To Frank Encased in the Steel City

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by
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English 4

Reeling drunk in your blistering room
Staggering on the hot afternoon
of your release
Within a cell without the bars
Forbidden to drive those daring cars
of deadly pursuit
‘Cause they know you’re a man
Who would surely shoot
them down low
under the star

Sprawling in the tattered lounge
Looking for love but none to be found
in this boardinghouse
of rotten timber dying in the sun
Instead you head straight downtown
to ease the swell of stiff’ning member
nothing much around
this time, a fight would keep you limber
but a woman keeps you young

Your parents from Tennessee, they trained you
take the lead and strike back harder
at every opportunity
in nameless alleys of alcohol honor
proving your masculinity
to smooth slick cats watching over
eternal hustle, which passes as
a very happening scene
There in the poolroom turned arena
Neighborhood boys of tough demeanor
Discovered your blunt
relentless power
Driving the engine of desire
Wild into the city street
Shine parole for one raw hour
of savage pride; your fallen foe
Never again regained his feet

So now they've locked you in their tower
of screaming rigid rubber cells
designed to still the raging beast
Slavering on the path to hell
paved with electricity,
Oh people can't you see
This madness mirrors society
Striving to cure the deviant parts

Departures from the norm,
Examined and measured
Resurrected
Each cool Sunday morn
we sit through still another version
living American television
grazing upon the Gallup farm
all snuggily and warm,
keep to the middle
it ain't too far
by God you're almost home.