

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 10 | Issue 2

Article 18

January 2011

Same Old Spectacle

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Recommended Citation

Neely, Mark (2011) "Same Old Spectacle," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 10: Iss. 2, Article 18.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol10/iss2/18>

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Neely: Same Old Spectacle

SAME OLD SPECTACLE

Mark Neely

Katherine was hanging on Lorenzo's every word
as if each were a ripcord and the Mill

a diving plane. He leaned against the juke,
its light on his face like the glow of alien

landing gear and I peered into the dark
circle of my beer, the lake of feeling hidden there,

and watched Kate's hair flash
closer to Lorenzo's gaudy lips.

I decided I wouldn't say another thing
all night. No one noticed, no one cared.