

## Comatose Teens

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Comatose teens in groups of 3  
hover with their heads hung low.  
A red sun filtered dim  
thru mists that taste like morning trash  
calls attention to a pepper rash  
on speckled heads of groups of 3  
drifting eagerly by city hall.

Bicyclists with long rods of fire  
pass quickly to destinations we can't know.  
While the comatose, with heavy lids, & beetle eyes,  
rise up from escalators underground.  
Their vacant eyes draw out dreams  
thru 2<sup>nd</sup> story windows into summer skies.

Dread obelisks with inner workings  
make-believe their secret means thru translucent stone,  
while comatose teens drag rocks & rags  
and rocket fuel along well-weathered paths,  
and groups of 3 pass thru the trees  
to rocket pads, where ion air makes buzzing sounds  
and engines roar their sorrowed cries.