

# 'merica

by Andrew DeHaan

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in the pre-dawn when I imagine Michelle breaking  
into Moon River, out in the country where the mist sits soft

and cool, where she stretches her voice and climbs in her beat Buick  
—warm three-week-old banana under the passenger seat—

and vrooms off to work, I fall onto the city's rubber airbed,  
and my head is an anvil from a night of shoeing up the laughter

with Mitch and Mike, a night of crawling through  
pipes, skipping in grit, scaling the dew-damp machinery

that lines Fuller Ave.—just south of Wealthy  
—this summer, and when my senses go dull

I am asleep with Ira Glass in my ears: I don't care about America:  
it's just another shiny car on another paved street.