



YOUTH, BLOWN AMERICAN

Sits attendant at ballgames;
The hamburger aftermath with shiny girls
Generates
A queasy need to masturbate.

Books slide heavy
From his carseat that roars
Toward the curve, at
The planted phallic sign.

Dreams are not of pinetone hills;
At best they are empty
Or blinded
By a mindless yellow pill.

poem

I watched you grasp the lamppost.
I could see only half your eye.
Your stare took in the sky.

You stood fast on cracked pavement,
Lightblue against the clashing brick,
Tied of thick hair,
Seeming to dare the slanting wall.

the door slams
and I endure
the coming footfall
which ceases midecho,
threatens
no glowing call,
dissolves
in a vast evaporating leer.

poetry by Bill Comfort