

SPLAT

and other Money Grabs

Poems:

The Turkey
Christmas After Elvis Dies
New Years Revolution
Cat Called Valentino
Globe

The Turkey

One can see the flock,
how it scratches earth,
pecks and scratches,
cock-eyed, gleaning
tilled rows, turnips
and beets, mistake
farmer's shadow
for scarecrow's.

This shadow
does the twist,
waves knife overhead,
stomps.
Turkey scatter
to far edge of garden,
stop, cautiously,
lower heads to feed.

Fixin' for a feast,
farmer thinks,
reaching cab of truck,
rifle, and with
elbows on roof,
blast a shot,
flushing the flock,
leaving gobbler in heap.

One can see the flock,
heads behind stem,
watching the cock-eyed
man dangle turkey
by feet, slit throat,
soak fingers in stream;
paint taut expression
red.

Christmas After Elvis Dies

Santa drops f-bombs like candy
to the horrified cashier,
put the money in the fucking bag,
then he points the pistol to me and PBR,
give me that fat fucking wallet, fuck face.

Earlier, Santa held child on knee,
gifts Raggedy-Anne from sack.
The girl hugs Anne tight,
kisses cheek, skips off to her mother,
happily.

Santa's back to cashier, says,
signal the office again, I pop his ass,
and he shoves the barrel into my bulging beer gut,
says, *laugh with me prick.*
We share faux laughter.

Cold manager.
Swivels slowly behind glass,
twas called from retirement to cover holidays,
wakes with a jerk, oblivious.
That damn Santa won't stop laughing.
She peers over readers to the yawning clock.
Massages temples to the tune of *Blue Christmas*.
Gumdrops.
That's what these doldrums require.
She drifts slowly into the tart dream,
wakes with a snap to gunfire.

New Year's Revolution

The raucous rodeo grumbles.
Napalm Star is a no-show.
The vicious bull found missing barbed wire,
strides into town like CEO of the month.
Shits on the sidewalk.

Those of us who grew up with him knew
Jim would become a whiffle ball star.
No one predicted the face plant in Ms. T's potting mix.
Jim was not seen or heard from again
until they discover bones
buried in the front yard under the marigolds,
next to the stop sign where the old bus stop
used to be, uncovered by the mutt,
J.T.

*It's all blue skies up here, folks, and with
this gentle tail wind we're, absolutely, A.O.K.
Before signing off I want to tell ya'll bout the little town below us...
the pilot flashes too much fiction, won't shut the trap.
As restless seat belts go, blinds
close, earbuds insert,
stewardess, engines smoke.*

Cat Called Valentino

And the married men watch, worry,
that their wives just might.
Yes...insecure married men watch, worry
'cause this guy's out-o-sight!
And the married men watch,
all of them, except Skip Shipley,
all of them envy their buddy Skip Ship.
"I don't worry 'bout my wife at all," Skip boasts,
as they roast hot dogs on forks over fire.
That's when men usually lose ire,
while roasting hot dogs on forks over fire,
when seeing Skip in the glow by the pile
of logs...legitimately unconcerned...oblivious
to the fact that Freddie was screwing Ship's wife.

Yep.
Ms. Martha Mayhew,
of the reel estate firm,
PropertyGrabbingGrubWorms.com.
Upon hearing doorbell's ring
Martha extends invitation,
opens the door of deception,
to the stray, Freddie Morrison V.,
caressing Martha's artichoke heart.
She, without hesitation, says,
please, come inside.

Globe

Blacktop's hot as a hornet,
I made *him* drive. I should've known better.
I peruse

the owner's manual,
discover maintenance missing,
hear his curses beneath our jacked Beetle.

If I had a molotov I'd drink it now, Blacktop
said. *You mean blow it up?*
I ask.

Blow who up?
Ringo.
Blacktop's silent, watches blue light's pull.

Let the dandelion work its magic, I said,
aware of Blacktop's psychedelic past, Mary Jane
asleep in the backseat.

Dandelion,
I repeat for the third time to dual grimace,
knowing I'm in for less,

as Blacktop emerges, blows
globe of spores
into shades.