

What your neighbor will never say

by [Tim Bascom](#) in the [October 25, 2016](#) issue

I'm a wasp. You know, the off-white anglo  
quite-saxon kind, who's protestant too, what's worse  
a male. I talk in rhymes.  
Take your darts and throw. I'm  
perfect at this target thing,  
so large and slow.

Look close. My teeth are false. I drive a Ford.  
At church, I sing "Just as I Am" and think  
it could be true. Success  
for me comes with HD  
TV, which I keep tuned to celebrities,

but sometimes—at night when no one sees—I diagram  
my secret fears like shadowed branches on  
a wall, and I recall  
a scrap of poetry  
about some huge, huge hill  
where truth stands.

Asleep, I climb with broken feet and empty hands.