For Now
Richard T. Anderson

Dirty dishes untouched French homework to do while you’re driving the car
crashed system failure to finish painting the living room mate owes back rent a
new place soon but I will have enough money in my check to buy grocery stor­
age space on the hard drive (to Allendale) is limited time to spend with my lover
who is bored by ‘good’ music technology classic films I have no moment to
watch and I’m a film video major internal Crisis on Infinite Earth’s molten core
classes are almost finished but I have to retake a couple or a few more lines and
I quit my job; start an internship soon as I pick up all this stuff lying everywhere
who will buy the house if it looks like Hell, Michigan is way too cold I need to
move to a warm climate control panel on the dashboard is obscured by the
scenery as we drive far away from this campus closes too fucking early and
there’s never a place to park the car had better start or we’re stuck here in the mid­
dle of my mindless prattle goes on and I’m worried about my bathroom sink that
doesn’t work and when will I do those damn dishes.

Rockford
(Inspired by Paul Simon’s, “The Boxer”)
Cal Morton, Jr.

I am but a nobody
and my achievements aren’t well known.
I have traded in my youth
for faded ink and paper, which holds my poetry.
Everything is just a joke,
so this man resides in fantasies
and looks the other way
when he thinks he’ll see something
he doesn’t want to see.

When I left home for college,
I was just a stupid kid
lost among the trifles of other stupid kids
in the murmur of the cafeteria
feeling scared.
Blended in with all the rest,
keeping an eye out for the escape routes
from their idle chat
while holding out a hand
for the releases only they know how to find.

And he lies.
Hoping to receive some recognition,
I take to the streets with manuscript in hand.
But I raise no interest-
Just the miniskirts of the prostitutes on East Division.
I know it was wrong,
But there were times when I was so self-loathing
I spent money there.

And the years are taking toll
And I must pay for who I once was,
And what I did, and what I said.
The consequence of all my actions
Settling in my bones.
Rules I thought were made for breaking haunt me still to this day.
I’m reminded time and time again
Of what I was, and the mistakes I made,
And of what I could have been.
And even in light of that, I am content with who I am.

And he lies.

I thumb through old photographs,
And I long to be home
Where the Michigan fall colors are a piece of me-
A feeling in me.
I want to be home . . .

In the middle of a playground
Sits a writer and a romantic in his heart,
And he keeps a record of every person
Who has ever loved him, changed him, or hurt him so much
That he cried tears of futility and rage.
"I will change."
"I can change."
But yet the writer remains unchanged.

And he lies.
And I lie.
He lied.
And I lied.
We lie.

We lied.

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The wind
blows in the cold dark
night through the air into my flesh -
think of that lone star above, how
it gleams into existence one dreary
night, how it lives its days
shining, how it gives the land below
its meager heat, how it strives for
perfection in a world
of careless imperfections, how it is never
in touching distance of its goal, how
it lives thus through countless decades
that seem an eternity, how it dies
and becomes one with the night, then think of
those that inhabit the earth -
The wind
blows the cold dark
night through the air into my flesh