

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Rich Boucher: Two Poems

Rich Boucher · Thursday, April 2nd, 2015

Rich Boucher resides in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has published four chapbooks of poetry and once hosted a poetry slam series in Newark, Delaware. Since moving to Albuquerque in 2008, Rich has performed all over the Duke City, served two terms as a member of the Albuquerque Poet Laureate Program's Selection Committee, and is currently a member of the 2014 Albuquerque City Slam Team. His poems have appeared in *The Nervous Breakdown*, *Apeiron Review*, *The Broadkill Review*, *Menacing Hedge*, *UFO Gigolo* and *The Legendary*, among others, and he has work forthcoming in the Write Bloody Publishing anthology *MultiVerse*, due out in the fall of 2014.

Nighthawk Blues

There's an all-night diner on the corner of Green and Washington forever, a few blocks down, always, from the Diamond Tavern and I'm almost there. I couldn't sleep; I still can't sleep; I might never sleep again. I walk, exhausted, from my apartment in the Lexington district all the way down here. I get a few blocks from the place and I stop at the park near Preston Gardens and I look up. The sky is still there, but it looks like it just got there a few minutes ago. Some of the stars in the sky are just waking up, and some of the stars in the sky are just getting ready to go to sleep. I know I'm not a star in the sky; I keep moving, and the closer I get to the diner the more the streetlights go out, the less light there is and then after a couple blocks' worth of total darkness I see the warm glow from the diner pouring out onto the corner; I look in the windows and see a redheaded woman in a red dress having a cup of coffee at the red counter. She's beautiful but she isn't alone; she's with a man and they're deep inside their own conversation. I get it: this part of town is composed of my insomnia and wanderlust and I push myself through the door. It's ninety-nine cents for a Coke or a coffee here; it's ninety-nine cents for a dream on rye; it's ninety-nine cents to go back in time. I make the redhead's gentleman companion disappear with a wish and take a seat beside her. There's no sound coming from the empty benches on the midnight street outside the windows and I fall, holding on to every year I've ever lived, into the gleaming crimson of her lips; I might never sleep again.

Getting Carded by Dwight D. Eisenhower

It was a Friday, and I'd been home from work for an hour. Things were getting close to seven and the restlessness, the restlessness was starting to fill up my skin like I could hear the pins and

needles in me like bees, so before the Sun could lose its fight with the night stars and disappear, I got in the car and ran down to the Lowes Market on the corner of 11th and Lomas streets for some beer. I liked that that store hung a metal bell over the door so that when you walked in you always chimed. I headed right for the coolers and grabbed a six of Negro Modelo and walked back up the aisle; I placed myself in line behind the guy buying cigarettes and vodka. Something made me look a little closer at the cashier and when I did I couldn't believe what I saw. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the thirty-fourth American president and the first one to ever live in full color was the person working the register. I said *no way* out loud to no one exactly. Look at him. Right there behind the counter. All famous and old and old-famous. I rubbed my eyes to make sure. And then I turned around, put my six-pack on the floor and rubbed the eyes of the guy behind me in line to make *double-sure*. I turned back around and it was my turn. Eisenhower had a black plastic nametag right across him that read *Ike*. He seemed pretty mellow to me, like he didn't even *care* that he used to be President, or that he used to use America to bomb things. He didn't seem like he wanted to bomb anything at all.

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