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**Bass,**  
John Rybicki

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## **John Rybicki**

BASS,

came up out of some creek, shook the water off and fell down into this. Just home from the farm I used to live on, dried off Guernseys pulling me on a hill, their wet snouts in a halo around me until I am laughing and licking up their noses and pressing my beard into that white froth. But all the way home I want to see a deer, something wild. Christ, I just want to be closer to something wild. Have this Indian dance I do. It is my own found thing. Cannot say the thing it is. Jesus we stuff and pollute ourselves in this age. I am five miles of lard walking through it sometimes. Ah, but this dance I do, this walk, it is that deeper self boiled down. I am trying to say and not say it, let that power out onto the air. The cows licked me down to red salt and my flesh grew back up around it after and I drove home through the trees.