Hoping for Not True

December 6, 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 Old

Barns 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. A'For I Got Nothing Left. Of The Nothing I Got Left. Though In My

Stomach Heart Spirit Tank There A'int Much Fodder Beating Hope Or Fuel

Fumes Of That Nothing Left That Is Left. Dust Clouds Dusted Out The Sun.

Choked Off The Sky. My World Of All Precious Light Bereft. Still I Still Got

Some Specious New Hope 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 Velvet Night. Dance. At Day In Bright Sunshine. No More

Rows To Hoe. Or Pulling Gipsum Weeds. Or Picking Cotton Neath A Boiling

Sun. From Dawn To Dusk. Walking Down That Man Killing Soul Chilling Slave

Labor Tilling Line. Then All Night Gypo Mine Back Breaking Shoveling.

Tunneling. Mucking. Spirit Damming Life Blood Sucking. Piecemeal Peon Serf

Bound Toil Pain Woe Suffering. 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 Hit The

Road. In A Nose Holding. Scummy Rank Dank. Thirsty Rib Showing Cow

Stomped Out Mudhole. We Found On Ole Dried Up Dismal Creek. This Dust.

Them Hungry Staving Children. Really Starting.To Eating. Working On My Soul.

Moms So Rough She Can. Barely Think. Sigh. 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 To Promised Land Beside The

Storied Bay. Coast Along On Milk And Honey Way. Tires So Blown Out. There

Ain't No More Air Or Rubber Left To Leak. Running On Horse Harness 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 Before.

About An Hour Or So. We Met Some Other Dust Dirt Poor. Dusted Busted

Families. Don't You Know. Said No Use No More To Try. Were Coasting Down

The Other Side. Who Had Given Up. Were On Way Back. On Give Up. Back

Up. Over. Done. No Mas. 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 Stunted Crops In Dried Up Drifted Worn

Out Dusted Sand. Back In Dusted Busted Okie Home Of Oskolosalo. Said That

Promised Land. Wasn't For Us Dusters. Any Where For Us To Go. Was Not

Really Real. Or Promised After All. Merely A Poor Dusted Busted Beings Siren

Call. Said It Was All Another Rich Mans. Work Them Workers. Break Back.

Leach 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 Twelve Hours A Day. Ten Cents For The Young Ones.

Wages Drawn Every Other Friday. At The Masters Booth Barred Window Cage.

Counted Out In Camp Script Pay. Trapped. Barb Razor Wire Fenced In. In

Guarded. One Room Paper Shacks One Outhouse One Sulfur Water Well. One

Thousand Workers Camps. Quarter For A Candle. Fifty Cents For Rent Of Coal

Oil Lamp. Only Where To Buy Grub. Is At Rip Off Camp 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. Thumb. Lash Of Overseer. Yoke. Of Wall Street Company

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 Dejected Doomed Down Out Blue. Look Like It Looks. Like An

Awful Fateful Gloomy 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. Get A Desperate Break Instead. Try To Struggle On

Ahead. Keep On Dusted Busted Trucking. Try To Find A Way. Try To Make It

Dusted Busted Through. Ain't Got Nothing. But Nothing Else To Do. Hoping

Against Hope. . Wall Handwritin' Ain't Been Wrote. Not Like it Always Is. For

Farming Mining Serving Working Women Children Men. The Day Of Mark Of

Money Beast. Of Tyrants. Despots. Kings. Capitalistic Lords. Self Ordained

Dogmatic Priests. Ain't Here. Ain't Come Again. Just Got To Try To Keep On

Trying. Try To Keep From Crying. Try To Keep From Dying. Nothing Else To

Do. Hoping Against Hope. That Truth. Of What We Are Facing. Is Not What

We Are Facing. What We Are Facing. Is Not True.