

The New Nigger

The soft oval in the oak swooped ^{low} across the ~~study~~ lane as ~~the~~ pickups down to the highway, found in ~~into~~ its blinker flash of yellow yellow blinker flash on the white mail box.

Truck door opened, mail box opening - pounds borrowed from yesterday, on loan from tomorrow.

First of March, and cold, so cold the ^{bisped} house creaks loose shrunk. Dark house, dark window over the porch that used to frame a pretty face - - Before (?), before - Divorce.

A strong still sky, lavender lit in the west over dark in the east. the open fields; dark in the woods behind.

Floor creaks in the kitchen, which creaks of rotted garbage, a small stove smelling before the light flicker white over the ~~fable~~ spot where the Oak table used to sit - ^{Gail ~~didn't~~ mounted it} where ^{the wood} Ben Franklin stone still sits - - Gail couldn't move it.

Andy takes off his ~~the mail or bag of~~ ^{the mail or bag of} top stone ^{blotter or paper from} ^{TPS reminder of install} Andy place ~~the toilet~~ ^{blotter} by his right foot ~~on the~~ ^{the} corner of ~~wrapping~~ ^{wrapping} the leather straps. His white socks stained with clay habit ^{carved} over from his ^{marred} days. Very white socks are stained with clay like rust. ^{But} his tired feet have rusted,

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Of course now that he wears the blue speckled
flor (under Congalun himself, he ^{never} kept
the habit of taking off his boots, forgets to
take off his boots at the door.

Turning on lights as he goes thru the
empty dining room humming into refrigerator
& heater - compliments of Gail -- he goes into
the front room that used to belong to his girls
& tapes the bar on the message machine, ^{and} ^{with} ^{the} ^{floor.}
listening while he eyes the worn yellow
wall paper.

Shine: ~~Don't forget~~ Mr. Swad. Hey.
Just want to remind you best to ground break
tomorrow. See you ^{good} Buddy.

CPA: Mr. Daffan, ^{thru} ^{you} ^{to} ^{call};
office tomorrow. Need little more info
on ^{your} ^{tax} ^{return}. Thank you.

John Deere Co: Mr. Daffan, this is
Bob Wesson calling from our Indiana office to remind
you ^{that} your payment of 7,822.80 is now past due,
please.

Sevard hits the stop button & listens to the
tape reel and hum into the refrigerator.

He goes back to the refrigerator with red
Magic Marker check on front ^(at compliments) ^{of} ^{the} ^{girls}
& few year ^{ago} ^{god} ^{searcher} ^{among} ^{the} ^{belch}
and mayonnaise & Gail's mustard for a beer.

The next morning - Friday - Willie shows up for work drunk. Not staggy-drunk, but dumb-drunk, and closer to noon than morning. That's all right. "That's all right, good buddy," Bear says - not Bossman, which throws Willie into a slump.

"Yonder it sit," says Bear, open-faced, sober & bright, pointing to the yellow crawler tractor with light-sparkling metal tracks that make Willie's eyes ache.

He hovers against the wind in his ^{tan} cowboy jacket with the fleece collar ^{turned up} and stunts ^{across} the track-scoured road toward the tractor. Eyes the Old Man, Bear's daddy, kicking around a litard-kent fire on the cleared plot cleared out of pine woods. The Old Man doesn't even look ^{up} at it, and it's just as well, and Willie would appreciate it if Bear would quit ^{tromping} ~~walking~~ behind him, faking, talking ^{out of his teeth} ~~about~~ nothing in the hell was wrong and every thing was right. Right for him, sure? He was the one getting all the breaks now. He was ~~Black~~ Bossman now.

"Get on up there," says Bear, "try that baby out."

Willie heaves himself onto the ^{tracks} track & into the seat. What shit, making such a big deal over a damned D8! Will ^{has} ~~owned~~ ^{owned} one - has ~~owned~~ ^{owned} two.

"Where's the ether?" he says.

"Try it," says Bear. "Don't need ^{no ether} none - ^{it'll fire} it's ready to go!"

more atmosphere
weather
softer
SKY

"Shit!" says Will. ^{to key in the seats} These old D8's ain't
never crank with out ... " and the engine come
alive like a jet ^{and} ~~drawn~~ ^{drawn} at the ~~work~~ ^{thought he'd thought}
were ^{had} gone into work.

Lucy to and he starts driving, straight ahead
down the straight dirt road, into the mud ^{whisking} ~~trough~~ ^(with)
of ~~the~~ the mud swamp, where two other tractors
are ^{pushing up} ~~pushing~~ ^{up} like dog fennels.

"Get it, boys!" Will yells to the men who have
worked for him yesterday, but now ^{will} work ^{with}
him today. Shit!

He starts to turn off at the ^{crude} road cut through
the pine woods, but instead keeps ^{driving} ~~going~~ into the
mud. It's one of the new D8 roams ^{beneath}
him won't stop -- like a wind-up ^{that will have to wind down}
on his face that must be torn. The more more.

He wipes it on his jacket sleeve, driving, driving
into the wind. His eye sting. Shit!

"Shit, Gail," he ^{hears} ~~hears~~ ^{hears} the ^{voice} ~~voice~~ ^{voice} of letting two little
younguns decide between daddy & Disney World?"

The only reason he turns the tractor to go
back for his truck to go ^{after} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~store~~ ^{store}, to get his beer,
~~and~~ but whatever sobers him, maybe the wind slapping
at the back of his head, cause him to make the
right, right turn at the crude road carved out of
pine woods where he will work out the entire day
^{with} ~~the~~ ^{two} ~~men~~ ^{men} who used to work for him.