Kurt Lindemann

Locations

Bristle faced tattoo on his left forearm:
a skeleton wielding automatic rifle & swastika arm band
pumps leads into the sky or his shoulder,
an extra shot of adrenaline as he clenches a gas pump
at a station just south of Flint, not far from Howell—
its houses white with red trim, grey cyclone fences around
green backyards, clothes-sheeted lines of eyes watching for strangers,
hanging from this town to the next and down to
Ann Arbor, where six were arrested for
attacking KKK members at a rally,
where an African-American woman protected a man
who had fallen, still in his hood, from the town's
wild teeth, flailing arms and open jaws crowding
the picture on the front page of the local paper,
their jaws filled with what one can only imagine: the words
"bitch" "black" "nigger" "trash" "shit"
invisible in the black and white air yet heavy like
a dictionary hurled at the head, its sharp-cornered words
taken from their sheath, breath
plugged into bodies and electric but ripped and frayed,
live wire spasms on the ground.