

The Last Jukebox Romeo

impostors
of all sorts
we see you
blending
wearing the joker's tools
none can thief
steal kid from the
worry if it is truly him.
the tribe has long thinned
who is the hands free jaunts
the star sprayed highways
where name is known in
every alley and is whispered
in giggles and squirts amongst
they wish it were truly him
the last of the jukebox romeos.
where smiles crack
his eyes seethe
his arms hold the (her) goods
his fingers rock and roll
the trail a fire escape
the wetness of sheets,
as the last of..
i wish i was him.
where desire dwells
opportunity he sets free.
the all mighty dread nod
for share, for sure
the twilight troublemaker
done come, for
your town soon
crazies
armed with pens
and arms with words
with nothing to lose
done come, for
the blood and the hugs.
when the gypsy lays his head
the locks of filth shall not soon
be forgotten or the might
of the moon will be overpowered
the last of jukebox romeos
short sleeves

and blades in socks
nothing is right about him
he is perfect
the loudness obeys his
pitch and the dance
goes on till the greats snap.
i knew it was me.
bonafide ruler of late
night food fights
magician of spirits and spectacles
failure of most
the mess always at his post
be brave
me wish he were not me as well.

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