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illinois and i

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College of DuPage

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It was hot and bright on Saturday, the day the body was arriving. Matt told his wife he had something to do before he'd dress proper for the visitation at the funeral home. He left his house in jeans and a cutoff sweatshirt, and he drove fast into town and parked a block up from the IGA. He took the baseball bat from the trunk of the Chevy, closed the lid, and squinted into the bright sunlight. A figure, a woman, came out of the doorway near the store. She walked clumsily, as if drunk early in the day. Matt could relate to that, but he was surprised she was so goofy to wear a dress like that in this town. It was a violently purple dress.

When he walked nearer, and saw who the woman really was, the rage puffed up inside him and he began running, running harder than the day he knocked his little brother out. But Charley did not retreat. He came foward, taking the first blow as if expecting it all his life.

The Parable of John

* * *

illinois and i

In illinois
i could choke on this overcast dismay.
The streets
that strategically wind behind corners
chasing no-sight.
around the houses of my accurate neighbors
that have loved and hated life with me
at nonconforming schedules.

My awkward girlfried and i liked making love
in windowed, overcast horizontals.
The taste of detail and dead reflection.
The endless delta of blue design
beneath our skins that pounds disjointedly
with our rhythm.

The flora green crotch of summer and orgasmic doldrums
sweated my love and exasperation.
In this fashion of avenues illinois
will fill my cavities with polished driftwood and longing.