

**MACEO J. WHITAKER**

**Skunky Bunker**

We can't all be Otis Redding.  
Let the duet singe your soul.  
Ignore saxophone bloopers +

the clang + clack of drum-  
sticks flung staccato to tile.  
Cacophony. No coffee—black,

iced, Irish—required. Stall-  
bound. Yayo bouquets high-  
light set breaks. It's late. O-

paque. ATM's busted, as is  
the lock. Though lungs grind  
overtime, windpipes do not fade,

nor do game, thinned-out aortas.  
Score. Glorious hymns. Relax?  
Dirty verb. We wax + blow up

as green smoke lights the low hat.  
Two floors up, a beggar's foam  
cup collapses inward, alien slop

crushed on the sidewalkscape.  
String picker with no strings, he  
hums a song he can't sing, man.

Clouds cull smog water for issue.  
Across the street, reggae thumps  
from a gaping bodega doorway.

The world is slow + heavy.  
The world is rolling + fake.  
The world is sham sham sham.

But not downstairs, where we  
hunker + hanker in this bad, bad  
bunker, bracing for an attack that will never, ever, + I mean *ever*; transpire.