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## Drive and why I skipped night class: an observation

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## Drive

Jeremy Burke

The rain falls  
as a heavy curtain.  
I study the Black Mountain  
poets at my desk  
until hunger climbs my throat  
and I escape  
into the darkness, the television.  
I click through the infinite  
litany of actors, movies,  
tv shows—I drop the remote,  
pick up *GQ*. John Malkovich  
advises me to get more done  
without being productive. Sounds promising.  
Malkovich writes about being  
wary of praise and quitting-  
for-now. He lacks ambition,  
but has drive. I lack ambition, but drive  
wherever the way goes. Driving  
will give me drive. Someday,  
I'll find my little place, but I don't  
want alfalfa  
or rabbits. The rain  
keeps curtaining down.

## why I skipped night class: an observation

Jeremy Burke

He gazes, searching,  
eyes cast out to sea. Waves race  
from the horizon, disappear  
into the green. Overhead  
airplane speck traces no line,  
pulls slowly across the blue  
nowhere.

Why not open  
that thick book, *Blacks*,  
resting in his lap?  
He tucks his pencil behind his ear,  
white hands new to the sun—  
no carpenter. He grays  
at the temple.

Is he lost  
in memory? Dream?  
Shadows. He stares.  
Coffee cup has no steam.  
Pages never turn. Purple sky burns.  
Gold inferno. Locusts. Distant  
traffic roars dull. Waves  
keep crashing.