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## Getting Mighty Crowded

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# Getting Mighty Crowded

The preacher squats hidden in the shadow of  
the Big Boy Washer.

His hands float and flutter in a  
swan dance of invocation.

His face waits, smooth, blind.

The naked man moves his encampment  
from washer to drier.

The quarter falls from his fingers.

He tries to remember

how to say "Damn!"

I wish I could help him.

He bends toward the quarter for a while.

Then he stands up for a while.

The preacher has been leaving warnings  
everywhere, that he will be happy,  
that there will be fire,

he has spoken

solemnly of the inevitable advent

of cannibalism. You can

see that, can't you.

One by one everyone respectfully

takes a cigarette from the

naked man's pack. He frowns, "please

help yourselves" he wants to

remember how to say.

The pieces of the naked man,  
his grooming, his desire  
for the right word,  
his beautiful manners, his  
fingers at the edge of the quarter,  
I wish I could help him.

From the pay phone Hakim  
calls the radio doctor  
of psychic science for confirmation of  
his mission on earth. She says  
he will either meet or be  
a tall, dark stranger. "Now  
what was your other question, honey"  
she titters, "I forget." Is the messiah  
already on earth? She giggles. "No, no."

The naked man brushes his  
fingers across the edge of the quarter.  
Then he stands up for a while.

The Big Boy plainly says  
DO NOT OPEN DOOR  
UNTIL CYCLE HAS COMPLETED  
but the preacher is prodded and driven now  
from his warm corner, comes to his feet  
preaching, that devil, that  
devil, they despise him.

He flies almost falling fast past me.  
Such changes flash fire across his eyes that  
I turn away.

*David Kresh*