgia.
The Supreme Court tweets his final
opinion.

Which leads to three:

Dear Jesus, The Reason
For Each Season, of course we're
exhausted by our soul's litigation,
the old ones still milling at the polling
place, the recently deceased sweating
their subpoenas in feckless hands.

Required to appear,
we wait. We nurse ourselves and take
a number. We lean against the sneeze
guards at the country buffet until our
ankles swell.

Please. Don't tell us
history. Nobody hearts a cemetery
like we do,

where re-enactors bite
their bullets between headstones,
and ancient belles in neck-high silk



prepare for the previously fought
war. Every day is a day before.

 Though we do hear
the news. Oh sure. It gets to us.
Story is, up north, people shit
crushed pineapple and rest stop
whores give change with paper
money. Story is inscribed, fixed as
the roulette wheels clacking inside
casinos, where party boats freak
like viscous bath toys in this
electric gulf .

 Certainly, we've learned
our numbers. We build a church for
anyone who owns a pair of knees.
But still, the old disease is catching,
so pray with us—

 Unplug the power, Lord.
 Illuminate the devils. Degrease
 the righteous man's eye.