**Hoping for Not Sure**

*December 5, 2014*

I Am Trying To Make That California Line.

I Am Moving Slow On Thumbing Flat Tire Running.

Oklahoma Dusted Out. Busted Out.

No Hope. No Rope Left. Time.

Banks Tractors Tractored Out Them Barns Old House Farm Family.

Dusted Busted Friends Of Mine.

Just Hope I Can Make It A'For. I Starve To Death.

A'For I Draw My Last Dust Lung Pneumonia Breath.

Though In My Stomach Heart Spirit Tank There A'int Much Fodder

Beating Hope Or Fuel Fumes Left.

Dust Clouds Dusted Sky. Of All Light Bereft.

I Still Got Some Specious Faith.

For They Say A Million Million Million Grapes.

Pears Apples Nuts Peaches Grow On Them California Vines.

Them Watered Undusted California Trees.

All You Got To Do Is Pick'em.

You Can Pick'em As You Please.

Live The Life Of Reilly.

Lounge About With Grace And Ease. Play.

All Through The Night.

Dance At Day In The Bright Sunshine.

No More Rows To Hoe.

Or Pulling Gipsum Weeds.

Or Picking Cotton Neath A Boiling Sun.

Upon My Old Worn Out Busted Knees.

My Kids Ain't Et For Neigh A Day And

Week. Last Bath We Had Was A'For We Left.

In A Mossy Mudhole. In Ole Dried Up Dismal Creek.

Really Starting To Working On My Soul.

Moms So Rough She Can. Barely Cry.

Can Barely Barely Speak.

Kids And I Are Trying To Push This Old Rusted Out Model A.

To Over Summit Of Sky High Broke Back Peak.

Coast Down On Milk And Honey Way.

Tires So Blown Out. There Ain't No More Air Or Rubber Left To Leak.

Running On Leather In The Rims.

Rods. Rings. Pistons. Bought Give Out Or In.

Must Admit It Is Looking Awful Dark Rough Tough Down Bleak.

Not To Mention Just About An Hour Or So.

We Met Some Other Dusted Busted Families.

Don't You Know. Who Had Given Up.

Were On Way Back. On Give Up.

Back Up. Over. Done. No More Show.

Heading Back With Tails Tucked Tween Their Legs.

Thinking Maybe They Can Make It On Them Left Back Home Dusted Dredges.

Back To Their Left Back Grand Pappys Last Grand Stand.

Tying To Save Some Burnt Out Crops In Dried Up Drifted Worn Out Dusted Sand.

Back In Dusted Busted Oskolo.

Said That Promised Land.

Wasn't For Us Dusters.

Any Where To Go.

Was Not Really Real. Or Promised After All.

Said It Was All Another Rich Mans.

Work Them Workers. Break Back.

Suck Blood. Scam There Was Ten Times Ten.

And Ten Again. Too Many Starving Busted Work Seeking Desperate Hands.

Bosses Had Them Picking. At Twenty Cents A Head A Day.

Ten Cents For The Young Ones. Wages Drawn Every Other Friday.

At The Masters Booth Barred Window.

Counted Out In Camp Script Pay.

Trapped. Fenced In.

In Guarded Paper Shacks One Outhouse One Well.

Workers Camps. Quarter For A Candle.

Fifty Cents For Rent Of A Coal Oil Lamp.

Only Where To Buy Grub.

Is At Rip Off Company Store.

No Meat. Old Dried Up Half Rotted Wasted Rice And Beans.

No Matter. Can't Afford Them.

So What For. Real Food Stuff Of Foolish Dreams.

Just For Starvation Rations.

Board. Gruel. Moldy Bread.

Camp Bunk Rent.

Twenty Cents A Day A Head.

Or More. Per Them Big Growers Master Plan.

Pinkertons. Goons. Scabs. Clubs.

Guns. Gas. Chains.

Cracking Heads Of Those Who Try To Organize.

Take A Stand.

Grind You Neath Hob Booted Heel Of Money Changers Wheel And

Company Wall Street Man.

Dysentery. Babies Starving. Crying. Dying.

They Don't Give A Damn.

Really Not Sure What To Think Or Do.

Not Much More To Say.

I'm Looking Awful Dark Sad And Blue.

Look Like It Looks.

Like An Awful Fateful Day.

Nothing Good Ahead.

If We Go Back.

We Are Busted Dusted Dead.

Guess We Have No Choice.

To Keep On Praying For Some Poor Mans Luck.

Keep On Dusted Busted Trucking.

Try To Find A Way.

Try To Make It Dusted Busted Through. Nothing Else To Do.

Hoping Against Hope.

Wall Handwritin' Ain't Been Wrote.

Hoping That Truth.

Of What We Are Facing.

Is Not What We Are Facing.

What We Are Facing.

Is Not True.