

THIS WEEKEND

they tried to save me with a pamphlet.
I was walking through the park and Jesus
was there with a rock band. I guess
he asked some guy named Levin
to write this book, an evangelist,
and Mr Levin maybe wrote the songs.
I liked it when they played but the stories
about the kid who died the day before he changed his life
were boring. He sold drugs in high school
but he was gonna change. Well,
I've tried a few drugs, and they change you.
Just like Jesus tried to do. Save
yourself, Jesus, cuz when I get back
I'm gonna pull the plug to that fancy guitar
of yours.

But Lisbon Street
was different. Race cars today, stock,
the drivers leaning on the fenders talking
to older ladies. The Deli was empty
and Paul forgot to take my money.
Roast beef was better than a rock band,
and all they gave me there was a napkin.
I was converted to Swiss cheese on the instant.
But I didn't stay long.

Lita's was something
else. Never been there before, and it was weird
to see Hunt's tomato paste with oolong tea.
Hundreds of woks were there to greet me,
but again I had to leave. Leave for

Goodwill's, the thrift shop, a place much more
my pace. Bought three thin ties for 39c a piece
that match nothing I own. I'll have to go back
after another paycheck for a suitcoat I saw;
five dollars. My preoccupation
for religion left me and my money went
to the handicapped hundreds I see on the street
of this city.

City hall I did not see
but the police station was there as always, useless,
abused, the dumb little cars outside enjoying
their asphalt coffee-break while the noise from the park,
the god-bless-you here's a twang hippy cool Jesuses,
poured itself between buildings saving the world
through interuption. The pamphlet
was in the pocket with my wallet. Nothing to do,
I'll read it; can't hurt. Jesus loves me
and Lewiston too; I sit and read, nothing to do.

28 August 82