

## plow my heart

*sick of the fleshy freak show  
down on the bad boy side show  
money doesn't bring closeness  
dead soldiers overload the heartbreak system.*

disappointed farmers plow my heart  
drive their tractors through my chest  
plant corn in the ventricles  
tomatoes in the aorta  
wash the moss from the abandoned valves  
+ wait for next year's harvest.

sometimes they flood the chambers with smoke  
so it doesn't get too cold in there  
sometimes deer come + eat the corn  
sometimes the farmers go fishing  
instead of tending the field  
but the fish are angry  
the earthworms are violent  
the bridge is painful  
the farmers return home filled with regret.

how have I come to such a place  
drugs + fake lightning do not drain the well of shame  
shame does not feed the corn  
shame feeds the darkness  
shame is food for the goners.

I should be crying now but I'm not  
I should be grieving now but I'm not  
I'm the quiet good boy  
jumping for the dust mop  
organized + clean  
I'm the big mouth bad boy  
lobbing sex grenades at the silky slinky thighs  
deep in the mushrooms on a low budget  
waiting for the end of the day  
faithful to my creed . . .

*I will not fall down again  
I will not fall down.*

I will not fall  
I will not fail  
I will not feel.

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