

# *The Album That Changed My Life*

Jeffery Conway

## **JEFFERY CONWAY**

I'm sorry, I just  
blacked-out, misspelled  
that word, grossed  
you out with my mouth

full of food, bored  
the room full of "friends"  
to tears with my vocal renditions  
of the difference between

punk and New Wave.  
I heart the autumn,  
but summer rules!  
"Love ya! See ya next year!"

Me: Best All Around  
in my fake silk shirt  
with wankin' collar points,  
my feathered hair,

the vacuous stare.  
Me of the flared pants  
who cared what people thought.  
Me of the *Chi Chi* set.

It's all a faded novel—  
my past. A tiny street  
where no cars pass,  
not even my brother's

bitchin' pick-up truck  
with the silver license plate frame  
that reads *Gas, Grass, or Ass*—  
*No one rides for free.*

I've said too much.  
Sometimes I'm so happy  
I could scream: then  
I fall to the floor in tears.

"Sometimes I love being poor"  
a friend writes that I said that,  
but what about leaves?  
Brilliant dying sails

this time of year.  
I won't admit to picking  
out those hideous blue  
curtains with sailing ships,

maps and compasses  
(I was young), and besides,  
there is no fall where  
I'm from, only sun—

light so alarming & constant  
(like a wind-up clock)—even  
the nights were bright.  
The stars fifty miles away

made a life devoid of all glamour  
semi-bearable, in jr. high,  
in the '80s, in the dark corners  
of my slowly blackening mind.

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