

Greenwood

Ethan Marley

Greenwood stands in front of its shabby house,
bragging about the paint job and smoking
a Newport Light. Greenwood wakes you
with a steaming cup of joe down your shirt.
Tumbleweeds of cigarettes blow by kids playing with
plastic bottles belonging to Jack. It's a Marsh full of shuffling ogres
in Nascar t-shirts looking for the best recipe
for Twinkie Casserole. Potholes multiply
like bored road rabbits, bending the rims
of bent frames.

Greenwood laughs at the kids with rings in their noses,
with a finger knuckle deep in its own.
Cicadas chant for its fate in late July, and cockroaches consider
hotels a town over in early March. Condemned houses fold over
themselves like old men collapsing into recliners.
The malls reek of fried food, the fast foods joints of cheap cologne.
Before the sun has a chance to set its exhausted head,
gunshots ring out, celebrating another day of survival.
Greenwood just bought a new pontoon and dropped
the change in a jar marked "Liver Transplant."

It shakes you to sleep and rocks you awake, pulls up an eyelid just
to make sure you didn't get enough rest. Greenwood takes up
two parking spots with its pickup, whose vanity plate reads
DNT TRED ON ME.
It settles fender benders with handshakes
and left-handed pocket dials to the family attorney.
It dials 9-1, then realizes that it was a shrub, not a hooded teenager.
Greenwood believes that *Power to the People*
applies only to pinko commies and the Justice League.
"I'm fine, it was only 2 or 3," it says, fumbling to fit its keys in the ignition.