

DETROIT EROTICS

RIGHT PLACE, WRONG DESTINATION

Markings don't phase right. Just another set of directives passed down to the youngest of the next slow motorcade. Make it that pro style turn, swing left a wide arc, the art should be one arm rests on the door musical, one hand gripping the Hollywood Blue suicide knob.

Somewhere in the method is the lost picture. A way to recline along Grand River Night sector a mass thoroughly fair to poor, where recombinant habitat been king many years and accepted mistakes still stink up the land when it rains. Delta class misery.

At roadside shadowy boys lay down their arms on car fenders in dent. They've seen which girls in late black positively retract into a field. Through the rear view mirror the scene reversed. And engine heat shimmers their language until both are mirage, part teeth on thigh, part splash paint job good for another winter.

It's the shrug life in a statistically correct night under the scars. Enough chrome, cum, plastic in the proper decimal places. But, the only scene from overhead will be trace patterns of raised white lettering, notable elements for the topographic pixels being stored for history.

Dennis Teichman