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the stamen is taboo?

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the stamen is taboo?

It's the usual trip
to the Lakewood district
East Side; Can't hide the industrialized
Down Lake onto Lamont, last house on the left

Two stories of wood, it contained one, Robert Arthur Bailey.

Walk in (they know me well)
"Bob here?"
"Upstairs."
Out of kitchen, up the steps
keep to the right, all the way back.

Boom-Boom-Boom of a bass kicks.
Bob looks up, on the floor he sits.
"Sup?" he says, turning music down.
"Nothing much." I look at him, then around.
"Hey, I got something for you," he says.

Bob begins, "I was at this Pool hall yesterday,
the table stole my quarter to my dismay."
He looked sad like a boy whose fish died.
His face suddenly changed, though,
changed into a big sick diabolical glow.

After a search of the room
he appeared with an object in hand.
It was spherical in shape,
black as Bush's heart,
on either side was an eight.

(cont'd., new stanza)

"So I took an important part,
I grabbed this before I left."
He looked happy about his theft
"It just jumped into my hand."
He threw it toward me.
I grabbed it in the air.
I juggled it for awhile.
Rolled it, threw it, then just held it.

An hour later I began to leave--
ball in hand, memory embedded
Stuck lock-jaw hard.

by Sean Jones