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Starting a new project he always listened to music,
mostly grunge rock, Pearl Jam & Nirvana, the Seattle
scene & it reminded him of the U-District,
from Ravenna down to Portage Bay, Dick's Drive-In
open till 2 a.m., where he had read French & sipped coffee
before his comprehensives, CNN playing in the corner
over the grill, screeching brain-numbing music
like he heard the first troops had played in their APCs
raging into Baghdad, hearts holding their breath inside their
metal jackets, though the city was quiet, the world too,
which reminded him of the Stevens poem, until later,
he now knew, when the screeching outside burst
over the gunwales, the APC a struck-and-foundering Pequod,
& here he pulled down his *OED*, the *wale*,
a ridge of stone or flesh, a *dicwale* in Old English,
on ða eastlangan dicwale, on that eastward stony ditch,
dying there, while he had read *Je voudrais pas crever*,
Boris Vian, *I would like not to explode* & ate cold fries.