

Searching for a poem

by Roberto C. Garcia

Riding a limb of the New Jersey Turnpike
in search of a poem, I pull onto the shoulder
and listen to the marsh, traffic and stink.

Each person in each car could be poetic
Duende, but they look at each other and ask
“Did you fart?” predictable, it's the muck-

The tall grass does not cry, “Express me!”
Malodor of the bog is bored and miserable.
Nope, no poem here, not today-

Graffiti on subway trains and tunnels sneer
at me, “You should have been a painter.” Perhaps
I'll write about a fruit next to a bottle of wine

on a checkered tablecloth. O' New York, give
me a poem. Look! A Hasidic man eating
Baba Ganoush- inspiring? “What? It's good, eh?”

Washington Square Park, The village, ghosts of
Artisans and Beats, C'mon! Pull a strand of greasy
hair, pluck it like a harp and play the muse.

Bah!
No poems here,
Not today.

(Sigh!) back to work, work and the rhythm of the
Galleon drum. Boom, row! Boom, row! for the
Man
every night and day.

Little poem,
you have eluded me
today.

