



surveillance report on the Captain

Is It Captain Kentucky In The Bracken County Jail Or What?

Brooksville, Oct. 1, 1969, four brothers play basketball
 At a hoop fixed to the white fluted column of the court house.
 The jail is in the jailer's house next door,
 A handsome old white brick house, newly painted,
 With high windows, unlikely for bars. The kids come over
 To see the Captain and to get into the picture,
 Sit on the bench under the window where the Captain himself
 Sat a generation ago talking to two-nose Lucas.
 An oval STP sticker looks at first like the Captain's face
 Pressed to the glass, but it's not: all you can see
 Of him is one hand gripping the bar, like a wedding ring.
 Wendell is in Henry County with his wife and kids,
 High on birds and bees. Gurney is on the coast
 Making tapes of his own moon trips. I'm in my colorful
 Darkroom in Connecticut, with an unlisted number,
 Making freaky pictures. What are we in for?
 For possession, of course, possession of ourselves!
 We're all bald, but our hair's too long. The whole
 Country's gone insane. You reckon it'll be cathartic?
 The jailer's wife, plump, in pedal pushers and sneakers,
 Her hair just done up, leans on the back porch railing
 And watches me suspiciously as I make this picture.



Poems 1 & 2 originally appeared in FIELD literary magazine