

Janice Leedes

## WORKIN THE WHEATBINS

him done gone away. fuckin little beaut. done gone. him was bangin on my door. bangin on the roof. walkin behind me quiet, then whoopin. him was throwin rocks at my tin shed. him was grabbin me round the fire at our party whisperin stubble and sweet beer. him was you're beautiful. just move your hair. move it off your face. him was quiet. no rocks now. no rattlin the window as he went by. him was lookin for me. him was pushin away the fire. pushin away the others to get to me.

him done gone away. I'm weighin. just weighin. and the trucks comin, trucks goin. I'm all old fellas now. all wrinkles and squintin. I'm 50 sometimes and 84 too. but always miserable. putting their feet on the scale. trying everything. *where's ya boss? the little skinny fella? where is he? skinny little runt.* and that don't even cheer me up.

gone he has. and then his wife fat as a pig. waddlin out of a car. I'm all eyes poppin. and the other comes in. at my window like sunglasses and little fancy hands. *didn't ya know ya little stupid. this his wife.* And I'm weighin like a machine. I know, I'm sayin.

I knew. but him was throwin rocks at my shed. him was settlin into my swag. while she was weighin enough for two.

*baby gonna come, she squealin. baby gonna come and him gone away.* and I'm weighin like a machine. but it only be a little baby. just a little thing she is. just a little thing you are. you be off now. if he be comin back I send him home. I send him home like a machine. I be angry and you fuckin little beaut. forgot you got a wife ya little stupid. go on, fuck off. and for fuck's sake leave my tin shed alone.

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