

POETRY

To Those Kids in Wood Shop

by
Paul Carney

On flat-black
nights like tonight,
when I lament how safe and silent
I've become,
I wish
I'd connected
with that wrong bunch,
those kids in wood shop,
on some chained school night,
a Tuesday or a Wednesday,

huddled against the altar
of a throbbing car stereo
in a wet, weedy parking lot,
unblushed by blooming hickeys,
celebrating neglected homework,
hiding something
from surveillant police cars,

leaning against things,
always leaning,
spitting when I didn't need to,
bumming cigarettes,
howling at the bodies of the good girls,
cursing "my old man,"
forgetting what was forbidden,
accepting dares as scripts for the night.

"Not pictured" in the yearbook,
no curfew,
no muffler,

NO MUFFLER!!!