

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Micah Ruelle: Two Poems

Micah Ruelle · Thursday, October 2nd, 2025

### You Tried to Bury Me, But I'm Still Here and Remember It All Too Well

“You said if we had been closer in age,  
maybe it would've been fine.”

— Taylor Swift, “All Too Well” (10 Minute Version) (Taylor's Version)

I'm standing in my best friend's kitchen  
in Texas and she's running through a list  
of how we might spend our time together  
and I remind her that I'll never go back  
to Enchanted Rock, that it was where  
you and I had our last day trip after  
you decided that you couldn't marry me,  
and my dad was dying in Kansas City  
from the cancer that returned.

That day, I wore the hiking boots  
my dad had gifted me before I started  
working at Yellowstone National Park  
to the highest point of rock.

I asked someone to take a photo  
of us for a reason: to remind myself that  
I was letting you go to a life you wanted  
in New York. It would all be worth it,  
I told myself, this is the right thing to do.

You were back, then suddenly not.  
Two months after your visit, you called  
to tell me that you had a girlfriend.  
She was pregnant. I threw my phone.  
My mom found me naked, sweating,  
screaming, crying, in a bedsheet—  
much like the day I was born,  
much like the day your son was born.

\*

## “What good is buying a heifer that can’t birth calves?”

The smirking farmer I’m sitting across from  
Is completely unaware of a possible reality: that—  
Just across the ocean—  
On a smaller farm in South France—  
The sun burns far too warm for another farmer’s liking  
But the crops are growing strong, thick, and slightly unruly.  
On this farm— a wiry, old farmer  
Sings to his cows, treats them with softening  
Carrots, pampers them with compliments  
On their God-given, dappled coats  
and large, deep, domed eyes. And when  
That inevitable, solemn day comes, he will slaughter  
Them in the most humane way— a death so clean and  
Affectionate— the kind of death to pray for.  
But this would be unfathomable—  
Absolutely absurd— for the farmer  
Whose eyes are assessing me right now. To him,  
Kindness is just another iron tool on the farm—  
Just another sharpened,  
hook-shaped prod.

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*(Featured image from [Pexels](#))*

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