Poetry on the 9

Matthew Benjamin Reichert
Concordia University - Portland

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under-body rumbles
like rigid snapped-string bass
no face to the horn on the strained voice overhead
i knew it was miles' song tattooed on my head
mind blind to the memory of the future
as i cannot see you and i as we to be a memory so soon
i slipped into my plastic seat
no padding
feet resting on some bag lady's career
and i wonder 'how did i get here?'
this place is dripping with words and punctuation choking out the noonday shine
on some suffocation fixation i arrive late at the station
not stationary mind you but constantly changing
like the lines that fill a puff of breath in the death of the midnight sky

(over there i met a girl and over there i saw her smile and somewhere in between i fell in love . . .

above miles of smiles down on me
though the haze of the city blocks out angel eyes
bodies rumble by
and sigh when they run out of steam
but cymbal snare and sax keep sounding through the static wall
on box near ear
a wordless poetry that stimulates a memory yet to be written in the scripts of time
this one goes on impromptu
as i stroll down some somber avenue
concrete cracking below my step
each footstep into another
onto abandoned asphalt playground
under flickering globe
alone this night tonight
dew sticks to air like words caught in throat
perfect note to carry on and we go on

. . . she told me to shut up about miles and asked when i was going to kiss her and i
unaware missed the point entirely)

all in all i'm feeling kind of blue