

# Geoffrey Young

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## QUIEN SABES?

At seventy-seven I feel  
as if I'm edging toward the moon  
on a hawk's salary,  
riding the self's quotidian

boxcar over shaky bridges,  
snaking through the dumb  
and empty west,  
thirsting for a home

long gone already,  
my pitchfork poking holes  
in Ravel's noodles, this  
idiosyncratic "me," my fate

on notice, my Zoot suit more army  
issue than bop drape.