

## Old Man Luedecke

### "Hinterland"

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Hinterland by Old Man Luedecke

Taking all troubles through the downtown fields of  
wheat

Heart swells with strangeness of strangers on the  
street

To make love the city all I can do is eat

In revolving romance for the world at my feet

In spite of all the traffic we all know the good weather

I walk in childish clothing and dream of purple heather

Tweedy thrift store pockets full of poets I think never

Let a bit of poverty harden hearts to leather

I will find the Hinterland

One that feeds and grows

Keep to the outside that all men know

Fashion a crown out of dead grass and snow

I will find the Hinterland

I love lists of provisions of the gold rush men up North

What pure bread from fifty pounds of flour must come  
forth

I eat as much bacon and beans for what it might be  
worth

I need communion with hardship past for the asphalt  
on my earth

