

# Radio

by Nick Barrows

In through the mail slot,  
preaching slang as reverb  
and busting a logic that rings  
inside the shopping malls.

Shout out go to the Westside!

Behold, a new slide trombone  
that will eat away at your  
country's side  
and never miss the whacking  
of a bad mannered boy.

We pull on bar stool  
and sigh the long wind day,  
never resting on nest eggs  
as long as that tune hits the feet.

The bong grows dirty  
and the nails become gray;  
now you wished you'd  
stayed awake in biology

Still, the hung gas gauge  
reads: You're Shit Out Of Luck!  
Tonight, they eat tacos  
and you choke on the grinds.

It's a dirty habit;  
A televised dirty habit.  
televised,  
dirty  
little  
habit.

A walk to Walnut tells  
us more about the world  
than any docudrama could.  
The most pleased and cursed.

Maybe the throttles  
on too much;  
maybe the shard'd glass  
is shard' too much;  
and maybe the cab ride  
ain't so cheery anymore.

We eat the notes that breathe  
from the transmitter  
and it gave us mono.

It was born for more  
noble reasons.  
Now we use it to fold laundry

Nick Barrows 9 New Poems | October 2007 [seamattikoni.com/nickbarrows.htm](http://seamattikoni.com/nickbarrows.htm)