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Punker Dave

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Punker Dave

Those fucking kids on their goddamn skateboards.
Screeching “fuck-you” and drinking beer so they
don’t have to admit their lives are so hard
that their childhood hormones and their teeth stain

with the bile and stale beer come up, screaming
“I don’t care!” because their parents are ruined
by alcohol and despair and beatings.
David fucked that girl and laughed while she cried.

The taste for cunt and blood—yearning for sad
America and the shaven scalp—stings
like the IV dripping life into Dad,
who somehow now inspires love, unfeeling.

David screams with bright tears, “I’m glad you’re dead”
regretting all those things he never said.

—Trevett Allen '95