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Getting Out

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GETTING OUT

I dusted off what was left from when the addicts
Broke in, ghostly fingerprints enunciated
With police powder, and I grabbed the cat, the one
Witness to it all, but she wasn't talking, and
I found a case for her, which I knew she would hate—
It prevented her from looking back, turning to

Her salt lick, and I followed the shadowed figures
That spoke little, goodness and mercy, out of the
Canyons, onto the mud flats where cows munched, and the
Clusters of plastic signs speckled hill skins like new
Infected pimples. Even though the radio
Signal had fizzled when the Turnpike climbed, I kept
Hearing the old songs that had long anchored me there.

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I wondered if I would end incestuously
In the new territory, out where the world had surely
Ended, at least for me, breeding Amalekites
Instead of chosen babies, if the Miracle-
Gro vegetables I would plant now that I saw dirt,
Plenty of it, would crunch carcinogenically.