

WHO'LL STOP THE REIGN

All my friends were cowboys
perhaps in another time, another place
they would have been knights
they're gone now
existing only in dreamscape, if there
if at all.
Their replacements have arrived
parked outfront on the gravel
in an early model Chevrolet
Bel-Air, two-tone, white sidewalls
underneath the sign with the big red star
now pitted orange with rust.
attached to the bleached white stanchion
motionless in the dry, still air.
They've been working to convince me
that studious judicious action
is a suitable substitution
for youthful energy marbled with naiveté

I'm sitting
within a makeshift patio, behind a
wornout roadside attraction
in a straight backed chair, perched
precariously on a bed of broken glass
and pottery shards
my hands clasped together, resting on
a plain wood table
staring
out at the point on the horizon
where the ribbon of coal black macadam
meets an ashen sky
waiting

Jim Cuddy
October, 2007