

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 2 | 1993

Propinquity

Robert Perchan

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Robert Perchan

PROPINQUITY

Someone once said that God created the moon to titillate the multitudes in each one of us. When that got old he created miniature golf under the lights. The idea was to keep a pock-marked sphere in front of our eyes. That is, we're destined for Outer Space but we'll never get there in time. There are radios blaring all over the kosmos and the place is lit up like a free-for-all Saturday Night. But nobody can go out because the air doesn't work. We sit around the pad and yak at each other in tv screen Exilese. Then something trips over a tricycle out in the hall. They're out there! They made it! A Superior Race! Miss Kim squats down by the door so I can peer through her slot, which is curved like a time-warp but adjustable by hand. Mimicking twin eternal Dark Ages dying to expire, we wait for her knockers to chime. Then the ear-oil phone rings. We answer. It's Herm down the hall. "Don't open your door. I can see them from here. It's the Zeuses in gas masks and zoot suits, and they brought their damn kids."