

# Seasonal Economy

ZACHARY LIPEZ

Western Mass turnpike, anti-dramatic;  
Wichita's lineman as a toll collector  
Farmer's markets so local  
They're practically soil.  
Between Stockbridge and Great Barrington,  
It's always road-running somewhere;  
happy hours in Boston, redundant like bussing riots in Boston.  
But out here, we make like leaves, we don't stay.  
Dueling traditions of opioid pipefitting, and fall foliage  
Coastal skincare, we move to the city to stay young,  
And die young, people of all age in their sleep  
The paper mills make junior varsity pipe dreamers of us all  
In the woods, Benny and The Jets spill out  
Like hooligans packing stadiums, till pop  
A druidic pimple under full mooned sun.

It's poison ivy and steak-ums, for breakfast, lunch, and  
It's border fare for the rest of us, if we pray  
On a Sunday, a blue law might save  
Dreaming of the desert or concrete  
You could almost believe that  
half-mad from starvation  
Coyote might finally get his wires right  
Beep beep, roadrunner, foothill trailblazer  
No bobcats, no hackysack,  
Dogstar denialism, taxation for rations,  
No beep beep, no beep beep, no left turns on red

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Cemetery Road, anachronistic like an actual child,  
ATVs push pencil lead, hard indentation,  
of empty wells, townie theme songs,  
practically paper ripping. And why not?  
Nobody's been buried here  
Since before the first chick voted.

The bullfrogs keep crying, warning of a wet-lipped draught  
The former singer of Staind lives two towns over, spitting  
Distance from Pittsfield's King Kone, insisting  
He's country, god's own country woodchuck,  
As if the abandoned Berkshire mall, tethered to nature by only a Target,  
Might flower and vine, up the limestone cliff wall,  
Reclamation and drift, primordial  
Like a YMCA swimming pool.  
In the field behind the converted farmhouse,  
Makeshift shooting ranges try out camouflage  
Dressed as aluminum versions of inverted anthills.  
A tree falling, the narc, gives the gun range away.  
Acme's anvil, the country's feedback, the grave's bougie tourist trap,  
Every baby leaf turns to mean eventually, exact change, on the nose.  
Make marijuana legal, see how that goes.  
Ass to ass, grass to grass, a wire singing from need to want,  
Tollbooth blowing against the wind; rot is drawn to rot.