

The Messenger

Volume 2003
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2003

Article 29

2003

half-life

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Recommended Citation

Dunn, John (2003) "half-life," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2003: Iss. 1, Article 29.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2003/iss1/29>

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half-life

Concrete hallways teeming with balding, placated men, in brown trenchcoats, adjusting
their horn-rimmed glasses and humming sonatas.
White-trash women nursing the broken heel of a burgundy pump; gravelly voices, like the
sweeping of a chimney, echoing from the bowels of the trailer park.
Cross-eyed virgin street corners — changing traffic lights create temple throbbing
hangovers — holding hostage the peanut vendors.
The cracking sienna skin of an Oldsmobile dashboard in the sun.
An unshaven, homeless Casanova dreaming of deodorants, milkshakes, and women so
beautiful you fall in love.
Frozen beatnik poems, no stanzas, thawing on bongo heated stages.

(drum break)

Tuesday — 1:30 am — chips and dip — local 7-11 ... alone.
Gray faced men riding the 6:30 Metro and muttering a solemn Rosary behind the lettered
shield of the Post.
Shoulder lane joggers in Crayola flavored silk shorts battening down the hatches of a
cubicle.
A lone flag standing motionless on the moon.
Bare-chested black boys stamping scattered fragments of ancient dances in the coursing
river of a fire hydrant.
The bone gnawing sounds of America devouring its young.

By John Dunn