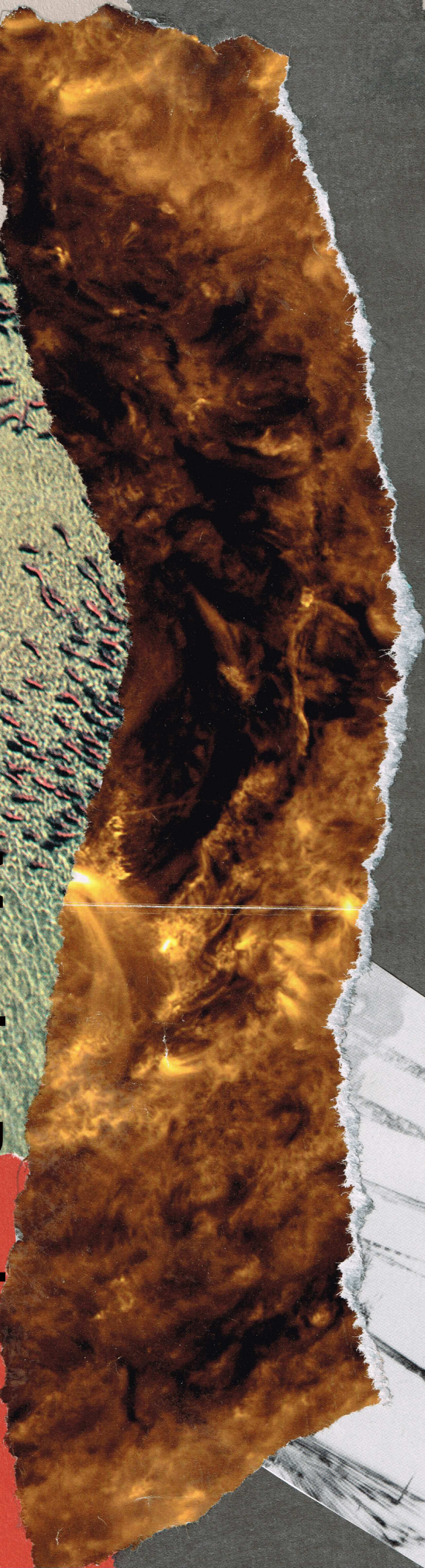
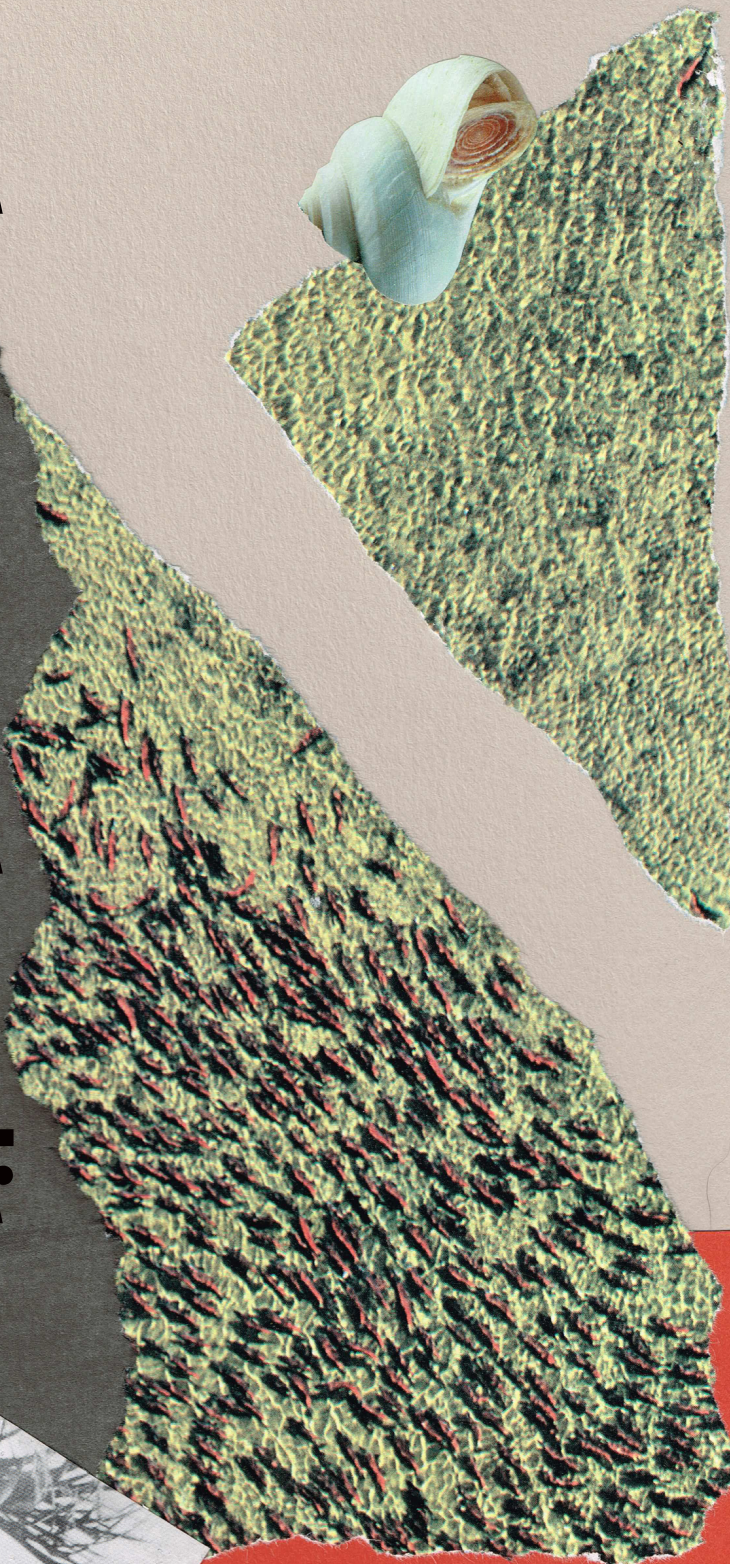


