

poetry by Sarah Stapp

The Other Bob Dylan

Worked at a hotel when he was thirty.
He cleaned white towels
And found underwear between sheets.
On weekends, he'd walk downtown
And listen to blues bands in dusty bars
While slurring down a bottle of Jack Daniels,
Tasting cacophony in every way.

When he was sixteen he dropped out of school
And swam across a river to an island
Even though his brother was always
The better swimmer, the one with the trophies.
He couldn't bring himself to vote Republican
Or go to church. He no longer trusted Jesus.
He had a fiancé once, and he can't remember
If he did the leaving after that weekend
They dropped acid in a swirling Canadian airport.

He's almost forty now,
And disgracefully commonplace.
He cleans hotel rooms and visits other people's
lives.
Some days, he sits in the rocking chair in room 2
And opens up the white paned windows.
As the cool Vermont air saunters inside
He puts on, "The Times They are A-Changing."

When the crooning notes catch in the spider
webs
hanging outside of the windows,
His memories catch behind his paling eyes
Even though he's tried so hard to shed them like
skin.