

Scatter

by Robin Jeffery

Thin students scatter and a girl's scattered mind
drooling in bed spills tea on
the mattress
It soaks
as the officer soaks it all in,
the smell of sheets
and dirty carpet and dirty talk.
The police stride into the kitchen and open the fridge as
the moon rises behind the
barred window;
jam into place as they block
the door with their bodies
hard like the cheese
with humor as dry as the bone in the dog's bowl
and bared fangs that glint in
the dark light liquid of GHB,
of weed,
of pills
and intellectual nonviolence that pushes anger down
on the student's rumbling bellies
and dancing fine minds
and feet.
They chat and laugh- turn the music down
as behind their backs
the camera shoots it all across the Net -
how they're
caught in the net.
It's as live
as the yogurt spilt on the floor that the cops stand in -
up to their ears.
Paperwork posies and poses and posses
and possums outside peer in from the trees
and gawk eating apples fresher
than the clothes on the
bodies of the artists, the poets and
musicians who hum
and draw on their arms and faces
and pick at their nails as
the police pick at them
and pick them up and walk them out with
the stash and the trash and the city and
the squalor of the life

and the eyes
of impoverished
students.

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