

Michael McGuire "Shipwrecked On Columbus Day"

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SHIPWRECKED ON COLUMBUS DAY

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Untutored dreams wake to the alarm clock mentor, the
moon lingers in

the morning sky like a ghost on trial, like an assumed
innocent that is

guilty all the while. He feels the labor of the wheels thru
a landscape

perpetual winter, that brooding moon haunts the face
of every

direction, he stares into it with an abstract affection.

This surreal scene

mutates into a realism grotesque, sobering spectacle
and caffeine

slowly rouse the sleepy rage, the heavens in audience
to the new

worlds tragic stage. Every day's slow burden a
casually epic conquest,

sidewalk extras; jackhammer applause urge the
bottomless

commotion, he assumes his duties with a heretics
devotion. Absolved

with a paycheck and your made in the USA,

shipwrecked on Columbus

day. All the fury of creation shapes his fist of

destruction, sometimes

the walls just look like they want to come down, but this
isotonic

friction just builds the muscles of this town. Hells
shadow is raw

material in the paradise of production, he sees the
snake quit the den

of Eden's creditors, they invest there capital in bigger
and better

predators. He makes his route by the woes and wonder
shocked, his

troubled pulse keeps time with the traffic lights, red
yellow and green

the engines only rights. Sidewalk shoppers with TV
eyes; the windows

wonder stocked, a truck with a poster; have you seen
me; he knows he

has some place, the reflection in the windshield
superimposes his face.
Dying by the book but the ambulance is on the way,
shipwrecked on
Columbus day. Asleep at the wheel dreaming that
he's going
somewhere, can't begin to face the hideous fact that
he's already
there, his thoughts an oasis to this barren dreamed out
desert, alive
with the tease; the motored bodies of the f*** flirt,
every nerve starved
vision embedded in the numbness of the concrete, the
highways
bravado just a coast to coast dead end street, he's
just another jilted
passenger with a longing so vivid it's fragile,
decomposition of the will
goes unnoticed; it's so gradual, the story on every
strangers tongue
reads like a ghost written cliché, different version
different description
of the one that got away, and change is dragged like
an anchor by a
one joke judge and a laugh track jury, the laws of
futility renegotiate
the fury, he feels like a victim with no killers face to
accuse, the first
rule of free trade slavery is learn to nourish what you
abuse, he sleeps
every night dreaming the American dream just to wake
to the American
nightmare, last night he was a Rodin come to life
asking for directions
to nowhere. There's no end to how lost you can be
when you don't
know the way, shipwrecked on Columbus day.
Dec.98

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