## Survey of Common Source Minerals in the Bottom Tip of Ohio's Heart

1. a) Black ribbon uncle's cash-coal	. Diamond future <sup>1</sup>
b) Elder fern, aflame	. Frozen creek <sup>2</sup>
2. a) Bare limestone rods-mauve	.To touch, to ponder, to gaze
b) Slip in the shale vein-blue	.Sleep demon, sleep
c) Limestone cave of cocks-hollow	.Stalactite tears <sup>3</sup>
3. a) Crack in the shale-leak, come through	. Rinse off the dirt (Show me)
b) Roadblock-granite (piece of who)	.Break his bones for free
4. a) Muddy rush-clay does not stay	. Take his bones to the creek <sup>4</sup>
b) Vesuvius basin-limestone, grey	Deeper than bones can see <sup>5</sup>
5. a) Sulphur Lake-algae glow	Nairs you on full moons
b) Black Lick-gravel, invisible turns	. The sycamores never tell
c) McKenzie Point-feldspar, beer bottle shards	Drop your rod, your children
	and wives
6. a) Step & a Half-heart stone	Hurts the same, knows all their names <sup>6</sup>
b) Frank Frank-red brick, thrown	Strikes, breaks, asks no names
	(Go west, young man)
	(Be safe)
c) Men without names-boulders, sediment	Data incomplete (Insufficient)

<sup>1</sup> Own the hilltop / Blow it off / Dynamite & air rights / Granpappy Calhoun gives it to you / Can you see it through?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Pray the Bradshaws never chamber / bullets to chance the ice / crossing where the barges / rut and die.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> seen from my knees / caught by / wide eyes / licked to live / cleansed / I rise

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The flow forgets us. / No sheriff finds us.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> sunken cemetery / bookmarks of former lovers / fingertips following their faded names

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Johnson, Cox / Jenkins, Calhoun / Smith, Bradshaw / black book, left hook / everyone knows who knew

7.	a) Flood-sediment, bones grey	.Who was no longer
	b) Calhoun, M-limestone, white	. A curse, a cause <sup>7</sup> , dead cats <sup>8</sup>
	c) Smooth pebbles-limestone, quartz	.Held, rubbed, wished

Pamphlets and newsletters / plain white envelopes / no return address
Heads clipped to the clothesline by their ears / Heads filled with irrational demographic fears
Some nights, / touch / is enough.