

The Hoosier Dome

Shannon Couch

Deadbeats and faux gutter-rats litter the sidewalk outside.
Run the gauntlet of smoke and wild-thinkers, glass and punk-purists –
now properly initiated,
enter.

The omnipresent eyes of *bathroom lumberjack Jesus*
survey as the rafters sag from the weight of hanging bodies
and the windows buzz in resonance
with the youth behind them.

“*Caleb was here,*” reads the hole in the wall.
Forever unrepaired, chosen to keep,
as the preservation of memory outweighs
structural integrity.

Stereocilia, dead and dying,
as the gore becomes gospel to starving, dirty hands.
Bassline pulse-drive and mechanical starry sky –
This shroud is a battle cry, *power incarnate*.