

Escaping the City

Adam Day

If on an electrifying
autumn morning—the air
stiff with cracked leaves—
you want to get
the hell out of town,
go to west Oregon
between Toledo and Coos
Bay. The beaches are nearly
Scottish in their dog
gray sand and skies,
their beetle- and sea-
carved cedar drifts.
The crows there are sharper
than the farmers
who are so backward
it's the sheep who seduce
them, and feel guilty
after. And the children
sliding from the wombs
of their red and swollen-handed
mothers, scream not at the cold
shock of first air or the terrible world
of light, but at the repugnance
of their bodies.