

**BECAUSE I WANTED TO**

Jim DeWitt

did you ever get the urge to taste rust?  
like from some chunk of old scrap iron  
you might stumble across in the street  
then pick it up as if it's  
oh boy, a candy bar treasure find  
even if it's got a bite taken out of it  
and ants crawling into that open end  
because it's become their home now —  
but with this fortunate discovery  
of a bewitchingly beautiful  
brown-flaking slab of metal having a  
special fascination for you  
just looking down at it wasn't enough  
(and it was no conch you could use your ears  
to listen to anything in)  
so the spell was cast, your lips were  
tempted to savor  
as with a strange new flavor popsicle  
"mmm irresistibly delicious  
rust spiced with dirt" you'd exclaim  
answering that something clawing curious  
inside your mind, while your tongue  
would be lolling around on it  
in complete agreement, lovingly