Americana

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Spring, 1961.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1961/iss1/2
vast, rolling on endless plains of
hills and deserts, mountains
and farm valleys windswept by
bird’s gliding, cloud’s floating
vastly, limitlessly on into
village town-cities of
dusty dog barking streets—
vast, scurrying life of
people:
women-pulled girls of stolen kisses,
harm smoking boys in
shirt open pants with Tom Sawyer stains,
a preacher walking his black book
best friend with hat tips to even the
water melon breasted
mush-melon faced prostitute of better years,
corset bound wrinkle-lipped lemon
members of the WCTU whispering in
hush alleyways while
the young enjoy their lives away with
the old worry why should we
philosophy of
riverboat ring your bell
games that grow into intercourse
long pants — while
chatachatachatachat together for
coffee crowds tear America apart
feather by feather and scatter the
remains in the wind to be
whisked to a great trash heap of
lies — somewhere . . .
ah, but the righteous; the good, the
loving and the hopeful
press their knees against the
wood of their own crosses for
the indifference and hoopdehaha of
not one but all generations,
yet always
what does it all mean wondering while
the twisted faces of cast off
children cry in a lonely night of
beer bottle trash cans and
hollow men money . . .
oh people — racing, mad, forgetful,
indifferent, living, loving, laughing
people

Joseph Geraci