

[Home](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)

# POETRY OF PATRICK FRANK

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## **Back to the South**

She is busy on the night shift again

I should not fantasize  
but I have gained some release

We are no longer dumping anger  
on each other

Still, we are apart  
I am asleep  
when she comes home

Sometimes  
I want to leave this rat race  
take her back down South  
drive until we run out of money for gas  
beneath the blazing stars

## **Dark Wind**

Only sound in dark before dawn wild wind and spring  
rain no metallic drone from the interstate I feel at  
peace, and can deeply reflect

It has followed me all the way from New Mexico...the  
rise and fall, endless transformation, of dark wind

## **A Ride for the Kid**

A kid bums a ride to the Shell Station He stows his

bike in the back of my van The kid is homeless, lives  
in a shelter We are not supposed to pick up clients  
But I don't care if I am in trouble

After almost coming to blows, we played basketball.  
Now we are friends

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**Patrick Frank's** work has appeared in a variety of journals, including *Alba*, *Ashe Poetry Journal*, *Coffee Press Journal*, *Spokes*, *Studio 1*, and *Work Riot*. He has worked as a counselor and advocate for the poor in New England, the South, and on the Zuni Indian reservation in New Mexico.