

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

DARREN C. DEMAREE

OHIO #5

The sun is up. The sun is gone.
The red barn is still there,

chasing what moves towards it.
Too much of the *what* is spent

on the silhouette of its coming.
A religion for any moment, I believe

in nothing, I believe in Ohio.
How glad I am to be so simple

as to write love poems for a state
shaped like a disfigured heart.