

Millennial Portrait: An Imitation of a Proletarian

A slim young rumpled man
in khakis

His hair greased back sitting
on a couch

One bare arm bending
the elbow

His shirt in his hand. Tugging
it tightly

He pulls on the cotton collar
to find the tag

That has been bothering him

The Last Run

Brother crashed Apollo's chariot
in the ditch beside our house.
He cut the golden harness—
left the horses in the field
across the street. Fire spread
whenever hooves touched the ground.
Neighbors rushed with buckets and hoses.

Apollo found out.

Brother lugged the sun across the eastern sky.
Daylight pinched between his legs.
Clouds gathered beneath his swollen feet,
the quake of muscles tensing
stirred the darkened air. Veins pulsed white-light flashes,
briefly. The heat of struggle settled in—
leathered skin dropped beads of sweat.
He climbed, climbed.