

Silver White Black

I'm running Jacko for mayor
this year and every year after
and I want you to know why.

On a barstool one night
Jacko said:
"The problem with the world today
is there ain't no color in nothing.
In the 70's,
we knew about color."

As he's a plumber of thirty years,
I ask politely
"What the fuck do you know
about color?
The closest you get to color
is the Cascade box under Mrs. McGrudy's
clogged sink."
He gives me that look,
the withering sideways
one that often precedes
a punch in the mouth.
A three time recipient,
I know what he's got

and he knows what I take
though neither of us knows
why I ask.

He gets off his stool
and walks toward the window.
"C'mere," he says.

Standing a half step behind,
I watch his fat wrinkled finger
point at passing traffic.

"See? Everything's a shade of gray.
The cars. Silver, white black.
White, white, black,
white black black silver silver silver
white silver silver black."

When a blue car passes I actually notice
and Jacko's thought follows me around;
I see only three cars of color
on the ride home
and two are from the '70's.

"It's nine-eleven,"
he says the next day
when I confirm my three car sighting
as proof I don't know shit.
"Since those guys rammed planes into
buildings, people all want to be
anonymous. Laying low
ain't no way to be free."
He shakes his head
and tilts his beer.
Jacko said:

"fuck 'em."

This November,
I'm running Jacko for mayor.
You see, last week
he painted his plumbing van
a sort of lime green
the likes of which hasn't been seen
since the last episode of "CHiPs,"
and quite frankly
the world needs more men
with that kind of memory.

Matt McGee

Matt McGee is the editor & publisher of Falling Star Magazine, a bi-annual collection of poetry & short fiction from writers around the globe. Falling Star has appeared at the L.A. Times Festival of Books three successive years and in numerous art & writing festivals around California. Matt is also the author of the 1998 short fiction collection *Diversions*, the 2007 children's book *Heinrick*, and the current poetry collection *We Liked You Better When You Was a Whore*.

