

Shattered in Laramie

Sal Cetrano

Shattered in Laramie,
Maxine Wallach,
who was great in back seat,
great in deep sleep,
great at party dropping jaw. Shattered,
she'll drop them no more.
Instead, she makes calls
that don't make connections,
else don't answer at all,
says things that make strange men reconsider
and cluck at crapshoot whimsy of time.

Maybe she was always
shattered some,
when she drove man and word
through hoop and set
the swirling gap afire, if you dig fire.
Now ring toss is played
on the great front lawn,
and she drives nothing nowhere,
soft-corralled in cow town,
cold backwater enema for proud Eastern ass,
breakdown over breakthrough by a nose.

You can yet make out
her face among
three score and ten loonies
who person her wing,
folks who celebrate a new set of sheets.

Something still remains
underwobbling the stare,
rafter over high burning plain.
Never forget this final kiss,
last stolen taste of sweet unchanging Apple.
List: in Laramie, Maxine shattered *is*.