

Love and Fury

Thank you everyone for inspiring new things.

1. A Poem Not Unlike You
2. The Lighting: A Story of False and True Love
3. Politics of a Sharp Tongue
4. To my former landlords who took no responsibility for the fire that nearly killed my father...
5. A Love of Saint Mark's

A Poem Not Unlike You

Oh, I could write poems about you,
you hair trigger snare.
Oh, the things I could say about you,

you pheromone feline,
eye corners etched
by a red hot poker.

The things I could feel, oh

you alpha wolf, teeth sneering
out mouth corners
incisions incised by incisors.

You bad news bear, claws slashing
my tent,
my small flame smothered
under your earthen paw.

You, You, You,
Euthanizer you.

The Lighting: A Story of False and True Love

I realized I'm in love with the world.

I am not in love with you.

The world's blue, the green,
you were a resident in a five-star hotel,

a silhouette in front of a beautiful back

drop the green-screen cutting

out all other green.

The same green you cut from the earth's scalp.

It's really the hot chocolate,

the squeaking of the balloon

animals,

the puffy cheeks of children,

it's really the huddled warmth,

the gentle voices,

like beans in a cozy jar,

many, round, full, separate.

And when they light up the

outline of a windmill,

it really gets to me

no matter the company.

Politics of the Sharp Tongue

Was it
necessary
for the snake
to slither,
belly up?
Scale
a hissing
S in sand?

You are
the knife
that forked
the tongue
divisiveness
butterflied.

Right/Wrong

standing
at attention
on either side
of split eyes.

To my former landlords who took no responsibility for the fire that nearly killed
my father...

May firemen axe
in your doors.

May cinder and ash
rain down to melt
your plastic covered couch
and gold-plated chairs.

May the horses, zebras
and homesick Roos
you caged
revolt in a rampage.

And may the Rottweilers and Pitbulls
you left crying in the night
kick dirt on your shallow grave.

I hope
one bright, blue day,
when you are gone—

the beautiful drum set—
your son bought on a whim—
with our rent money—

rings hollow with warped rot.

A Love of Saint Mark's

Round up the usual suspects

99 cent pizza slices,

\$20 for 10 shots.

Go ahead and shoot.

You'd be doing me a favor—

I want to die at your feet

my little red bench,

A kiss is just a kiss,

A tinny piano plays.

A sigh is just a sigh,

we stir coffee with toothpicks.

Nationality? I'm a drunkard.

I hold out a slimy hand,

you grab it with winter gloves.

I was told,

Love was not easy.

I was misinformed.