



5-1-2017

## Intergalactic Hitch

Tom Pescatore

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### Recommended Citation

Pescatore, Tom (2017) "Intergalactic Hitch," *Westview*: Vol. 33 : Iss. 1 , Article 38.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol33/iss1/38>

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# Intergalactic Hitch

by Tom Pescatore

hollow skeleton hobo  
poets hang on branches  
in the sun, weightless  
like bird's wings  
flapping old toothless  
jaws, readin' with  
archaic sounds,  
swinging torn shoes,  
biting tin collars,

up on the wire  
handkerchief to break  
impending fall, over  
all beady heads  
singing songs,

tweed jackets like  
lightning spark up  
a breeze, a fantasy  
shower, there's not much  
left in this dimension gate  
they gotta be going,  
no one listening, no one  
believing,

there, out there,  
beyond that golden orb  
is another gal-  
axy far gone

ears and eyes  
to turn on

flowers to give  
gardens to sow.