

POEM I'M WORRIED YOU WON'T FINISH ●

Matt Zambito

There's a marching band
blatting and tooting and banging
like a Dr. Seuss story right through
the middle of this poem's
earlier drafts, alas they've left
behind a vacuum where
a marching band once was
and it was a sight to behold,
let me tell you, and the sounds
were amazing as sex in a nice hotel
lobby bathroom stall
sometimes sounds good drunk, but surely
ain't. The conductor wasn't,
thankfully, a real stickler
for tradition. She had sousaphones
booming flute parts, percussionists
juggled pudding pops
between head-butting bass drums
to the rhythm of typical hiccups,
while the rest of 'em fell in line
with the melody to "Only Happy
When It Rains," changing
from the unrecognizable shape of
an appendix into a tonsil,
or so it seemed to the untrained
eyes and ears. None of this happened.
This poem is just a figment
of the way I imagine you
wish someone would finally write
about music's temporary nature.

I could be wrong, but I bet
you'd dig listening and watching
this dreamed up thing of mine
come true. I could be wrong,
but if you got this far, I'm not.