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# POETRY OF BOB BOSTON

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## **My First and Last Poem for Christ**

The Christians arrived today, just as they  
always do every Saturday night  
to feed

the homeless.

I'd truly forgotten what it's like  
to eat a holiday meal.

It was a Memorial Day weekend  
inside cook-out.

Hot dogs with baked beans,  
collared greens,  
and mashed potatoes with plenty

of beef gravy.

The Christians are like  
clock-work.

They make certain everyone's dish is  
piled high  
and that every man gets  
seconds and sometimes

thirds.

The Christians never ask  
for anything in return  
except for a thank you  
and a hearty handshake  
as hearty as -

the dinner.

I know they secretly wish they  
could save some  
of us along the way,

as any practicing Christian might  
be inclined

to do.

They're all hoping we'll eventually  
see the light,  
and come -

to Jesus.

And although none of  
the men,  
including me  
may ever accept Jesus Christ as  
a personal Lord and Savior  
what with all the beans they  
fed us,  
a good amount of us may  
very well see plenty of  
lights flashing on and off late  
tonight  
while shouting Christ's  
name -

out loud.

## **As the Bridge Turns**

There are those  
days  
when the bus ride into  
town seems

rather lengthy.

It's always a  
longer excursion  
when the bridge  
turns sideways,  
to make room for boats  
and ships passing  
through,  
and you're  
surrounded by

screaming kids.

I suppose they  
get impatient,  
too -  
but I also suspect my  
list of things to do  
is a bit more  
urgent and  
complex

than theirs.

Of course,

there are also  
those days  
when the bridge remains  
twisted longer than  
usual,  
allotting enough time  
and space  
for multiple passing

vessels.

By the time it finally  
does close and  
I've taken a  
few extra deep  
breaths,  
the kids have usually  
ceased,  
seemingly that -

much older.

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**Bob Boston** is a poet living and composing on the East Coast. His work has appeared in *Silenced Press*, *The Sundown Lounge*, and *The Nubian Chronicles*. Bob quit high school in 1985, received his GED in 1995, and went on to achieve his Masters. Some people just get off to a bumpy, uncertain start.