



DELAN LONOWSKI/DN

[AND SO YOU FRAMED THE SKY]

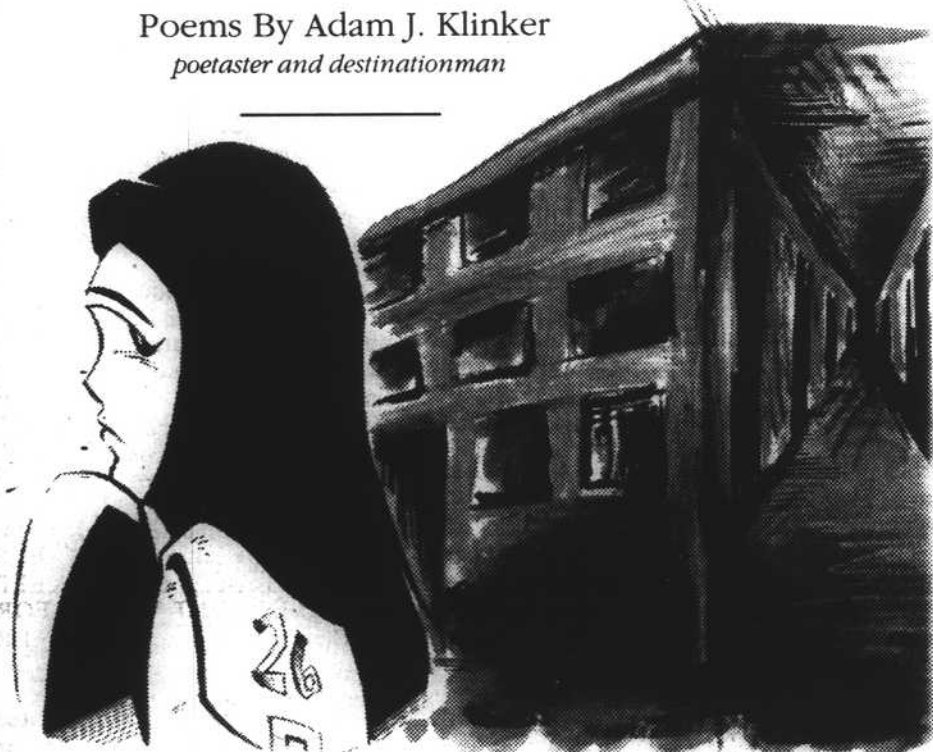
a humorous, but not at all elegiac sketch

And so you framed the sky
 Thumbed nose to God, but does
 It matter? It is God, the
 Capitalist feeding trough for spiritual soulless
 Feeding thick opiated masses of
 Sanguine enmity on dollars and
 Cents and primordial screams in
 Tenfold babbles of Happy Hour
 Depression

Destroy the mind and blot the sky
 And feed the body and etherize me,
 Too with horrific doses so I will forget
 And be obliged to remember
 Football dreams and decimated
 Periodic tables and laid-low Latin
 To be injected with the plagues
 Pusillanimous peoples in posh pilot seats
 Air in a box escapes

More songs about buildings

Poems By Adam J. Klinker
poetaster and destinationman



MATT HANEY/DN

Oldfather on Essentials Nos. 5, 10, 24 and 25

Electric heights in squalid stairwell dreams
 Where stuffy Glasnost luck wondermen traipse
 To steelysoft elevators and yellow
 Tiled watwalls that echo the sweet lament

Of a slow prairie dream stark-skinny-run
 I sing ugly of terrible beauty
 To stop across the purpled other air
 And breathe myself to be seven-barred, tall

INTERLUDE

Spark up low from high and where I came to be in glass pastures
 Of fruit coffee and shoe bordellos that sting your fairyheaded
 Wastebasket blues with ignorant cherub hobnobbery

Throw a latch to the toilet and up the elevator to sit smug smiling
 In the toxic playing card craze haze cloud of Russian roughage
 And the history of blanketearth as we have come to know airbooks

Let it, let timespace surround and dissipate in debauched lectury nasal
 Pang of genius in fourth floor waiting or awful vending machine addicts
 To be left poring over an American bureaucracy they will stop

Yes bricks and gold mortar to house the stretched colossus and
 Offer we, us, me a new thing to relate to the pained old and older that sit
 Stiffed on either side to gaze in translucent wonderment at the Big Daddy bricks
 END INTERLUDE

Steel antspires can see a broken light
 Though trees hide stanchion rumorcars on streets
 That plunge and corollary conquer logico
 Against the diamonded velvet mass stream

And scary sure, it is, what terrific
 Beacon true to nightdews and mistiness
 Seen yet through lean, aquiline Nebraskans
 Who sit in cardrooms with genetic license

In life a stretching hacienda high
 Wholesing, beguiling anchor in the sky

THE LONG HALL or A DIDACTIC EPIC et al

(To be read as fast as possible)

I'm in the long hall - Andrews, too hot outside and I'm in
 Jeans and a 50/50 cotton polyester collared prep-star polo shirt without
 The little polo player so does that count? Man look at her - those collegiate black
 Pants tight against her legs and hips and she smiles in her dainty white and black and gray
 Striped, tied at the neck tube.

