

bottle of Old Shit Ass and before you knew it, they were singing and dancing on your bed. You woke up the whole hall. Everyone was drinking and laughing as hard as they could. There was no stopping them now. It was like a dream. You led them downstairs, spilling beer and whisky on the walls. Fifty hugging drunks staggering down main-street, the biggest thing this town had ever seen.

LEAVING FOR HOME

I am always leaving for home tomorrow.
My suitcase is packed by the door.
My friends wish me luck whenever
they see me. The landlady calls
every day and tells me to pick
the deposit up before I go.
Tomorrow she's coming over
to check the house.

I've left many times, scraping
east into the sun; eating cold
cans of beans or corn. I can
walk twenty miles in a day.
But every town I come to is
the same as the one I just left.
The same general store with that
fat woman smiling, the kids running
to the waterhole, that old man in
a chevy, eating a cigar and making
a left turn at the blinking light.
And then my friends see me and we
start talking and I am back
to where I started leaving
for home tomorrow or the next day.

-- David L. James

St. Clair Shores MI

OVER

Our favorite ride has been dismantled
and packed up.
The driver slams the door
and the Belle City Amusements truck
rolls out of our lives.