That Beautiful Bug Screen

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Abstract

Uncrib this tyke, Man, Bounce a bit, ride knee-horse, Shave him, pray, and wave...
That Beautiful Bug Screen

Uncrib this tyke, Man,
Bounce a bit, ride knee-horse,
Shave him, pray, and wave.
Babe's gone dancing —
Dancing under open skies — no roof!
Dancing at that beautiful, electric,
Insect-frying screen,
(He wouldn't wait)
Dancing on the great charged grid.
   New here, Babe? Yeah?
   I'll show you . . . Hop, baby,
   First on one leg, now the next,
   Not both, baby, don't step down,
   Not with both feet;
   Don't make contact.
   See that guy, baby,
   The bluish flash, the spark?
   Sure, he —
       Keep hoppin', baby
   He beat the grid. Sure.
Around they whirled around around around around,
Staggering before the colored lights,
Dancing desperate on the grid.
   Hop baby hop
Whoops. Tsk. Nasty, nasty grid
Shrinking there beneath him!
Melting in a desert wind,
Fusing into falling lumps
Amidst the whinnying panic.
Baby's getting dessicated!
Baby's getting oxidized!
With crashing,
And swelling, bubbling whimper all around,
Winter, 1959

— A silent din.
Baby's getting desperate!

But . . . Yes! Now and again, far thunder!
Striking
  Bang! (there's one!)
Fertile heavy notes,
  Boom! (it hasn't quit!)
Shuddering through the fumes
On raindrops
To
  Bang! (of course not.)
Soothe raw cheeks.
Rough strength jolts
  Bang! (thank God!)
Down,
Stiffening:
  Baby! -- I feel stronger-
      . . . . . .
We may —
  We may yet make it!
If only the thunder keeps --
      . . . . . .
We may --
      . . . . . .
I --
What?
  I can't --
What? What?
  But the whimpering - - I can't hear --
Damn you! What?
Louder!
  The whimpering! I - - can't hear the --
  Can't hear the booms -
  Can't hear the thunder
  Can't feel the mist
For that - - simmering whine - -
  Can't hear - - for the whimpering!

— Larry Syndergaard, Ag. Sr.