

I am in love with
 the man who let me in
 in traffic this morning
 with a silent arpeggio
 above his steering wheel
 signaling me
 to enter where he waited
 and all that huddled
 humanity barked
 and steamed in a long
 line behind him, snaking
 all the way back to where
 I imagine he came from --
 Bellingham or Mendon
 or Providence. I am
 in love with the eternal
 feminine in the man
 who lets me
 in the ways
 of the world.

Bridge and Main

I don't care what anyone says,
 I've had to pee so bad in traffic
 where the courtships of small animals go on
 in the ravines. I've been so full of shit
 I've had to turn the radio on
 just to drown me out. But I like
 her voice. I like her signature
 low note, that guttural thing she does
 that sounds like pushing. Like she's
 climbed down into a ravine, and she's squatting
 there among the animals, pushing.
 It could be a bowel movement. It could be a baby.
 it's very effective, whatever it is and I don't
 care what you think because I'm happy
 singing along on my way to work,
 my thumbs keeping time on my steering wheel,
 my head full of bullshit and beauty and Britney
 Spears pushing and singing and making babies.

Driving to Work with Britney Spears

From the rearmost concert riser in grade school band
 I overshot a low note on the first
 refrain of "76 Trombones" and lost
 my slide. It slipped from my hands, clattered and bounced
 down underneath the clarinets and oboes,
 past the bassoons and flutes to the strings, where at last
 it came to rest at the foot of the first violinist.
 Slithering down in hot pursuit on my elbows,
 I found myself in an underworld of soles
 all beating out the time in a knee-deep darkness.
 Retrieving my slide, I turned back, but at Janis Cole's
 pumps I couldn't resist looking up her dress
 into that darker darkness, my only swerving, in that pause
 I lost my head when eternity roared, like applause.

Young Orpheus

Driving Along

Paul Hostovsky



Lessons with Les

I took guitar with Les when I was twelve.
 When I was twelve Les was very old.
 He went to the bathroom a lot and always smelled
 a lot like candy after. Excusing himself,
 he'd shut the door as he left, and up on a shelf
 a broken snare would buzz. A short drum roll,
 and Les was back again, all smiles, well-oiled,
 and smelling a lot like candy. At twelve and a half
 I took it upon myself to ask for a piece.
 From that day forth our lessons were transformed.
 For one thing Les went to the bathroom less.
 For another I went more. But once we warmed up
 I felt older, he felt younger than ever.
 Every Good Boy Deserves Favor.

Please recycle to a friend.

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Driving Along
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