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Frank's America

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Frank's America

This is the other 'Merica, where brims of hats & lids of eyes slant downward: what they want is for their face to be a perfect mask while their fingers work defiantly to pry it off. By the seldom light of pool halls & funerals they offer homage to what might become, & has been. Their age is that of fluted columns made of limestone, marble.

When the rest of America kick its shoes off by the hassock by the glow of RCA, & loosens from its neck that knot, their day begins: go, juke, go! Pump your ripe aorta till sawdust seethes to paint the air, & all forget exactly why they're here—that awful weight.