

American Men

MATT ZAMBITTO

can carry the yoke
of a tune
from PA to CA and back,
rarely chanting
from their diaphragms, but rather
from their backs,
and can stand firm
in furrows, on 63rd Avenues,
and deep under streets
replacing broken mains,
their arms raised
like towers, mouths belting out –
to Jesus or mothers,
Senators or anyone
in earshot –
paeans to *Wait-*
one-damn-minute
punk numbers about
work and witnesses, about
states and song,
until the hardy bulls come home.