

JEFFREY BEAN

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## I COME FROM INDIANA

I come from Indiana, where the only thing to eat  
is clouds. I was born in a snowstorm, the blizzard of '78,  
and like snow I come back every year, shaking my hair,  
dancing to the slowest music, full of whole notes.  
I come from Indiana, where the shoulders of the ground  
grow hairy with grasses, where anthills swell up  
into heat and the smell of tar shimmering over roofs.  
I walk out wearing nothing but a huge coat of corn,  
I vanish into the horizon but never leave, like a line  
of highway traffic, I throw handfuls of myself into air,  
the particles of me gather below streetlights like mayflies,  
die in the afternoon then gather again, night after night.  
I come from Indiana where faces grow plump in my dreams  
like lettuce in soil and good men in towns pour oil  
into mowers a few feet from wild deer, sniffing the wind,  
hidden behind trees. I come from Indiana, where all the stories  
about me are true: the day I stole that policeman's horse, the day  
I drove my Honda blindfolded into a tornado,  
the day I spray painted *cellar door, cellar door*  
over and over on my girlfriend's cellar door until her father  
chased me with a burning log into the woods, where  
he couldn't find me because I was making love to his daughter  
under a bridge in a thunderstorm. I come from Indiana,  
and when I'm there I enter the air like a teenager  
diving from a boat, the hard blade of his torso slicing the lake  
while his mother, out of earshot, calls him home.