

Saturday Night Turned Inside Out

You called me
for the first time in a long time
even longer than the end of it
which had mostly concluded through
through text
and that last talk in March
You wanted me to know you found someone
You told me how happy he made you
You shared the little things he did for you
The fact he had his own car,
a steady job,
He was ready to move in together
But the way you said it
Wasn't spiteful or mean
Rather doleful
Maybe nostalgic
I couldn't help but wonder
What could have triggered this
late night contemplation
of what we could have been
By then
You had stopped speaking
And it took me a moment to realize
you wanted me to say something
So, I said
Well everything's fine down here on the sea floor
You laughed a sad laugh and said goodbye
I hung up
and got back to it

The Fly

The fly startled me in the bathroom
a quick black dart
from door to wall
I became frightened
and lashed out at the beast with my blue hand towel
Effortlessly
the horror floated up
and glided
toward the shower
where the trail was lost momentarily
until I spotted
it
sitting on the shower wall
watching me
Slowly I backed out
and grabbed a shoe
The creature was still waiting
where I left it
Cautiously I approached it
arm arched
ready for the kill
All at once
I swung
and crushed the fly
Once it was over
I heaved deeply
and began cleaning the carcass off the sole
Nobody had been there
when it happened
so nobody asked
“What came over you?”
It was feral
It was primordial instinct
Kill animal
21st century Neanderthal
only trying to make life
a little more bearable
this summer
without so many goddamn bug bites

Julian

Don't tell me about
the day after tomorrow
unless you've looked
into some crystal ball
in the last tent at
the end of a run down
carnival. Your predictions
hold no value until otherwise
proven, and they rarely are.
Don't lead people down some
rotten path you're forcing yourself
down when you don't know
that's the right direction.
You infectious parasite,
you tangled vine unable to
be torn away. Filling what
is good and bright with
overcast claims as only
an amateur meteorologist
can. What a false prophet of
dread and terror you are.
Sink away into some
quiet hole when you've
had enough, leaving the
rest of us in tears and fears.

Cherry Blossom Twins

Don't you know i am
the prince of cherry blossoms
vigilant night stalker
of blushing petals in the breeze
All safe
All soft
Strong gales
bring a rainfall
of young and old blossoms
onto cars and street
littering driveways
both mine and theirs
For a long time, the light was weak
but now it casts a watchful glow
onto branches
still and waving in the wind
Nobody sets to his duty
like i
Quiet guardian
of our cherry blossom twins
given without regard
now graciously celebrated
It is a i
who tends to them
eyes lain upon them at night
hands for them at noon
Soft yet stated is their beauty
especially in dark
when i can be assured
my eyes and them alone
pay grace to the cherry blossoms
No neighbors
peep through blinds
offering them no time of day
unless they've parked underneath
Awoken to discover their car
decorated of the very petals
they would not pay homage to

Gunsmoke

I'm sure that the nameless actor
who was shot by Matt Dillon (played by James Arness)
in this episode of Gunsmoke
was a man like any other
He may not have done much with his career
fading out of the lime light
after a few more background appearances
a couple of lines here and there
nothing steady though
no breakthrough
He probably left Hollywood eventually,
went home and got another job
worked, made friends, married, had a family
and in the days that followed,
under setting suns,
he'll mention his time in the West to
family and friends
they'll laugh at the thought
until he shows them
then they'll be enthralled
and he'll keep those tapes until the day he dies
for a man on magnetic tape will not be forgotten