

# SARA L. KNIGHT

## *A PICTURE OF KEROUAC*

I saw Jack Kerouac today  
He was staring from a window  
on the second floor  
from an apartment  
above a store  
He was black and white  
no color at all  
with a half-assed smile  
saved for cameras  
or unfortunate jokes  
I'd have taken his smile  
to be for the former  
had it not been for something  
I saw in his eyes  
He looked so alive just then  
and I wondered  
was he laughing at me  
Was I the unfortunate joke  
the comedy of errors  
stumbling through the alley  
Those eyes  
they looked so alive  
yet so sad  
like maybe I had let him down

But he left me too  
somewhere between summer and fall  
when I fell out of step  
with the rest of the world  
as the beat of his drum  
left me marching alone  
And the longer I stood there  
staring at him  
staring at something else  
the more I wanted him  
to come down stairs  
to tell me what he was thinking  
which way to point my thumb  
to get back on track  
and who to hitch a ride with  
along the way  
I wanted to tell him  
that he had inspired me once  
I wanted him to read my work  
have him rip it to shreds  
if only to feel like it mattered  
to try and to fail...  
But he only stared  
As I only turned and kept walking