Auto Ambergris

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Abstract

Standing above the traffic’s moaning progress and holding his battered case like a knife-sharp weight, squeezing its top to avoid the bottom edge, the man feels as if flayed by the dull, damp air, a side-effect of scalpel precise rejection, as though walking he’d found his load too great, and, supplicating, been passed by every car...
Standing above the traffic's moaning progress
and holding his battered case like a knife-sharp weight,
squeezing its top to avoid the bottom edge,
the man feels as if flayed by the dull, damp air,
a side-effect of scalpel precise rejection,
as though walking he'd found his load too great,
and, supplicating, been passed by every car.
His case, a weight, a razor to no one else,
is filled with motley scraps, like those you'd get
walking beside the median fence, selecting
bright colored or stirring trash that chance, as hands
and machine-moved air, brought there. No appeal
to rejection's slash but: "This is all I've found."
"Fuck this." He tips the case over the rail
and dislocates the jaws that vomit paper
onto the road. The insulated travelers
continue to cut along beneath his soles;
few stare, none stop, so he turns and trudges back.
But even on his way — to a neater home —
he dares to hope some fellow ambler will find
and pause to read and wonder at what he found there
among the scattered spoor of the screaming cars.