

## Punks Against the Wall

We lost another generator last week  
During a mid-set raid

We were halfway through a 3X bill,  
Some local boys from the Westside

It didn't really matter, our energy was  
Peaking, a circle pit of flying pebbles

Dust was rising, we had finally gotten  
Outside our own selves when they came

Storming the complex of storm drains  
We just called The Tubes. First time

I ever wore a trash bag over my clothes  
To avoid the spray of so much spilled beer,

A lesson in evasion & detection  
For any teen at home knows,

As a matter of fact, everyone knows  
The Tubes. Marveling at stashes of 40's

Loaded into trunks of burnt & abandoned  
Vehicles. Why anyone would trash such means

Of freedom, we might one day understand. I  
Tasted my first Mickey's hand grenade

Smashing it against the wall, exploding  
Through trembling static, over a frenzy

Of feedback, where I learned the prime  
Numbers of screaming. The Tubes, nothing

Ever escaped. The old stories still lived,  
Contained truth by our breath. Yes, concrete  
Tunnels

where nothing ever escaped

Not her name from my mouth  
I could only stare/ate dust from my feet.  
The Tubes. The cops could not  
Run us off

or

break us up  
We Always Ran  
Only to end up lining the walls  
like revolutionaries, caught. Last  
Cigarettes & all.