

Bruce Springsteen

by Christopher Bowen

Tempered in lightning and thunderstorms, when I was young those storms fascinated me and how to prove my smarts from time to time.

One, one-thousand, two. We only have so much time.

Sitting with my feet in the sand on the beach with ghost crabs everywhere at night, the storm rolled away across the Atlantic passing lightning bolts into an ocean's envelope of massive night.

It was slick, black oil and the dark from here on out.

I walked away from the bonfire at the Louisiana beach in the gulf to watch helicopters fly out to the oil rigs at night. Their blinking lights reminding me how to contain myself, if only because I have so much time to contain myself.

Two, one-thousand, three. We are oil, all energy and cataclysm.

I drove for the Keys through night and day with coffee like oil to find this. Boston was eight in what should have been ten then. Trucks everywhere on the highway curving like hips. They go distances, the one in the back comes up passing the front. This repeats. A church choir hums through rubber tires from the people that built these roads. I see how roads built people, overpasses past mountain tunnels and mufflers gone bad, but there's no muffling this. It is motored. We are like Armstrong to the moon and stars, only if it's slick, black oil from here on out as beams of headlights at the end of a valley come toward.

We have so little time.

