

# Youngstown

*by* Jasmine Neosh

Last night I met a man from the same little  
shithole town  
that you are from  
and I kissed him in the mouth  
to find out if he tasted like coal  
like you do.

While he slept, I tried to pinpoint  
on a map I drew on his back  
exactly how far apart you might have been:  
how many years spent at this hopeless high school,  
the likelihood that your bodies touched  
accidentally  
at some god awful club  
in the late eighties,  
or whether or not as a general phenomenon,  
people can really be said  
to have something in common  
just because Bruce Springsteen says they do

and in case you were wondering,  
the answer is yes, yes  
yes.

All you goddamn rust belt boys.  
You taste like a strip mine to me.

