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## Journal of Business Research



## Poems

**Chicago South Shore Window Seat Late April 2009**

Abandoning their cars,  
 Zombies drift across the lot,  
 Mounting platforms  
 Where they huddle and mill  
 Or simply sway -  
 Stares shift, vacant  
 To baleful and back in 60,  
 At the odd engaged and unentranced -  
 'Til summoned in a listless surge  
 By the discordant cheer  
 Of a welcoming conductor.

Bad aftershave,  
 Cologne so cloying it may peel enamel,  
 The smell of one last quick smoke  
 Frosted in hair and woven into fabric,  
 Choke the overheated  
 Close compartment  
 If not for the debriding scent  
 Of coffee  
 Bright as a strigil  
 Slicing the miasma  
 For a moment.

I stake my spot.  
 Before me  
 A tired black man,  
 Walkman worked atop a watchcap,  
 Cantilevered earbuds stopping  
 Nothing but conversation,  
 The tinny reverb noisome as a gnat,  
 Crushing and compressing  
 Graying coils beneath,  
 Double hull hoodie and  
 Peacoat pod encourage him to  
 Nestle on the bench,  
 Shoulder to the window,  
 Head lolling on the glass.

Across the aisle  
 Catercorner,  
 Fat boy thumbing Gameboy  
 Clutching po'boy sprawling sideways  
 In the seat, feet taunting  
 Travelers trudging to the head.

Further up and  
 Opposite again, an

Amish grandma,  
 White hairnet pinned to thinning scalp,  
 A beryl in her hairline  
 Like a livid walnut  
 Worn with a demure dignity  
 That can't deflect the gaze,  
 Passes a bag of candy to an  
 Eager grandson perched upon the headrest  
 A row before, confused by his good luck.

Susurrant, sometimes staccato, ceaseless,  
 The syncope of snore and Doppler horn,  
 Like an anemic stadium wave,  
 Late fourth quarter, no chance of winning,  
 Still de riguer for the annoying easily amused.  
 Punctuated by alveolar wheeze  
 And rheumy rasp,  
 Base bark and alto hack,  
 Hocked phlegm and stifled sneeze,

And somewhere behind me  
 A small girl,  
 Off-key, off-season, sings  
 Away in a Manager  
 To her best recollection.

A channel in the window,  
 A membrane stretched between  
 Their world and ours,  
 Suspends sensation, kissing  
 Plexiglass from either realm  
 In such a way that fools  
 The I:  
 Dim-limned beyond and  
 Lambent bounce of now  
 Enframe a phantom zone,  
 A no place space  
 Where speculation thrives,  
 And lucid dreaming seems  
 A small audition for our day.

Each of us  
 Glides in and out of stations,  
 Rocks on curves,  
 Stutter steps on grades,  
 Bathed in the headlamps of impatience  
 Creeping on the guard arm  
 Chafing at the wait...

**Abatement**

Sandblasting was more fun,  
    Much more  
    Like painting  
    In reverse  
    Not just  
    Erasing or  
    Effacing,  
    More like inside  
    An Etch-a-Sketch  
Where you'd direct  
    A strike  
Against the image  
    Striking you,  
Chucked cheek and  
    Tickled knuckle.  
    Sometimes  
    You'd start  
Without your safety  
Glasses, or slide them  
    In a swelter  
On your forehead  
    As they fogged  
With your exertion,  
    The blowback  
    Of the grains  
    Abrading vision  
And you felt art  
    'Til it hurt  
And kind of wore it  
While, inscribing  
    Like a vandal,  
    You redacted  
The wall whole,  
    Brick  
    By strategic  
    Brick.  
In common cause  
    With cousins  
    In asbestos,  
    In mosquitoes,  
    I now nullify,  
Xylene purging the  
Recesses power-washers  
    Never could  
    Or should,  
Breathlessly scourging  
    Brick and  
    Lung alike,  
And razing me.

**Sylvania**

Sprawled on damp needles,  
 Propped on my left elbow,  
 Feeling the current slowly numb my forearm  
 As the rain tattoos the ragged poly tarp  
 I've strung across four trunks,  
 My novel swelling from the backsplash  
 At the lip of this limp shelter  
 I should have quit for my tent  
 An hour ago, before the dark cloud  
 Of mosquitoes seeking sanctuary  
 Settled under the blue fly  
 And began to batten,  
 On the verge of nodding off again,  
 At the edge of vision,  
 I discern the Green Man,  
 Himself recumbent,  
 Looking past me to the lake  
 And smiling.

**Project**

I never witnessed  
 Christ on toast  
 Or mystic pizza pans  
 Or Cheetos -  
 I did once catch  
 Our Lady of the Underpass  
 On Fullerton,  
 Before she was disgraced  
 By overwriters -  
 But my friend Sidney  
 Conjured Victor Jory,  
 Slickly summoned on  
 A swirl of marble  
 In a shower stall  
 On Lee.  
 Clouds of mind all,  
 In evanescent glory,  
 Yet oh how  
 Tangible  
 They need be.

John F. Sherry, Jr.  
 Department of Marketing, 102B MCOB, University of Notre Dame,  
 Notre Dame, IN 46556, United States  
 Tel.: +1 574 631 6484.  
 E-mail address: [jsherry@nd.edu](mailto:jsherry@nd.edu).

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