



Three Poems

by Kenneth Pobo

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1963, Villa Park, Illinois

We're watching *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. Rob trips over the ottoman. Laura and Milly discuss events on Bonny Meadow Road. Afterwards,

my parents walk uptown and I play whiffle ball with the neighbor boys, porchlights on. April Stevens and Nino Tempo sing "Deep Purple" on WLS--I think that's the neatest song I've ever heard. My parents return and ask have I finished my homework. I say I have. They know I'm lying but, as Andy Taylor said on *The Andy Griffith Show*, "Daylight is precious when you're a young one." Two months later,

the president is murdered. We're dismissed. We walk home or get picked up. I catch a cold. While dad takes mom to church, I sniffle alone on the couch, see Ruby kill Oswald--the face contorts, the body drops. When I hear dad drive in, I tell him what I saw.

4 days of a death and funeral. Then school and Lucy trying to outfox Mr. Mooney. Dad back at work. Mom avoiding the Fuller Brush man. Christmas shopping.

Days of 1967

7th graders slap
flower decals on notebooks.
When I walk down a hall,

they go after me: crewcutted,
don't I know The Beatles
wear it long? Why aren't I with it?

A stupid faggot, that's why—
they slam me into lockers,
follow me. I'm too ashamed

to tell my parents. Maybe
I'm a door seen in the distance.
I come home, see clothes

flapping on our line, ride
my bike uptown. Already

it's getting dark.

Can Do

At the flea market
I search through 50
cent albums
find Bill Anderson's
I Can Do Nothing Alone
on the cover Bill
looks up piously
as if making
every effort not to think
about sex
or his next song
about cheating lovers
who can do nothing
apart

Kenneth Pobo had a chapbook published in 2013 by Eastern Point Press called *Placemats*. The editors of *Broadkill Review* nominated one of his poems this year for a Pushcart. He teaches creative writing and English at Widener University in Pennsylvania.

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