

more than once i stole
watermelons out of his fields
fat and ripe
the type of watermelons
so goddamn ripe
that you could thump them as a primitive drum
that would summon any number of gods and goddesses.

i did not need to think about justifications
while spitting out sugar sticky seeds.
he harvested them with illegals...
i lessened his crimes.

justifications.
wf.h.
2025