

## ROBERT FOX

### *Springfield Journal #2*

The air is tortured  
with the smell of tar.  
I imagine a bonfire  
of old tires in the schoolyard  
where great meals of slag  
feed the concrete.  
In the dim hall a girl  
looking the other way  
crashes into me.  
Her eyes accuse me.  
The silver handle of a comb sticks out  
of a boy's hairdo  
like a crank.  
His eyes are pieces of a windshield.

This school is a huge  
capsule slowly lowered into the sea.  
My ears feel a great pressure  
you have to pull hard  
to get a garbled word  
within hearing.  
Soon everyone  
will stop speaking.