Cadillac Moon

By Kevin Young

Crashing
    again—Basquiat
    sends fenders

& letters headlong
    into each other
    the future. Fusion.

AAAAAAAAAAAA.

Big Bang. The Big
    Apple, Atom’s
    behind him—

no sirens
    in sight. His career
    of careening

since—at six—
    playing stickball
    a car stole

his spleen. Blind
    sided. Move
    along folks—nothing

to see here. Driven,
    does two Caddys
    colliding, biting

the dust he’s begun
    to snort. Hit
    & run. Red

Cross—the pill-pale
    ambulance, inside
    out, he hitched

to the hospital.
    Joy ride. Hot
    wired. O the rush

before the wreck—

each Cadillac,
    a Titanic,
    an iceberg that’s met

its match—cabin
    flooded
    like an engine,
drawing even
dark Shine
from below deck.

FLATS FIX. Chop

shop. Body work
while-u-wait. In situ
the spleen

or lien, anterior view—
removed. Given
Gray's Anatomy

by his mother for recovery—

151. Reflexion of spleen
turned forwards
& to the right, like

pages of a book—
Basquiat pulled
into orbit

with tide, the moon
gold as a tooth,
a hubcap gleaming,

gleaned—Shine
swimming for land,
somewhere solid

to spin his own obit.

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