

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

MARCUS WICKER

ETERNAL RUMINATIONS

This is what I want: to be forever
twenty-two driving down the busiest intersection
half a barrel deep, belting Stevie Wonder
at the top of my lungs, shouting down yard signs
and hermetically-sealed lawns.

I need to be almost immortal
like every dead/broke jazz musician
who ever hawked a horn for mouthfuls of freedom.
Or alive enough to feel the weight of gravity,
ancestry, anything worth a second thought.

Late Saturday evening, raindrops sizzling across
the bullet shaped bay window, my pops and I sit
starring into the dark, crystal ball.
A late model record player leaves electrified music
drizzling from the cracks of our vaulted living room ceiling.

Across the hollow corridor, where my mother is glued
to the evening news, a woman talks about the public
school system and a village in Guam
where settlers compete to solve math problems
for the ultimate prize.

My dad looks up from his tilted glass of cognac, claims,
that'll never happen here; not for a million years, 'cause
we've got hamburgers, baseball, apple pie, and Chevy.
I remind him not to forget religion and ecommerce.
He agrees with this statement, nods like it's standard.

MARCUS WICKER

It is at this instant that we begin to understand
the strange plane between us; Father and son,
stuck at the root of this sticky slope wishing
to be nothing more than what we always were—
Father and son, content, aware, here.