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No Boy

I was thinking of a suitcase smoldering in the
basement I was walking toward the window I
was placing my mouth on the glass I
was seeing a beertruck thudding down the street I
crossed my eyes and saw my eyes
smothered against my face

I walked behind the empty discount store saw
a rusty trashburner, a bin of
flaking tires, a giant compactor with
GOD and REFUSE COLUMBUS on the side I
stared out at the ragged woods behind the place,
heaps of rubble, splintered trees and
thought of shopping carts stuffed with
lawnmower wheels buried beneath the mud where I stood

I tried to leave, my feet were stuck I'm
lurching forward, lurching back the
meat is jerking from my shoes I
see my head float above a single shoulder my
neck a smear of smoke, staccato screeches where my
voice should be I
start to move I'm staggering in the woods