The Final Plague

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Abstract

A Space Between Do you remember? Pushing our future ahead in streamlined canvas carriages through a deaf gap of wealth (sedans and splitlevels)...
The Final Plague

by Kenneth Alvin
Aerospace Engineering senior

i. A Space Between

Do you remember?
Pushing our future ahead in streamlined canvas carriages through a deaf gap of wealth (sedans and splitlevels).

Circling
we sunk to third-level conversation, discussing lawns which are reflecting pools and moats, concerning the folks up the street on the corner from the city returning each day twice their weight in sewage and carbon monoxide.

You and I, nowhere.

On that buzzy evening, visitors, smiling; a group of young brothers, smoking, discussing. Swinging a boombox left wide open, separated from us by parkway and trees. Long ago they took to the streets:

SHAKE shake SHAKE the spraypaint.

They left defiance on the corner lot. When they passed away, I stopped to scratch the red enamel tree wound, blood of the meek.

Spring 1983
ii. Interplay

The priest created one flesh:
now when we face one another, we are mirrored;
    when we talk, we always interrupt.
Siamese twins rejoined each night:
now when the clocks speak, they ask 'what will we do?'

iii. Connecting Dots

Do you remember?
Spit back into the autumn silence, round
and back again, lonely and mad to make money.
All day the corner house was disemboweled,
The curtainless windows waiting to stare
down prospective buyers,
hollow rooms echoing the first son scraped
from suburbia's midst
by defiance, for defiance.
And my ears pound with ancient legends of
vengeance and conspiracy.

iv. Congealing

If only you knew who paints the tree each fall,
    (this is the last time)
how I prayed for a transfer.
This neighborhood is sweet and stagnant
    (my senses dull)
each new grandchild
thickens our root
and our skin grows darker, darker, darker.