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## Cotton Field

J. Matthew Boyleston

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## Boyleston: Cotton Field

### COTTON FIELD

J. Matthew Boyleston

My car clicked off, I climb barbed wire  
And sludge into the muck of a freezing field  
My family owned for years. Before he tired,

My grandfather drove a baby blue Ford  
With a pistol beneath a pillow, to scare the crows.  
His mouth ran like he drove: all day. Peeled

Pear after pear, hollered at his sows,  
Bragged of cancer, smiled big, and came  
Close to being a silly man. I was

Embarassed whenever I heard his name,  
But found out soon that there's a hitch:  
All fields are born into the world the same—

As land shaved of baby pine and scratch,  
And end as broken cotton on frazzled branches.