

WHAT'S A LARK

I ought to remember the beginning;
but at the drive-in they were showing
pictures which didn't make whodunnits
soluble until the denouement and,
then, the cars were already
starting up with the purpose of
a stampeding herd of machines.

A big uncanny, this
great wallow of cars. I am
getting to know nobody outside
my immediate relations. Of
course, I can walk in the city,
Saturdays; but these mornings are,
all of them, like me, without
adventure in them.

A car crash?
It all seems to come down to a
finale of tin and glass trickling
into the gutters, and the same
banshees of police cars and
ambulances (square music).

They want only
to clear the way for the machines
and the crowd is moved on, some
flowing into tributaries
of escalators. I haven't
thought yet, what I am about in
town ...

the big theme is
being played out on the roads by
the ugly all-shaped vehicles
which seem to breed at a drive-in.

"It's a lark, at the drive-in!"
they say, watching a great square kite
that's always been there to the children;
but I recall years before
this preyed on the larks. Now I ask
(I am serious) what is a lark?
Where shall I find a lark?