

b-list biker bites it: the drifter story

motorcycle crash:

fifty-five feet from

his helmet, hell's

angels, dutch angle on

a rucksack, cash, not much

else

dental records turn up zip, zilch,

rims still rock with comatose life,

like lopped-off lizard tails smacking slap bass

on front porch boards, or

45s the way they orbit the

dinner plate of a turntable

pine needles herringboned over

blacktop, lofty wooden locals made

witness, (coniferous folk that is, resinous and mute

in their roots), who set scene for

act III, the big finale,

"b-list biker bites it,"

in his back pocket

a note in ink:

you are a loner.

lost highways have

exhausted you.

a hundred miles

a hundred miles

the whistle blows

to rest a while

to lend a weary ear.

take what's written here

and make it origami.

you know me but

you never saw me.

you are me but you are

nobody.

The Vestigial Human Anatomy

Wisdom Teeth – though quietly cloistered in mouth-corners before, you no longer need them, nowadays preferring the guidance of the pate to tell you when it is raining

Seinzumnodes – made impertinent by the posterior immortality muscle, which flexed at some point

Humerus – phased out when you started reading about politics

Coccyx – named so because you knew that it would fall off anyways

Gowpen – the hollow in your hands when they are cupped like a beggar's. This was where nostalgia originated, but a nostalgia for things that you never knew; recall was swift

Maelstromach – whence your hunger for tragedy came, ye victim

Appendix – the equivalent of an eel's electric organ, which humans formerly used to send gentle love-shocks to their life-partners

Philtrum – once one of the only ways to tell if someone was a clone, like the belly-button. now it is merely aesthetical, like the belly-button

Abs – last seen functioning on a real human being in *Crazy Stupid Love*

Ears – if only they worked

\$8,800 and change

price displayed is for an

8 teeth

yellow gold

princess cut

grill

diamonds scrape the vowels

that leave

your mouth and

sharpen con

so


nants on their way out and

yes, gold

fronts do make

your food

richer

 please consult your dentist if

them boys

are talkin down,

you need

them

diamonds in your mouth

THIS POEM IS ABOUT A WATCH

AUTOMATIC LIKE MACHINE GUN BORN IN WWI AS SIBLINGS STUMBLING WOMB
TO BELLEAU WOOD ATTACHED BY STRAP TO WRIST TO HIP AND TORSO OF A
BOY WHO COUNTS THE DAYS UNTIL HES HOME [STOP] MANUFACTURED LIKE A
BULLET BUT IT KILLS HIM AT A SLOWER PACE IT LINES HIS FACE WITH SCARS
AND FRAGMENTATION FROM THE YEARS AND MILLISECONDS SPENT
COMBATING HIS BIOLOGY [STOP] DYING HERE OR DYING THERE HIS RIFLE
KICKS HIS TIMEPIECE TICKS REMINDING HIM THAT HE IS QUANTIFIABLE
CONCEPTIONS ARENT RELIABLE THE TRENCHES GETTING DEEPER BY THE
MINUTE [STOP] ANXIETY AND AIRPLANES IN THE AIR WITH BARBWIRE
BUSHFIRE IN HIS STARE A GOOD KIDS LID FLIPPED SPILLING CENTURIES OF
SOMETHING PENT UP POTENT PARANOID PALPABLY ATHEIST. ATHIEST. ALIAS:
JOHN. WAYNE. GACY. JOHN. WILKES. BOOTH. YOU. ME. YOU. DUCK. DUCK.

goose.

Elegiac for Wolverine

crying at *Logan*, the matinee showing at Cinemark, front row –
Howlett is barb-handed, spent, backsliding samurai, slack,

sectioned and severed by X-24, who is duplicate, rugged yet
lacking those sterlingish flecks found in his forerunner's beard;

count them, compare them with ridges and wrinkles and scars on the same face,
add and subtract them, divide, factor projectors which spare

no light, save for that light that might slant, sling shadows of heroes and
mutants and tired old men, sword-slapped sinners with cigs.