Waitin’ for the Blow

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Waitin’ for the Blow

Mt. St. Helens
Blew her lid today
Blasting draft registration
And we’re hanging out
In wine country
Wantin’ to ride an aftershock
Hopin’ fallout ash
Blackens the sun
Like Oz-poppies
To dirty our sleep
As we stand thumb-assed
Waitin’ for the blow.

Lazy Haight Street cruise
Hand in hand boys
Skinny ‘60’s leftovers
Placards long tossed
For street corner fixes
We wonder ‘bout brakes
On steep mirror-eyed streets
As prospering pimps paint
Women outta girls
Whose flowers they lifted
From Golden Gate hair while
Waitin’ for the blow.

Back in Lonelytown
I sing cheap guitar
To no one who’ll listen
Spitting an evil-streak
At maimed razor blade faces
Booming god-voiced
At sleeping zombies
As a disappointed hand
Slaps California into the drink
I dream up my board
To surf the wave inland
Waitin’ for the blow.
Waitin’ for the Blow

Oh I’d come song-ready
To bleeding-heart-opened arms
Star-glazed eyes
Smiling in baggy blonde
Pioneer woman shoes
Hoping peace signs
Still lived in tie-dye
Faded instead to speeding freeway
Reflector-bump white lines
In middle-aged powdered wastelands
Under antique-dealer covers
Waitin’ for the blow.

The old songs
Are just fadspeak
To haircut penny loafer youth
And thirty-three year old
Computer-laughed reminiscence
Lost in Jesus-praise
Or caught blind between
Constant white rock sniffles
Riding vacuum-sealed Mercedes
In three-piece quadraphonic lead
Singin’ glory-dollars-hallelujah
Waitin’ for the blow.

Cross-legged Lonelytown folkman
Shags green-backed laughter
And prays for the aid
Of Bod, Neil, Joan, John...
While fathers’s cannibal smoke
Breeds complacent dress-code schoolkids
And God’s TV heaven
Trains video game brats
For F-14 fantasies
I choke on stale deaf-air
While everyone fidgets thumb-assed
Waitin’ for the blow.