

Amidst this backdrop of neon
Chromaticism I whispered "I love you",
Your hand resting lightly on my thigh,
I stroked your hair as the air, filled
With sounds of sounds crowded
Desperation in refuge, the voices of
Those speaking without voices asking
"What was your America then?"

I wasn't alone, rather,
We walked, hand in hand,
Walt and Allen, as you did with
Them all, didn't you? Vixens

Hiding out in a bomb shelter
With plastic blue seats, arpeggios,
And balding beatnicks in thin ties and
Sport coats lounging on sweaters,
Will we ever learn what it
Was you asked, or is the future ours
To leave, slowly whining on the edge
Of a violin bow asked to sustain notes
No one ever wanted to hear?

Where is our America, then, or when
Was it ever to be more than promise?
The great democracy unearthed not
In experiment, but in agitated discontent,
Now lost in pet insurance, organic produce,
And belief that twenty-five
Was ever a decent crowd.

Light was never the answer to darkness,
But the argument of the damned,
Hoping, grasping for discernment,
Wanting to be known in the caverns
Of comparison, when all they ever
Needed was to see the other side,
To know that they weren't alone
After all.

Did Charon feel the cold cut platter
Of loneliness, the white toast points

And wilting celery spears waiting
For small talk on worn shag carpet
In a warm living room cloaked with
Heavy curtains and boredom?
Did he ever care?

Would to be the ferryman to Hades
Where at least purpose meets daily
With function. All the rest, rusty
Negotiation, leaves too much to say,
And too few, optimism the butter of
Tears, see the sun for its glow beneath
Pleasure while we hold hands and smile.