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## Underground

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# UNDERGROUND

*by Kenneth Jakubas*

An empty tank  
means you've forgotten  
how to interact with the enemy: the neighbor  
who you meet on the same side as the gas pump  
and since he is foreign to me,  
I feel as if I am sucking in the oil that is his,  
so I stare off by myself,  
not knowing what he really  
just said during our final transaction.

Underground is where I reside, where a caption  
of time is kept on the frame of a landscape painting.  
It seems most logical, right here:

In my first-floor apartment, they said  
it would stay cool  
because the building was built inside  
the land.

Being social doesn't mean the same  
thing anymore. I change myself, and sit here,  
content with the warm glow  
of a candle  
and this thing called literature  
dripping from my tongue.



I am reading about a man  
who has no name, and no  
body to confide in. He retired  
early to his underground,  
and was seen insane by  
every undergrad in ENG. 1350

And in my eggshell state, I rationalized  
with him. I stood beside his notes  
all night, used them as company,  
and if a dream were ever to come true  
I want this one.

All the while, my urgent neighbor  
above me talks endlessly  
at midnight,

on his little device called  
communication.