

Man Second, Artist First

We claim the strawberry fields
For our commune,
Then move back into the city
Once the grass turns brown
To become chauffeurs for wannabe movie stars
And buy dogs to serenade.

We run on trout oil,
Suck the sugar from watermelon
And leave the leftover meat
To see if you can recycle it.
Prior experience isn't allowed
But, required.

We shoot a pretty lady
In a red dress, in red lipstick,
Make her burn down a movie theater
While she's inside.
Scalp a general in the woods nearby.
We don't die.

You spit in the desert sand
So you can make mud so
You can make cylindrical huts because it saves energy.
Your hands aren't strong enough for
Right angles but we already built Casa Milà.
There is no room for you to survive.

Heart Ghazal

I've built an attic for my heart so it can be locked away,
Mourning that one lost love it couldn't bear to see locked away.

A whippoorwill sings at my window. I wish to feel even
a feather but she flies to sing on a branch, free, locked away.

I see myself reflected in a pond, the meadow's flowers
So I splash my face, uproot them. That's me, that's me locked away.

She was seen in the forest, found in a clearing. Allow me
To walk behind her here, to sit atop a tree, locked away.

It's dark as earth, she said. I lit a candle. *Now I'm burning*.
Next morning, our bed is cold as ice. Where is she? Locked away.

Harvest

The sun weaves her hair.
Strands of river. Strands of wheat.
When she sleeps it falls
Onto my shoulder. I glean
what little grain she's left me.

Bullseye!

I'm a monkey.
My hand's under my ass
waiting for more to fling.

All you have to do is look at me!
I'm an idiot! But maybe not.
Maybe I'm just honest.

If that's the case, all I've done is
rope off my used toilet
and charge the neighbors a \$5 entry fee.

Brain Ghazal

The city fills up at 10 p.m. Nothing is new tonight.
“I had a premonition. I think I love you tonight.”

Girls dance by beating on the windows and walls.
The host, now mute, is afraid of just how large the party grew tonight.

The alley rat was sated, growing tall enough to reach floor eight.
It was the Cusack’s curtains he wanted to look through tonight.

Fluorescent supermarkets carry potato chips and lychees.
What good would a change in diet do tonight?

As she knocks her lamp over, upstairs a tenant cries,
“I worry that I never even knew tonight!”