

Shadow of the Heavenly Hog

Sittin out on North Main Street,

THE classic Harley Chopper.

Shiny black metal with *gleaming* chrome trim,

A Gen-u-ine Hog of Heaven;

FOR SALE

Ray Smiley, age 38, fell in love

Oh how it thrilled his eyes

Even as its engine assaulted his ears.

He paid full asking price in cold hard cash.

Took it on over to 91, gonna check out the speedo.

Hammered it hard, heading North to Brattleboro.

Damn, it felt so good, weaving past

Sedans and 18 wheelers

Like their all - doin 55 in a 75 zone.

Just as he past the Deerfield exit

The rear tire popped, dropping

That Bike hard.

No helmet or leathers or studded gloves

Coulda saved his ass.

Ray was messed up-- real bad.

Lucky to be alive? ---Or

Maybe not.

Chunks of him were gone, left

Out there on the asphalt.

Now a days he's ridin a gerichair
At the head injury rehab center.
This afternoon ^{Ray} our ~~boy~~ is listening ^{to} his
Beloved Red Sox pummel the hapless Tigers.
Not sure of the score, he thinks the
Sox are winning, Hell, Ray always thinks
The Sox are winning.

Poor bastard can't walk, talk or feed himself.
This cute nurses' aide is cleaning him up,
wiping his tray after lunch, she bends over,
Giving Ray the free show, a clear view down
her blouse to pert little breasts hanging
loose inside. The guy shoulda set a pole up.
Always used to. No reaction from him now,
worse yet-----he didn't even care.

what he desperately needs is
A trip to the john. ^{can't say it though} Maybe they'll
~~decide he should go there.~~

Sometimes they do that.

An unexpected jolt of emotion
Shoots across his shoulders and up
His neck; He's suddenly aware
there's a lota crowd noise
Coming from some ball game on the TV.
He wonders; what is that all about?

why is he covered in casts and bandages?
who are these girls standin next to him?
where is he anyway?
what happened to the wind in his face
The blue sky in his eyes, the pure
Exhilaration of deafening engine noise?
Where the hell is his Harley Hog.

A woodlot sits just outside the
dayroom window, been there since
before they built the rehab center.
Untouched but always changing
Only impermanence lasts.

Carl Russo, @2009

His willing prisoners.

Never a smile, hell

Not even a thought

Lost in profound rapture of

Sound streaming through bodies like

Pure electric current.

Mesmerized aficionados flying

to heaven

on the naked back of a

Blind angel.

Just so they can float back

on his enchanted groove.

None of them ever wanted

this night to end.

Dawn could only be ignored,

Not pushed back.

Time and place irrelevant;

Until, packing up that wondrous tenor

He releases them back-- to their world.

2 1.5 minutes

