

Michael Wurster

POEM ABOUT AMERICA

In Clinton Iowa
on the Mississippi

there's a small ballpark,
Riverfront Park.

The team is called the Pilots.

The home run balls
go into the water
and down to New Orleans.

TEABAGS ARRANGED DIFFERENTLY

1.

The map room
Vienna Austria 1938.
I'll never forget
George Raft
on that windowledge
outside the building
above the streets
listening.

2.

I'll never forget
the wind blowing
thru your hair
as the 39 feet
danced.

It was the first image
we saw
when we awoke.

ELECTION

My poems have become dangerous.
My poems have holes sewn onto them.
They surround the White House.
They are armies of the night.

I am a peaceful man from Moline.
My black pearls are the oysters
in your Christmas stocking.
You can see them on television.

Wait for the rusted trains
where the poet's eye capsizes.
I have a friend in a white suit.
He wears a black diamond in his lapel.

Under the sunken light I build,
a poet in chains. The pull of the earth
that the skydivers love. Cities
are in flames. Whatever is left

of memory? The old sorrow.