

Orphan Poem

This poem
is a poem
without a project

Like those dreams
of you naked
in public

Where to hide
where's my underwear
can they see me

This poem
is a poem
without a sponsor

Like a refugee
we gawk at
on television

How far the shore
where the patrols
when the rescue

This poem
is a poem
without an identity

Like a stray
along a fence line
before a storm

When's the next meal
where's the next nap
that a *friend* or *foe*?

Chillaxer

Ticonderoga "warrior" pencil
Velin's pilsner, product of Germany
Six by eleven hardbound black sketch pad
Mississippi river bend – barges, smoke
Blinding sun at dusk, dragon flies, lone man
Frolickers toss Frisbee, mosquito meal
Flowering hazelnut, piss place supreme
Folding chair for gramps, product of China
Cheery, chitter, chatter, tugboat horn blare
Foucault looking fellow, red shades, strumming
Young mom's wooden beads, product of Tonga
Couple shuffling through tote, something lost, found
A fisherman – when not – a fisherman
Booties, of course, everywhere, urging on

Zoom Reader

Square 1, if you insist on knowing
has fucked squares 3, 6, and 14

Square 2, not too hard to imagine
also fucked square 3, plus 5 and 9

Square 8, according to square 13
will soon be fucking square 5

Square 4 – who could have guessed it
took a hard pass on fucking square 1

Square 5, we somehow know
fucked square 11 and 12 – at once

Square 6, when factoring out variables
has fucked no square, but beware

Square 7, you can't not *not* tell us
hasn't fucked square 2

Square 8 (blacked out), I intuit (again)
is fucking square 10 (blacked out)

Square 9, everybody knows
is bent on fucking square 4, *after* 3

Square 10, we can extrapolate
would *un*-fuck square 13, if possible

Square 11, according to the algorithm
might well fuck square 6, and soon

Square 12 (in speaker mode) drops a hint
it fucked square 7 (on mute)

Square 13 (the host) just won't tell
if square 5 might fuck me, oh well

Square 14, we've come to a consensus
has been fucking itself, poker faced

Socialist War Plan

She was *sorta* in school, *sorta* living at home
sorta making money, *sorta* dating

Sorta scribbling things

One day, she declared herself a general

The campaign required a van, a Gulf Coast interstate
a thousand dollars a month (every month)
a bundle of twenty books (two of them, notebooks)
a slew of talkative strangers

serene moonlight

rye whiskey