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Late Night Replay at Buddy's Exxon

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Late Night Replay At Buddy's Exxon

Everything visible
drained to white
so that his brain went
blind & an iced
runnel of nerve
prickle jumped electric
through his spine
& he jelled in mid-
reach for a carton
of Camels, the whole
animal of his heart,
cramped & twisted
like an arm between
his shoulder blades,
turned to what it scented,
tuned to any movement,
as if its movement
would send impulse
spinning
through its hairpin
curves, would touch off
the firing pin
submerged in the action:
the dicy nerves
of the Luger, which
quivered and sniffed
and nuzzled his nape
like a doberman's nose.

Alone in the slump
& churn of adrenaline's
soup, he shut down
the pumps, cut
the lights, the cash
drawer agape
like a broken jaw.

Half-way home: how
he couldn't remember.
Under the streetlight—
the chrome glitter
of waxed leaves:
 the reflection
of toy guns in sunlight:
the kid from around
the block of his
past, denying the outcome
of a battle: Screaming
that he was alive, not
dead, alive. . . .