

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

Mike Amado

Child-Like Eye

As you grow older
life energy solidifies like
iridescent kids' clay left open to the air
solid, a clay-like corpse.
You become tired,
. . . comfortable....saying :What can we do?"
As the poet grows, that same energy
becomes Zen, elastic like
breath stretching air.
Being at-peace, unattached.
But me, I'm still shooting-sparks
in the dark, a disentangled ball of burning yarn,
La Resistance til the end, a maverick mutineer.
Saying, "There's always something you can do!"
Learn to play drums on fruitcake tins,
Use pencils for sticks, that temporary snare
never made it to New Years . . .
Courier and Ives' ideal winter home
trashed to the sound of a Black Flag beat.
My dad was a rebel
in a plaid-jacket lounge band.
Three kids, twice-divorced,
I'm the one he tutored without being there.
My father hit the bottle and the bottle hit back
and I battle with his genes from a distance.
He up and ran, kept on running for ten years
til the Leukemia ran faster,
beat his time and caught him, Gotcha!
His emaciated face, gone to sleep.
"Well, what can you do?"
There's always something I can do . . .
Got to keep my child-like eye.