

coming of age

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Pole to pole, fresh energy fries
as electric grid trips across the kilo-miles
dishing power to the people
in a succession of microscopic flint strikes,
shocked atoms spraying the stars
as they burn.

We barrel down the backroads
of the backwoods
of nowhere, northern ontario,
leave the future behind in a wake of sparks
for balding and thinning towns littered
with gasping 60s bungalows
those short-sighted minimalist trims and
miniature windows pinched tight,
smoked curtains closed
to keep progress at bay.

We plug into desolate
teenaged souls bored dim
in subterranean rec rooms.
Cultivating grownup hips
+ thoughts, long limbs fumble
against the chesterfield's tweed,
generate static in high-fidelity cling.

The kids can't conserve these urges,
can't resist this essential service
they provide to each other—
+ the community-at-large—
like a local utility mainlining hope
against the blackouts

rolling in rolling in

on one more infinite
night.