

THIS IS A *genuine* POETRY BOOK

101



**STORY POEMS
AND
POLEMICS
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS
AND ENDNOTES**

*Poems of
romance, humor, and adventure
composed by*

TOM SMUCKER



ORIGINAL POETRY COMPLETE & UNABRIDGED

Notice:

Only one poem and the accompanying endnotes are being published online at this time.

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Sylvester Above

I dreamed I was awake
and from the window of
my old first floor apartment
in Chicago I could see
above the tree tops
all the way out to the lake
and it was sunrise like
the sunrise we had walked to
on the beach after an
all night double feature
in 1967 and I dreamed

I saw Sylvester
ascending into heaven
singing “Stars” and
“Mighty Real.”

Over on a cloudy disco
balcony sat Patrick
Cowley crying in a wheel
chair, and I thought I
saw him floating out
from San Fransisco with his
synthesizers by his side to join
Sylvester in the sky,
who dried his tears
as they reprised
“Do You Want
To Funk?” and like
a fan demanding encores
in a crowd pulled toward the stage,
I could feel the altar calling and
my soul rise up to reach them.

Lake Michigan

As we passed over places
we had once considered home,
while contemplating mislaid plans
of bygone potheads turned to junk,
we came upon a choir of
dirtbag suicides from New Jersey
playing air guitars, and where
we bowed our heads
and lowered our eyes
the waters of Lake Michigan
appeared so clear you
could see the reflections of
abandoned steel mills all the way to
Indiana in discarded beer
cans resting on the bottom.
Then Sylvester held a good
book in his left hand as
Patrick Cowley stood behind his
synthesizers on his right,
and every loser lifted up their eyes
and looked beyond,

and like an empty can
upon the beach in Michigan
that's brought back for a dime,
we got redeemed.
After I dreamed

I was awake and saw Sylvester
from the place I used to live
when all my friends were still alive,
I knew that it was night
and I could fall asleep

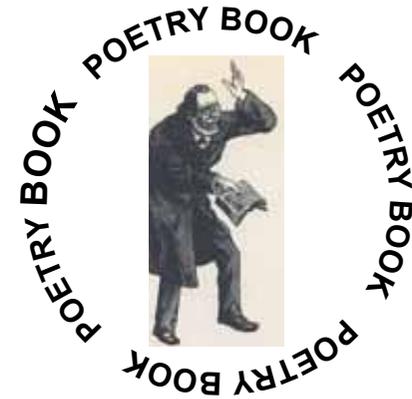
Tom Smucker

Endnotes

Sylvester Above Lake Michigan

The image of Patrick Cowley on a disco balcony is borrowed from a remembrance of Cowley in *Tribal Rites* by David Diebold (Northridge, CA, Time Warp Publishing, 1988) on page ten. Also see *The Fabulous Sylvester* by Joshua Gamson, (New York, Henry Holt, 2005).

The image of the dirtbag suicides is borrowed from *Teenage Wasteland* by Donna Gaines (New York, Pantheon, 1990)



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POEMS OF ROMANCE, HUMOR, AND ADVENTURE

Throughout the ages men and women have been moved by great songs and roused by dramatic poems. Long before scribes wrote them down, primitive bards celebrated heroic battles and glorified gallant deeds in verse. Poems which tell stories have always been popular because they reach down into the heart of the folk. Ancient singers put the history of the period into galloping measures and ringing rhymes; they embroidered legends with highly colored figures and turned the news of the day into literature. The poems in this book span several decades; many of them reach back into the previous millennium, and all but one have never been published before. But the emphasis here is on the poem, not the poet; it is on the power and persuasion of the tale rather than the reputation of the writer. Here is a book of narratives in many keys, mingling the polemic and the poetic, the vaguely familiar and the unknown, for readers who respond to romance, humor and adventure.

**SEE END OF THIS BOOK FOR
OTHER TITLES IN THE SERIES**



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