

Michael Tillman

Suburban Blues

For you, a sunshine fresh, bright pink, lilac
smelling urinal cake on every street corner.

A grande burrito bursting with refried beans that
drip

drip

drip

all over everything.

She tells me
4 5683 908.

But see, I'm on the
N Q R W

so I don't get the
T E X T

until
14th and 5th.

Little Chinese girl laughs at
pigeons playing in a puddle of acid rain

but fat woman with pug walks
through them so they fly away.

Chinese girl claps, laughing at the miracle of flight.

Watch the sunset at Coney...like sunny side up eggs
melting on whole grain wheat toast.

I'd enjoy it more if I hadn't stepped in a pile of
dog shit.
Or was it human shit? It's hard to tell these days.

Little boy catches a big fish but feels guilty so he
throws it back. Old men bow their heads in shame.

You start to miss trees.
You miss senselessly polluting the air and

wasting gas, aimlessly driving around for
two hours with the same song on repeat.

Didn't you know it sounds different,
depending on where you drive?

Or if you're smoking?

You miss cookie cutter houses, cheese dip,
and cheap cigarettes.
Fake IDs and Pabst Blue Ribbon.

And sometimes
(shhh . . . don't tell anyone)

you even miss seeing
McDonald's and Wal-Mart

every
other
mile.

Michael Tillman is a graduate student at Georgia State University. "I live in a town called Dallas, which is right on the edge of the middle of nowhere in a vast pine forest, but with no shortage of Wal-Marts." His work has appeared in *Open Minds Quarterly*, *Ceremony*, *Children Churches and Daddies*, and elsewhere.