

GOOBER RIG

by Sandra Beasley

Of course. Of course the gnubaquivered
underground in their legume-shells, waiting.
Of course the bottle straddled the dirt
with contoured glass. Of course it was a gusher,
rich cola swelling toward the neck, skyward,
crested by peanuts and salt-sweat,
and of course we opened our grateful mouths,
of course we taught our children the new way,
and what at first seems an idiocy of syllables
becomes the only creation story you need. 🍷

Sandra Beasley's latest collection of poetry *Count the Waves*, published in June by W.W. Norton.

ILLUSTRATION by Natalie K. Nelson.

