Cadillac Moon

By Kevin Young

Crashing again—Basquiat sends fenders & letters headlong into each other the future. Fusion.

AAAAAAAAAAA.

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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