a transparent reality



Marthe Reed

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Grand Isle: Pat Landry

a farmer
knew everybody
in French
oystermen by trade
hauling them
heavy sacks
oyster boats
in the summer time

just a place
fish migrated to
barnacles and—
a wonderful place
rich soil was real
the first crop in and
the French Market in New Orleans
cauliflower, green beans, tomatoes, squash

a sugarcane plantation
when the slaves were
disbanding
big orange orchard
just a little strip of marsh
last slave cabins
little tourist cabins
and went
to the beach and
a huge hotel

nothing but the finest
the 1893 storm

still
after Betsy
fishing, oyster and shrimping
a fierce storm
'65

really a good time
what you grew
cows in all them pastures
the lap of
electric lights
was real nice

this was a door
that was a window
on Grand Isle
houses
survived everything
firm ground
good enough over here
blow
or float away
with the current

anything
below that
going to get wet

Oilfield Dreams: Roy Champagne

why don't you come
rough-necked
pushin' tools
drilling rigs oddly anywhere

intimate and far
flung that deep slow
going all the time
a decent life

specific bodies in
specific places
a bar and a grocery store
Cut Off

and my brother
all south
marsh then bays
nice big rigs

further out
back back of
Napolean Bay
Ponchartrain Southeast

Pass
mud drillpipe
between them rigs
casing
never slowed down
a rope

a jack-up a steady
risks lie across
a yellow sheet
that
grandfather clause
water fuel mud
check
a transparent reality
three thousand
sacks those connections
class-A
cement
the world drowned
you all feel all feel
ten foot seas
to kill that
white yellow and red
systemic and irreversible
mud
comes yellow
too late
neither culpability nor
solutions
a breakdown
a blow-out same thing
you're gone

Blowout: Melvin Lirette

blowout || out on Vermilion Bay || fought
that || forty two days || that engineer || a
mud engineer || son of a gun || pipelines
to a little island || big joints || son of a gun
|| doing that || hear? || Terrebonne Gas ||
devil horse || shove that || jam it down ||
turnbuckles to || something wasn't || they
|| lost an arm || firefighting crew || got
killed || that damn four inch || that pack
of mud || sack mud || cut off his arm ||
that devil horse || when it blew || loosen it
|| they had to loosen it || made a spark

I remember || water lilies || drift by, and
oh || go to pieces || oh, I'm telling you ||
the derrickman for Texaco || a driller ||
we pulled out of the hole || right here ||
the pipe there || pulling out of the hole ||
a steel plug || that 9 and 5/8 casing || A
steel plug || a bum job, cement job ||
don't know || what the hell || cement job
|| Halliburton || a bum cement job || in
them days || what the hell || to treat mud
|| a chickenhouse

the derrick || coming out || no weight,
light as- || oh god, it come at us || the
toolpusher and the roughnecks || an
ordinary piece || 1 inch || it blew up ||
couldn't close it || any other who || a cat

in them days || gas blowing through ||
rope relays || in the barge || jet that || any
fire || the damn things || can move ||
water like that || jetted that || barge out ||
drilling barge

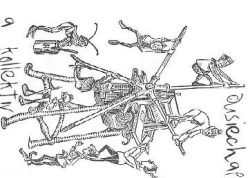
after the blowout || roasted a pig ||
twenty dollars per family || make it go
around || a handful of people || the old
seaplane || a bigger plane || the blowout
|| the boss, the big shot || yeah || on
Vermilion Bay || the same time || a
Thibodeaux boy || in those days || fish
until eight || a little early || a little early
|| clean the fish || getting ready || getting
ready || throwing chain || in the hole

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