Alternatives to Ohio

Josh Corey
money’s no object: a business of show
beckons when you’ve never been to Ohio

some dream the salt-frozen lake in the sky
they lie down cold in the bed of the Ohio

train wheels flaking rust, diesel lungs set aglow
the hammered rails blinding death to Ohio

blood angels gesture on the roofs of Venice
gondola lovers think not on Ohio

shut eye and snore, merrily we row
in river widow’s weeds dreaming Ohio

toward steel mills and fiberglass, bushels of fire—
the tire yards, methane, pigsties of Ohio

filthy wings made of money: general snow
falls on industrial graves of Ohio

sizzling voices in the pan of a cloud
exclaim over silken hairs of Ohio

suffer little children who sing as they go
to breathe black dust imported from Ohio

shipwrecked schools on the imperial shore
won’t name the capital of Ohio
nights of hot sugar, summer syrup flows
over expressionless cornrowed Ohio

ignominious churls, frowsiest girls
waltz in the asphalt ballrooms of Ohio

an oar on my shoulder, I walk the floe
of ice that carved the valley of the Ohio

blouses drying on the roadsigns
a flaming sword lingers at the gates of Ohio

stalled cities on the hill wave bye, adieu
what flows out is who knows best for Ohio