

saginaw, MI

out on the grass
I am stretched out
in the sunlight
a north michigan saginaw breeze
whips around the fence
that seperates the 7-11
from the back end of whites bar
the home of american music
from the heartland and
the walls are covered with framed photos

the quiet inside is deceptive
the framed history of american rock
watches silently over the patrons at the bar
oblivious to the rock gods' silent gaze
question mark and the mysterians
 bob seeger, grand funk railroad
 ted nugent, the amboy dukes

the interior light fades from the front windows
fades farther back towards
the adjacent pool room

and the carpet on the stage at the other end
in front of the windows is frayed and worn from use
it hasn't been changed since 1961 or 1972
and sue - the bartender in her mid 60's

isn't too sure what the color is, or was,
but today it's a dull reddish something
and there are little flashes in it
that pop when a passing car windshield
reflects light into the window
it's not diamonds, just broken glass
embedded into the carpet over the years

the chevy is parked in the big
uneven asphalt parking lot to
the right of white's bar
and it's going to be an easy load in
when the time comes
and there isn't a hill or a high-rise
anywhere on the horizon
so I could get on 95W and
roll on down to chicago
with a little push
it's a sun washed
afternoon, the sky is clear and
blue, and the grass
is especially deep, and green
and warm and welcoming
here behind the 7-11 in saginaw

chilly breeze
sun dipping lower