

Contents lists available at [ScienceDirect](#)

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 rigueur 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 scouring
 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.

1 June 2010
 Available online xxxx