

---

June 2014

## Mustek Station

Rose Swartz  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

Swartz, Rose (2014) "Mustek Station," *The Laureate*: Vol. 4 , Article 6.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol4/iss1/6>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

---

## MUSTEK STATION

Rose Swartz

This fire-colored hair was closer to my scalp,  
tingling I'm sure,  
when you would pull and say "grow."  
Now I pull and it snaps  
my fingers all wrong,  
brittle from cigarette winter. But yours,  
ones you would curl to your mouth  
kiss into air, the shape of O.K., fingers  
in apple juice, fried plantains,  
hip-hop. After performing I would  
clamor down the bar  
stage to your O.K.  
air kiss voice saying "bellissimo, beautiful."  
Beautiful cafe with flowered linoleum  
playing The Beatles just for you:  
on the Czech oldies station, the only language I understand  
instructs me to: write you a letter/ say that I can't/  
live without you no more/. My feet tap tile  
in the subway wriggle and the escalator beat-boxes  
for noone but me. Here "city" and "feelings" are the same  
word, the blue-on-old-yellow graffitti  
tells me "be hard" and it is. Tough  
when noone is wearing your easily tanned face. My hair  
and stomach burn with gin and jetlag and if I free-style  
to the escalator beat I'll call it The Missing Zipcode  
Blues of mysterious Yamhill St. with  
Oregon, Oregon and my feet scraping  
this soft cafe floor. There is barely enough air down here  
for blues so I put my hair up in the Metro,  
besides, even if I started singing noone would understand me.