

American Gateway

Smoking doesn't get
me high, anymore –
gray cells
I thought I'd lost years ago
demanding
something new & fearful
bold, beautiful –
Like rolling up your skin
the scalpel, precise, glint –Your cold gray eyes
yearning.
Like rocks falling, through
thousands of yards of seething mist
to break into daggerish slivers, against raging froth.
Like flying bricks, from
children who stone their parents in the streets,
people rioting, biting
dogs and pigs.

Smoking with you,
nerves of shrapnel, hands
brutal, ready to spring.
You take off your pants and jump
into my car. I drive, drive, drive
down Mount Molhulland Boulevard
and watch you flash the occasional
rotting old man, stumbling up his
lonely driveway, cursing
for the murders, the Sears ads, and the goddamn
obituary.
The radio rages
orgasms in hell. You snort bumps off my dashboard.
I stare at nothing, passing
amber waves of pain
the color of your hair,
tearing in my hands. You shake.
The tires screech a seething
melody, and something deep
below my chest, begins
to slowly heat.

A lonely white house, surrounded
by corn. Weathervane on the gray barn.
White picket fence, an old blue ford,
a pill-popping housewife
with platinum hair
we slice

like white bread, her blood
gleaming like oil, like rubies
Salty and sour, warm in the belly.
You find her Demerols and
crush them, with a Bible,
We snort lines on her kitchen table. I jizz
on her remains. We drive away, laughing.

Later, in a motel room,
we smoke another joint, and little
bullets, dancing in my veins, a tarantella.
We talk about driving to California
getting married, having kids
or maybe becoming porn stars.

-Jake Walsh

