

# To Frank Encased in the Steel City

by  
Lee R. Roper  
English 4

*Reeling drunk in your blistering room  
Staggering on the hot afternoon  
of your release  
Within a cell without the bars  
Forbidden to drive those daring cars  
of deadly pursuit  
'Cause they know you're a man  
Who would surely shoot  
them down low  
under the star*

*Sprawling in the tattered lounge  
Looking for love but none to be found  
in this boardinghouse  
of rotten timber dying in the sun  
Instead you head straight downtown  
to ease the swell of stiff'ning member  
nothing much around  
this time, a fight would keep you limber  
but a woman keeps you young*

*Your parents from Tennessee, they trained you  
take the lead and strike back harder  
at every opportunity  
in nameless alleys of alcohol honor  
proving your masculinity  
to smooth slick cats watching over  
eternal hustle, which passes as  
a very happening scene*

*There in the poolroom turned arena  
 Neighborhood boys of tough demeanor  
 Discovered your blunt  
 relentless power  
 Driving the engine of desire  
 Wild into the city street  
 Shine parole for one raw hour  
 of savage pride; your fallen foe  
 Never again regained his feet*

*So now they've locked you in their tower  
 of screaming rigid rubber cells  
 designed to still the raging beast  
 Slaving on the path to hell  
 paved with electricity,  
 Oh people can't you see  
 This madness mirrors society  
 Striving to cure the deviant parts*

*Departures from the norm,  
 Examined and measured  
 Resurrected  
 Each cool Sunday morn  
 we sit through still another version  
 living American television  
 grazing upon the Gallup farm  
 all snuggily and warm,  
 keep to the middle  
 it ain't too far  
 by God you're almost home.*