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Old '89

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Tigonis: Old '89

OLD '89

John T. Trigonis

Crashed my lightning blue '89 Cavalier into the 1&9
divide after the Giants won Superbowl XLII.

So I wandered the Jersey City underworld cloud heavy
passed motorcycle hangovers and White Mana

thinking how a lonesome star like mine could get the
moon's attention without police and hospital

lights on my tail to sweep up the busted glass and
me off someone else's powdered lines.

Everybody's drunk tonight, Saturn-ringed, speeding
with some sweet heartache wrapped around a

tattooed arm like a worn-out Timex or a cheap bomb.
I think about the snapshots of my autopsy haunting

the front page of the Journal, my little roadside diversion
loitering the YouTube expanse for Stoned-Age

frat boys with nothing better to do than record my last
minutes for his 15 of fame, my own cheated for a

late night thumbsucker, platinum second mate in heels,
says she's been searching for a strong sailor with an

ashtray heart so she can burn away the last of her regrets.
What else can you say to an offer like that when

you're dizzied off a 12-pack of Bud, lost in the beautiful
car crash beneath the bridges of her eyebrows?

Sure, I tell her, and tearing apart my ivory button-down,
I lay her head on the scar where my heart used to be.

I'll put out the pain, Love. In both of us.