

## **John K. Samson**

# **"Heart Of The Continent"**

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North wind sinks  
The fence around a lot full of debris  
Near the corner of Memorial and Me  
Where resurrected brick and drywall lean back into  
place  
There's a terrified reflection of my face  
All alone at the gleaming knife display  
In the army surplus sales.  
As the dusk descends and my inspiration fails.  
Ghost-filled discount parkas, sleeping bags  
Peer at me from the crumpled dark.  
Inky bruises punched into the sky by bolts of light  
And then leak across the body of tonight.  
While rain and thunder drop and roll,  
Then stop short of a storm  
Leave the air stuck with this waiting to be born.  
As I stand before an unresponsive automatic door,  
Just another door that won't open for me anymore?  
The exit red gets brighter then blinks off,  
Presses me into  
The crumpled dark.  
There's a billboard by the highway  
That says 'Welcome to'  
'Bienvenue'  
But no sign to show you when you go away.  
And our demolitions punctuate  
All we mean to say, then leave too late.  
So I'll make my shaky exclamation mark  
With a hand full of  
The crumpled dark.

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