

MAJ RAGAIN

Dudd Moodey

Dudd Moodey
lived every one of his thirty six years
logchained to his own back porch.
A man of faith,
he barked at stars,
was blocktoothed,
gatheaded and never tithed.
Christened in a gutter spout,
he blessed himself with his thumbs.
A yard man,
Moodey handdug his own dark grave
in the morning glories
and climbed.