

## Monument

american shun of sight    where rush hour spawned:    the yellow ‘m’  
and brown sugar spit    reeks of oil shame and    dry sand this  
small world of    universality and lonesome    (trite in our becoming)  
and finally the metal    peasant boy    on four rubber wheels

carrying us    to crying chants    holding our wavering rears  
to sleeplessness, lust, yells;    food. drink. bed. strain.    (to desert and to coast)  
unmovable entity    tiresome and filled    on the daily  
and so successful still    our only latch of assembled prosperity:    “that poor peasant boy

drove us to sand    and chancy iron figures    for tearing down  
and driving toward spit too”    sweet western matrimony    tasting as it does  
of steel and steal    of push and pull    of heard and listen  
standing short in sickness    taller in health    looking out the window.

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