

Acrobats at the Laundromat and Incidents Less Noteworthy

Our neighbor bought a new John Deere
after pushmowing his immaculate lawn once weekly
without fail for 32 years. In celebration of
his own good taste he mowed 3 times
in the first 8 days of ownership.

I once bought a drum set which if I
were in a Shakespearean play I'd claim
to play passingly well except
after any jam session everybody didn't get married
and everybody didn't die. I had to watch
the tuning instructional video then get help
from the bass player and a kid

I admitted this to understood immediately
why I'm an English teacher, not a rock musician.
When you've got a hobby supreme adequacy
is the only way to go otherwise somebody older
who feels washed up will tell you "you should
do something with this!" But doing things
is always less fun than the anticipation
of doing things, so why is my neighbor
constantly scratching his mowing itch
like a compulsive masturbator?

Displacement, I bet – he's satisfying
an urge to grow pot by tending to a sparkling lawn.
That's all right. I read poetry in bars
to satisfy an urge to feel like the rock star
I'm not on the drums, and try not to think
of how rarely the experience measures up
to the anticipation.

Steve Henn