

# 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

