

ghost on 3rd

Jim Reese

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This Havelock

Possessive Dandelions. Snot-nosed kids blowin' snowball-seeds into head-wind. Then I come upon three plumber cracks bending over a '77 Vega, Old Milwaukee in each right hand, pocket-pool with each left. Fremont Street is full blown with Harleys and homebrew, glass packs and malnourished mufflers. People driving. People bath-tub speeding. *Say, Sugar, you got somewhere to go or are you just going?* It's tube-tops and flip-flops, sidewalk stubbed toes—bare knuckle, and third-shift swing—Arnold's Bar for orange breakfast beers, rocket fuel gin, the finger stir and Family Feud. Tobacco Shack porn and Misty's blackened prime—California Lunch Room brown bags and Bob's shuffle board. It's the Isles for hip-show tattoos and a Leaning Tower pie. It's rode hard and put away thirsty—4 1/2 amps on a hump day—feeling a need for a need. I have to leave you, Havelock—this is my last stop—stay here much longer, I won't make it to the week's end.