



**R**ichard McLamore submitted two poems, "Lake Condo" and an untitled poem.

If he had to give the untitled poem a name it would be "White Suburban Blues," he says. The poem is written like a blues song.

"Lake Condo" is about the place he grew up in on the edge of Fort Worth he says. When he lived there as a child, he could walk to some ponds and into the country.

"In the poem I'm trying to figure out how I feel about all those things being developed into a big city," he says.

McLamore says most of his poems are about the humor he sees in trying to figure out what's expected of him.

"Lately I'm trying to figure out what's expected of me growing up," he says. "Here I am about to graduate and I still feel like a child."

**Untitled**

**& Clayton Eshleman dances his white man's shaman-walzer with Charlie Parker passing the peace-sax**

**god damn our white suburban roots?**

**Say, lord went down to motown**

**ah say! lord went down to motown**

**with a string bass and a bowtie onnn.**

**Say lord went down to motown**

**white lord bopped in to motown**

**with a string bass and tweed jacket on**

**lord went in to motown**

**bust in and throw his song on down**

**he say**

**curse**

**he say**

**curse**

**he say**

**Curse my white-bread roots**

**(Playing a contrapuntal walking 12-bar**

**blues pattern-- in others words not**

**quite right, too much like an**

**Episcopal hymn version of "Swing Low")**

**he shout**

**mother's in the junior-league**

**he declaim**

**mutha's inna junyer leeg**

**and father is a district judge**

**and if I don't go back to Princeton**

**they're gonna take away my Porsche**