

## Becoming James Dean

Kevin Max

What we saw back then  
Was the way it could have been  
Distilled like silver  
From the weeping willow tree  
The old Massey Ferguson paint chipped red  
The lurching engine and greasy axle  
As we flipped hay onto the trailer bed  
Young and lean  
Barely sixteen  
Weened on the twilight and sound of thrushes  
Of riding the horses into the tree lined forest  
The old wood dump  
The smell of grain from the mill  
Your oily work gloves  
And the soft gray dust from the hayloft

Hanging like long fingers in the sunlight  
The stomping of hooves and the twittering Of barn birds  
We sampled the  
Strawberry preserves out of the old jar  
Without a spoon  
And slept under stars  
On blankets sweating dreams  
The pastoral skittering Of field mice  
And the airstream jets overhead  
This is what we saw back then  
This is how it could have been  
When we were becoming James Dean...