

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

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