

Poetry

Published on Feb 28, 2024

DOI 10.21428/9b43cd98.f8a17cfe

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# Drowned in Nineteen Over Thirty

"and sad to see the way things be while a microbus just sits and rusts"

by *Hugh Findlay*

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Photo by Erika Ortiz: Pexels.com

"Visualize World Peace"

on a rusted VW van  
bumperstuck in 1968  
and memory attacks of Blind Faith  
psychedelving into meditation  
singing I can't find my way home  
its guitar waking a familiar aching  
for how it was gonna be  
all so beautiful  
and everyone in love

And now it's just a stroll  
to the combination deli-gas-station  
to buy a paper  
and comb the classifieds  
a decade older  
and somebody said it'd be wiser man  
but haven't overcome the gloat  
and that ain't the way it feels  
cuz it's awake again  
and sad to see the way things be  
while a microbus just sits and rusts

And I shove back down  
a feeling of shining future dismantled  
of dandelion pot  
purple berry wine  
peacerock and lovesign  
and it's all bumperstuck now  
and drowned

*Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide.*

*Nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry, he is in the third trimester of life and hopes y'all like his stuff. Instagram: @hughmanfindlay*

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