Darkest New Jersey (Poem)

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Darkest New Jersey

Where I come from, deep in the anorexic pines, is a place called G'bipp—a place that is always one step beyond the farthest anyone can get.

In its midst is a murky waterway known as Shit Crick—a river famous for swallowing paddles. No one knows where it is unless they are up it, adrift.

Opposite this is the place they call downa shore. To get there from here, you travel south, or north. Safe in the daylight, at night it swallows innocence.

Not far from there, at the crossroads, is the Om-A-Lott Restaurant. Here they serve the best breakfast in the cosmos, but only once.

Awful things I won’t repeat have been said about my native state by people who don’t know Paradise is getting lost.

—Jan Wellington