Drive and why I skipped night class: an observation

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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.