

Missing You, Metropolis

by Gary Jackson

Illustrations by Trevor Brown

Tellers held by gunpoint hurry to open vaults and registers



I'm face down on the cement floor, checking my watch

By now Superman would be here in a flash of blue and red



Instead the lobby erupts in smoke and everyone covers their mouths as Batman descends from above



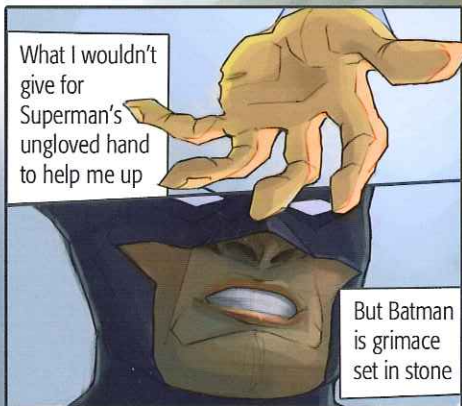
I'm surprised he hasn't retired



But they can't seem to dodge his hands, and their bullets always miss

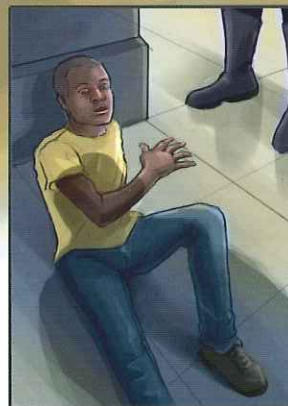


The smoke clears as he scans the room, full of tellers and bankers covering on the floor

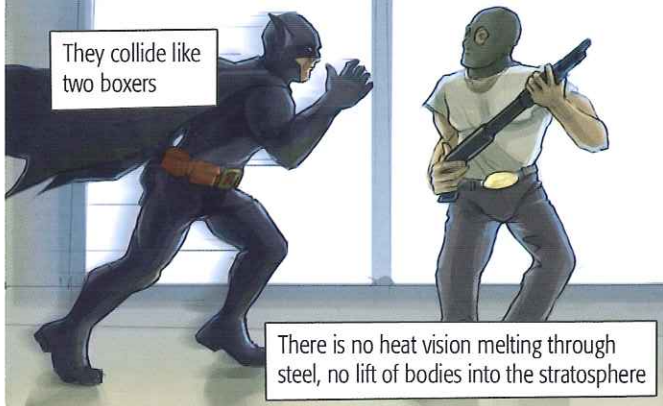


What I wouldn't give for Superman's ungloved hand to help me up

But Batman is grimace set in stone



He tackles the ringleader—this hulking tree-stump of a bastard



They collide like two boxers

There is no heat vision melting through steel, no lift of bodies into the stratosphere

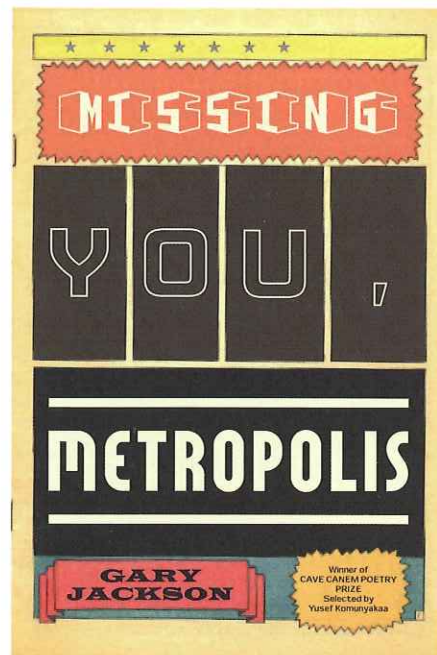


There are only the wet sounds of blood-soaked fists pounding flesh, giving blood to fantasy

FORTHCOMING
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poems by
GARY JACKSON



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It makes me think about Clark and how he'd handle the situation. Not just the bending steel and flying out. Clark would smile. That Boy Scout thing. . . but the boy doesn't have Clark. He has me.

—Batman from *Batman #608*

Tellers held by gunpoint hurry to open vaults and registers. I'm face down on the cement floor, checking my watch. By now Superman would be here

in a flash of blue and red and these thugs wouldn't know what hit them. Instead the lobby erupts in smoke and everyone covers their mouths

as Batman descends from above in black and gray and a lemon yellow belt. And when he lands, instead of a whirlwind of colors, he moves like tar.

I'm surprised he hasn't retired. But they can't seem to dodge his hands, and their bullets always miss. The smoke clears as he scans the room

full of tellers and bankers cowering on the floor. What I wouldn't give for Superman's ungloved hand to help me up, before flashing

a wink or smile to reassure me everything will be alright. But Batman is grimace set in stone; he tackles the ringleader—this hulking tree-stump

of a bastard. They collide like two boxers. There is no heat vision melting through steel, no lift of bodies into the stratosphere until they are only

specks set against clouds, no explosion of light that heralds victory. There are only the wet sounds of blood-soaked fists pounding flesh,

the image of black boots bludgeoning skin, the onyx gleam of bat-shaped knives as they puncture veins, giving blood to fantasy.

Gary Jackson, "Missing You, Metropolis" from *Missing You, Metropolis*.
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"Gary Jackson's *Missing You, Metropolis* embodies a voice uniquely shaped and tuned for the twenty-first century. . . . This first collection of poems is gauged by a sophisticated heart." —**Yusef Komunyakaa**, from the introduction

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