

1992

Untitled (Artwork)

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he pulls quickly away experienced in these matters
and grabbing his pen his calculator his handles on the world
at his desk again he sits and works the page.

Or a boy his son sits with friends in a circle
together in a park somewhere deep in the city
and they look up to heaven feeling the communion of love
but feeling that beyond their tight sphere is hatred.

Later that night he and the friends abandon
trees and soft grass for the inner sanctum of a club
filled with guitar riffs skinheads and girls with plum hair
and he looks to his friends and looks to the stage and looks
to the bar where he can't order a drink so he spends
five bucks of the money he earned watching
meat cook at a fast food joint and tries to find god
in a slamdance pit and the end of an acid tab
(on being tough they call it though it will bring him
to his knees possessed by the moment his father so fears).

Only he has no pen and no calculator and no desk
and no so called wisdom to block it out and the drug
makes it seem so much more than it really is that he cries
to the sky because like Moses he was given
a glimpse but not allowed to see the face.

– Grant M. Potts '96



– Kate Tomaro '93