

State of the Union

by Linh Dinh

Shovel toothed, funky in profile,
I, John Dodo, am son of Camden.
Beneath boasting of a city invincible,
I'm two boarded up windows. I am a
Well-painted mural of kaput industries.
Who touches these, touches my void.

Once I shoveled coal, tamed pig iron,
Strung bridges. Erected. Now I strut
Up and down Broadway, dazed,
Fingering coins, aiming for chicken.

Pants low slung, crack peeping,
I'm son of Bethlehem. I peddle
Christmas mart, push Sands.
I patrol dying mall in Buffalo.

At dawn, in McArthur Park,
Los Angeles, I piss and scratch.
Legless, I buff Hollywood
Plaques, pose as monster
For tourists who undertip.

I push charity condoms, body oils,
High class looking purses, low class,
High definition porn, incense and sox.

Lying on news, ads and cardboard,
I browse, RECOVERY IS ON COURSE.
BUM SIGHTINGS DOWN. LATTE SALES UP.
BRITNEY SEEN IN ODD COLORED SHOES.
JUSTIN ALARMS FANS WITH FAKE HAIRCUT.

As I sleep, an asswipe sneaks

Photos, then gives me a buck.
Strung out, I will suck and fuck,
Excuse me, until I get my fix.

Like a cliché, I press nose
Against steak house glass.
Soon I will break that glass.