

A Rapid Transit · Edison Dupree

Before I go,
I'd like to know why everything
keeps speeding up. Who's causing these winds,
who's driving Nebraska's tall windmills
crazy? And what's the government doing
about the Vacuum Zones?

My new apartment has air and all
electric kitchen, why am I driving
away on the Interstate so fast
the speedometer pops open? Oh springs
and gears fly out the window *zip!*
—then fall like Gretel's breadcrumbs
to the squabbling roadside crows.
Hours later the dominant beak
still dangles the steel bauble.

* * *

Forget It and Keep Moving,
that's the motto I swear I read
as a kid in the flame-orange
tiny right angles of Grandma's sampler,
—or else I'm embroidering things.
Anyhow, what I'm sure of
is the silver jet that unaccountably
streaked in over our bush-league park
that day as we roared the double play.
Now *that's* what I call sudden: our flushed
faces drained, a deafening black
shadow swept over the stands and snatched
our hearts all upward to where the jet

had been. It was an F-4
Phantom, I think, from the nearby base;
escort there for heavily-laden
B-52's. We used to salute them
late at night, as the signoff anthem
ended the Mystery Theater.