



# *Dispatches From* **Lansing**

Written by Tim Lane

No.01.2

## Poem Begun in April

*For Sheila*

Damn, how I miss glass bottles, & eight-packs of Coke! When the sky's gray, your eyes are gray . . . but when your eyes are green, the sky's green, like that little chewy patty in a pack of Chuckles or an unripe banana peel, & I'm comforted by my need for you, this spring more like Minimalism or Conceptualism than Neo-Pluralism. Was it asinine to look for work when you begged me to write, collecting the clinging lint of my forefathers' balled up pride like so many cotton handkerchiefs, the kind nobody carries anymore? Maybe there's the last-ditch possibility of a poem in all of this stone-washed pollen, that yellow truck, this Baby Ruth! O, winter, I thought you were good for me because you are inconvenient, as trees are beautiful in May for missing them, in October for letting them go. But inconvenience doesn't boost character, unless one enjoys feeling pissy all the time, just as sadness only scrapes out a place for stashing the ache. I stare through the window at the distressed buds in an attempt to avoid clichés & I'm no longer yakking about art like I was in December, or maybe I am, & I have neither the ability to acquiesce nor the good sense to accept the things this crappy spring won't change.