She with black hair and a caramel/vanilla skin of a nice girl
 Who spent her summer outside maybe not in the lifeguard chair, not that
 Dark, but in a garden or out reading on her West Virginia back porch in a plastic
 Recliner while the sunmoonstarsrain beats down. She goes into room 26 - across the hall from
 My room and shuts the thick oak door

And then I can hear the reverberating, all-permeating static
 Sound of professors and students in harmony and their voices together
 Bouncing off of each other in harmony and disharmony, a fat kid with bad hair like me
 And a lost-arm book bag like Joe walks her tight collegiate beautiful black pants' path and fouls it
 As he stoops to tie his shoe and crumple his bald newspaper.

Then the jock, musclehead in jeans like me, dark and capped
 With a khaki monogrammed filial hat of open despair. A man with rolled
 Pants desertkhaki, a lost man, bald and carrying a no arm book bag and all of them oblivious
 To wild-hair, greeneye intent on their every move as they wander along in the basement like the terminal
 At Eppley, not the dome at Lindbergh.

A girl leaves a classroom, a boy goes in a ballplayer
 I was a ballplayer once like me, and then too - not good but fair and lost in
 Pastoral conflict because my Dad never wanted anything I didn't so that's flashpan quick-quit
 When it was all over and thank Goodness because I never wanted it but this. He has a one-amer, a blue collar
 T-shirt and short socks all my favorites

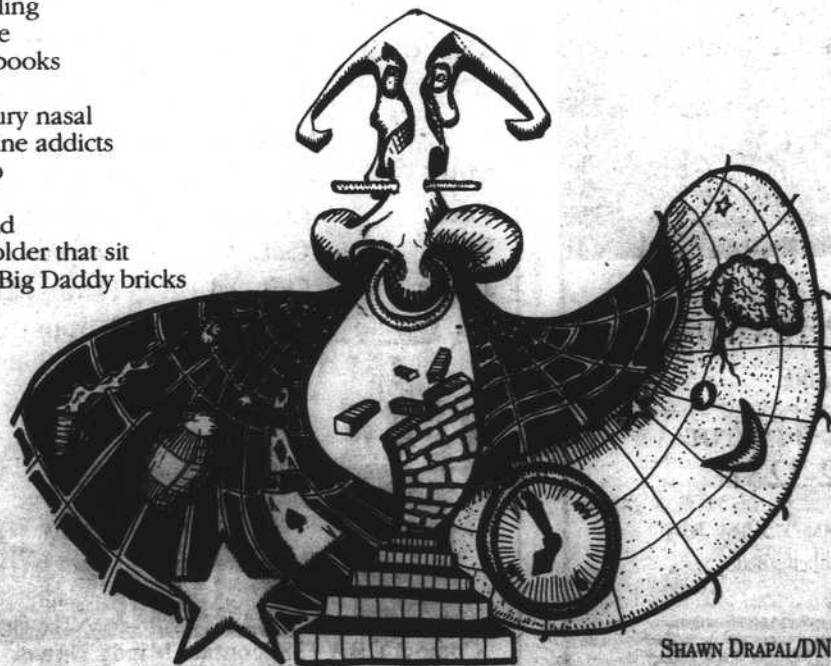
And ballplayers stick collegiate black pants tight to other
 Ballplayers and like me, he don't much care for me, but football, what happens
 In this basement and toward that end, I cannot see the wall behind me, but like Joe says, God does
 And that's fine by me. Latecomers don't see class, like the kid in the bucket, peeking into Room 26 and
 Sheepishly lock-jawed walking away...

Away from her who had once so entreated
 There and none the wiser that I exist, the wall behind me exists, God exists -
 And He sees all, sees all, sees all in the basement of the long hall, long hall, long hall - Andrews.
 A beautiful red brick building is it, with great concrete pillars embedded-limestone and raised by black
 Frontiersmen and white anti-visionaries in a gilded age of room 26

From which emanates all the riches in
 The Long Hall, Andrews, Andrews, where the ghosts follow you on the 1st
 Floor on midnight blue evenings with three lights and a clock, out of the sarcophagus, endlessly clicking
 You hear your own footsteps twice or not at all or before you take them altogether and all alone and all apart
 Be inspired by the place

And uninspired by the place and its antiunion with the rest
 Hear voices in the upstairs rooms and ominous wind-blowing beatback across
 The crowns of escaped engineers with two-armers and a bottle of Pepsi. See the prayers and psalms and the
 Happy Sound of Teuton English and all this with flushing faces and black pants where those girls are in fine
 Supply and Who You Are (when noone's looking).

Is time motion? I haven't gone far enough then, but all this in the long hall, Andrews.



SHAWN DRAPAL/DN

**AT
 LARGE**