

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.