

## **The Bridge 2009 – *Honorable Mention***

**Gerard Sarnat** - Redondo Beach, CA

A Sequence

1. Original People – Monday

First in line, once pro QB, traded in his rifle for a gun,  
now proud bizarro ex-con Gerardo teases Woody Allenish me,  
"Hey, Doc Gerard, my brothas don't buy we'z blood!"

An anonymous thug just in from nowhere bullshits  
a med school friend from 'Frisco, name he can't remember,  
wrote him for Vicodan, somehow got lost - and demands ten.

"Sorry, it's my rule not to do pain scripts.

Seems the homeless clinic works better  
for most everybody in the long run that way."

"Screw you, dude, I was told here was different,  
but you're a schmuck like the rest.

Better watch out or get hurt. "

Covering my back, my big black sib puts an end to that,  
letting the outsider know it was time to move on  
- quick.

Scribbling Allegra for hay fever,  
I caution flaming-red Maria Diana  
this ain't the place to transact charnel house business.

Then my good bud Ben,  
boom box balanced on handlebars,  
bikes over his latest paranoia.

"Ger, I've looked into it a lot,  
documented online you've been lying all along  
'bout our both attending O'Keefe School back in Chicago.

Why fuck my head with your crap?  
I'm gonna sic Legal Aid on your butt  
if you refuse to cease and desist."

A favorite Mona Lisa sashays in,  
mustache clipped, cig hanging.

"Them shemale hormones sure work great!

Doc, ain't it time you start ooching  
them churches to raise the cash  
to get my ass onto the tits and vagina schedule?"

A charming diabetic OCDer, Elaine fingers Braille  
while sipping a Styrofoam cup of tea and sugar -  
no NutraSweet 'til day after tomorrow - with the other.

## 2.Original People – Wednesday

Queued up early, a familiar amiable young tranny looks like  
some aboriginal samurai, mud packed above straggly beard,  
black hair pulled in a bun, tight flowered skirt.  
Psychotic to the core, maybe crystal method,  
Alex experiments with silver lids, left rainbow mitten  
and sneaker, right foot bare.  
S/he boogies over to a new oldies-but-goodies shuffle.  
First up, Leslie Gore's "It's My Party I'll Cry If I Want To."  
(Bobby Darin's "Dream Lover" still makes my knees quiver.)  
My seventy year-old secret love Louise  
swishes by elegantly, red and blue lilies  
in her feathered conked salt and pepper hair.  
Reminding me of Billie Holiday, the cocoa butter beauty,  
demure in tight jeans and pink plastic sandal wear,  
doesn't know I exist.  
Lofty rail thin horn-rimmed El Greco  
- so manic he levitates -  
asks if you get meningitis as a logistics clerk at Mervyns.  
Adrienne puts out a container  
of freshly picked peaches, plums, and melons  
plus a tray of day-old tuna fish salad sandwiches.  
The crowd rushes by, knocking Billie to the ground,  
while Sid pleads as he does every week for a prescription  
for the three little blue pills he can afford.  
The wily public health nurse offers him her own treats,  
slipping him handfuls of purple and yellow packs  
of Grape and Banana Flavored Lubricated Condoms ®.  
Kiki saves the Studded Rough Riders® for the horny teens,  
hoping the pleasure  
might seduce 'em into wearing raincoats.  
Eavesdropping, Slim Shady's immaculate dentures babble,  
"I want in," to no one; swigging from a brown bag,  
he'll sip any sauce he can connive - even antifreeze.  
Big Bill, swollen legs wrapped in stinking bandages,  
races by best he can to grab musty muffins before we close.  
Triumphant, he winks, slumps back into his cardboard box.

### 3. Original People -- Friday

An unknown unnamed pseudocop,  
wearing a sloppily sewn "Veritas" patch on his non-uniform,  
whispers to clever Lovely Rita Meter Maid,  
"I'll bust everyone here. They'll post bail with you,  
we'll hit the track Saturday morning, place our bets,  
split town with the winnings before anyone figures."  
Fancy duds and do, slurping Ramen, a Dole® sticker  
middle of his forehead, Phil the Trust Fund Kid  
is a failing Lenny Bruce on the addictive skids.  
Demons eating his head, he cuts bleak riff after riff  
into the broken umbrella handle he holds like a mic  
in a sleazy Vegas lizard lounge act.  
Pretends to talk on the phone,  
"Morn, you're so loyal getting me out of jail in your PJ's;  
I'll sign those papers Dad wants ... "  
She's a Stanford surgeon, he a widely-published author:  
every once in a while, the missus pleads with me to have  
a transceiver locator device implanted subcutaneously.  
Our parking lot Saint Lucille, Native American,  
fetal-alcohol baby, abandoned as a kid, pisses herself,  
stutters, "W-w-ill you h-h-elp me find my m-m-medicines?"  
As Dougy leaches her purse,  
she hands me a dirt-caked blue plastic pill container  
and a soaked note on Barbie Doll pink stationery.  
"Love never fails. First Corinthians 13:8"  
is printed below fifth grade handlettering,  
"Dr. Samet, Ms. Becerra considers you and we her only family.  
She must be kareful with her salt and fried foods intakes.  
If there is any concern, please call me at 408-662-3762.  
Thank u, praise the Lord Kenny and Vera."  
Getting back to the week's last work, Zeke sidles over,  
in Chinos and blue Oxford shirt from Cisco manager days  
before the tech bubble layoff and a run of bad luck.  
Now camping in his car, still bewildered, he begs,  
"Say Doc, would you buy that boar's head I shot on Catalina,  
mount him in your house, I'll give you a real good price?"  
A Silicon Valley Super Morn -- sleekly Gortexed wheeling  
a stroller, iPodded, Crackberried, jogs by, notices nothing.