

We Have Got to Get Out of L.A.

Suzanne Lummis

Nights, the expanse of lit streets and lights
of mini-marts sends out an avid, sex-tinged and
discontented glow for planes to drift through.

Days, the men no one would marry stand
too close behind us, in lines dangling
through Food-4-Less, Rite Aid Drugs.

Friends, we have got to get out of L.A.
Downstairs a couple yelp their seedy
bare-boned love, and then fight.

Upstairs a woman rehearses, once again,
the awful song no one will buy.
Its unlucky-with-men news wobbles

out over The Donut Inn's clientele—
guys dressed down and broke till Friday,
unlucky with women.

We have got to get out of L.A.
It's built on sand with stolen water.
A burning thirst got under our skin.

And these hints of oasis, the bowings
of tall wand-like palms over
the avenues, stir up far-fetched desire.