

Joey

He sat detached from reality
Apparently scrutinizing the notebook before him.
A voice from the past startled his hypnotized trance,
His eyes widened, a smile of recognition
Creased his boyish face, undisturbed by
The experiences of a lifetime of failure.
We spoke between his paid notations
He seemed to drift in and out of his childhood dreams
And recall of an era when he was plagued
By the misery that clouded his reality.
His burdens were temporarily lifted as he struggled
To focus on every word which carried him away
To the carefree time when life consisted of
Halfback options, sparring sessions, and midnight raids.
It seemed like yesterday, but the calendar in his eyes
Refused to allow him to turn back the seasons.
He never mentioned the years of dependence
Wandering aimlessly in search of an end to
The intense burning in his heart and soul,
When he sat alone contemplating the padded walls about him and
Wondered if the merry-go-round in his mind
Would ever stop to let him off.
But now he swings, the clicking of the porch swing
Apparently eases the ticking in his mind.
How long will he rest before his next journey through hell?
How much of the dead end kid will survive
To remember the tales of a young boy
A little tougher than the rest
Who struggled to belong and
Finally proved to all of us
That he didn't.

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