



*Issue I.ii, Spring 2013*

## **Iron Maiden**

Bernard Wills

The band that is- not the implement- I worked the show.

They put me at the turnstiles-  
my uniform paid out of pocket-

instructing me in no uncertain terms  
'not to be a hero'  
if anyone should crash the gate...

no, the boss would brook no contradiction  
on that one...no heroes...end of story...

and I would like to thank Eagle Security  
for their careful circumscription  
of my duty  
to those good business-folk  
who organized the Iron Maiden show

(sandwiched between the Thompson Twins and Cher)

for forty-somethings oozing from their jeans  
(no threat of jumpers there!)

or the odd kid who grew up in the sticks  
listening to the old man's half-worn vinyl

for surely, till instructed otherwise,  
I would have given up my body-  
shed my blood-  
if only I might thwart  
the pimply, ragged teen  
with number of the beast tattoo

from having quite the story for his pals-





*Paper Mill Press*

much better than the one I'm telling now-

of how he leapt like Balanchine  
across the turnstile while the hapless guard  
stared open mouthed in horror, impotent rage...

shaking his fist at an assault so bold...  
as if at Lucifer himself,  
his cool effrontery at Sin and Death,  
brazen, before the turnstile gates of hell...

**Wildfl**  
Amanda

