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

