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Liar's Holiday

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Liar's Holiday

by Thomas Struska

Charles always knew
the least line
 of bullshit
was the truth
 most times
a lie-lined ride
down dead avenue
darkened streetcorner
 silhouettes

I found you
in silk stream silence
a breath upon the screen
a light upon a grim
gray against the night
a moon rising
with darkened circles
beneath it's eyes
the smiling face
showing strain
waiting for an opening
 a pause
in the otherwise
misinformed channels
bleating through speakers

a long chalk
for anyone unprepared

for the idiot's seige

Crosstown
a foul wind
carries from the south
down near the refineries
smokestack oil flame
from the passenger side
of double nickel
a throwback to 66
dirt industrial pickings
ripe for the plucking

the least line
 of bullshit
is the closest
 most ways
wheels spinning
old rubber asphalt
a leap of faith
 on the hard edge
back where it all began.