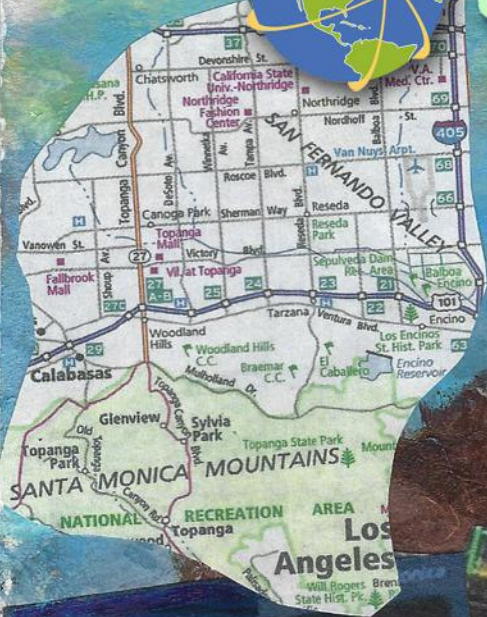


Gyroscope Review

fine poetry to turn your world around



Issue 21-2 Spring 2021

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Constance Brewer

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DISNEYLAND (1962)

BY TIM HUNT

It is the pilgrimage all must make: the *Magic Kingdom*
where Frontierland is a pageant of Tom Sawyer tricking the other boys
to paint a fence and Huck the poor boy down the block,
who has a jackknife and knows how to whittle away mere time

as if it's a stick of pine and Indian Joe is somewhere in the night
like a faded dream your prayers chase away as if he'd never been,
and there are black people, just a few, who wear rags and shuffle,
all Uncle Remus, singing "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah" as Br'er Rabbit hop skips along.

And in the *Magic Kingdom* there is a Jungle Land where a hippo
gapes at your passing boat while the log along the far bank becomes a crocodile.
And, too, a Main Street where strolling men wear straw hats called boaters
and sing Barbershop to ginghammed ladies. And Tomorrowland—

a revelation of the gleaming-to-be, the ambient light glowing
the smooth plastic, and through the portal, stars upon stars against the absolute dark
of eternal Space, and this a kind of cathedral as you rocket into Forever.
And in this *Magic Kingdom*, most wondrous of all, there is

no Today Land of used car lots and the finance company on the way
home on Friday after work. And as the sun sets and the streetlights
wink on and you wait for the Grand Parade to begin, you do not think
to wonder whether your parents believe or pretend

because here, in this Magic Kingdom, you do not have to worry about that. Yet.

PIETA (MESA WAY, SANTA ROSA, CA, 1956)

BY TIM HUNT

Remembering Ardis and Butchie Hardman

The boy down the street never comes out to play.
And somehow you understand that he is older,
even though he only smiles and gurgles like a baby
as he twists his pipestem arms, gnawing the back of his hand
as he rocks on his mother's lap, a woman you later
remember as looking like the poster of Rosie the Riveter,
but Rosie as the Madonna and this her child
crucified across her lap and she must hold him forever,
as you kneel shaking a baby's rattle and his eyes turn
to you, and the eyes are joy, and his smile shines on you
as if that, too, is forever.

**ACROSS THE BORDER AND TO THE MOON (DARKROOM, *THE SEBASTOPOL
TIMES*, 1964)**

BY TIM HUNT

Bathed in the darkroom's red light, George skims the fixer
across the print, the blank sheet graying into an image
to rinse and hang to dry as he tells me of having been across the border —
how he, and Charlie, and Jack lied about going camping, and instead
drove all night into the mountains in his mother's car
with some secret map to the house they hoped would be there —
and it was. Listening, I imagine something like a ski chalet
and Douglas firs crowding in as the morning sun
casts that shade that is really light instead of the actual Nevada,
that desert glare I haven't seen yet, and George tells me
how Charlie talked the Madame into letting them
in when she wanted to send them away because she thought
they were only sixteen, which they were, but he fooled
her, and then they paid for it, and it was no fooling
and each of them went *Around the World* and *To The Moon*
and had really done it and how I mustn't tell anyone,
but when I was old enough he'd tell me where, and how
to get there. And I never told, but after that even I could see
how the girls seemed to know that George and Charlie and Jack
had the secret map—the one that showed the way
across the border and around the world.