

Chest Bump Bass Detroit

by Shawn Misener

Funky heartbeats hit hard in
chest bump bass Detroit
each crack webbed over Woodward Avenue
treble to the trembling ratty Caddies

soul black as night
dark as the house drummer at Baker's

backbeat thick as bulletproof glass
a hole to put the cash through
a hole to order your Big Mac through
a hole in the road to pocket the rhythm through

they fucking didn't pickup the trash *again*
come to think of it
there's no fucking garbagemen at all

six blocks of boarded windows
and one house where a stony old lady
waters her flowers with Billie Holiday
blasting from the spicy insides of her flesh

son a superfly
alligator shoe clad
networking man
working a beeper and flip phone
twisting blueberry spliffs
on ma's porch

white dude in a Saturn
cruising anxious
windows up doors locked

sauntering driving circles
scared to ask directions

postapocalyptic blues
a heavy-handed snap and pop
from Bootsy's starchild bass

retro ruins pleading
reverse the crumbling
this city has life dormant
trapped below like Cthulu
waiting to skewer the world with soul

