

John Repp

AS MY SON CHECKMATES HIS MOTHER

in the Game Corner of Luke's Cafe, I bounce my legs
to "Heat Wave," read John Ashbery, note an aversion
to the swaybacked stranger ordering iced coffee
& chuckle at the inadequacy of the verb "read"
when linked to anything one might do with Ashbery.
Vermont makes such simultaneity commonplace.
Poised on the edge of the swimming platform
as thunderheads blackened the horizon, the boy said,

"I hope lightning doesn't kill the fish." I lit the lamp.
One of the cabin's moldered books says Miles Davis
recorded *In a Silent Way* on my sixteenth birthday.
Racing up a cadenza's staircase means cadmium yellow
has drenched the landing I lounge on, Paul Butterfield
blowing harp in my mental ear, the drapes flapping.