

Downlow¹

There was gospel
and shush. The headlights
were eyeballs thankfully

blinking. His radio station
was my mother
picking me up and dropping me.

When someone called, in the middle,
he answered like a man
with an organ

stuck in his throat, a symptom
of globus hystericus, global,
hysterical, *who is that?* I stopped

and thought I ended his life before
noticing the bridge of this

particular song

¹ By Prince Bush, published in *Poetry Northwest*