

THERE WILL BE MONSTERS
2015 POETRY ENTRY - SIXFOLD

TOM'S MARKET
BEER * WINE * GROCERIES * LIQUOR

GHOST HUNTING IN AMERICA

THERE WILL BE MONSTERS

ADVICE

ODD FACTS

TOM'S MARKET
BEER * WINE * LIQUOR * GROCERIES

Oily rain on the windshield
Grey trees dripping
And the telephone poles are
Sagging old soldiers
I watch tires spray surf over the
Highway's pulsing white lines
And then sit under the
Orange eye of sodium lights
And shining branches where I
Imagine tiny birds huddle against the cold
Among soggy leaves
Broken words hide inside
My clenched jaw
In this world where the only warmth
Is the smoldering glow of a traffic light
This world of metallic drops on the roof
The cat hiss of tires
The gunshot pop of gravel that
Startles me
And the muted sound of a bell
Announcing the arrival of another customer
Against the grey flannel sky
A limp flag waves like a sick child
The tequila slips over my tongue
Cool and metallic
And inside Tom's Market
Florescent lights scream on the faces of
Cellophane wrappers and
Jeweled bottles
Amber, garnet, diamond
And a man with a mole on his cheek
Tips his hat over one eye and leans
On the counter, flirting
With the cashier

Her top is too short and shows
The lazy roll of fat that
Laps over the waistband of her jeans
Like melted wax
She has two kids and a
Rose tattoo on her breast
(She showed it to me once)
And I wonder how she will feel
When that mole crawls off the

Man's face and slips across her pillow
Like a garden snail

Inside my metal cave
I am safe
And can barely remember
The way sounds fill up a room
The mattress like an ocean with
Two dark and distant shores
The plug of hair in the drain
And dirty tee shirts
The truck cab is alive with agave breath
Quicksilver stacatto drops
My beating heart
And I will drive home
Where nothing waits for me
Put my key in the lock
Become numb

The windows fog and the whole world is muted
Somehow safer
More secure
The girl inside Tom's Market is suddenly beautiful
The man's cheek smooth
Maybe love can conquer all

It is too terrible to think about

GHOST HUNTING IN AMERICA

He was blue and she was a rabbit
His lips were cold and her pink nose quivered
As fear prickled the bottoms of her feet
Frozen words fell from the trees
He swept them up
Gathered them in his hat
He offered them to her
But she'd already left the building

Consider that it is your birthday
And you've just learned Robin Williams is dead
Consider the day lying outside your window
A golden sea waiting to swallow you up
(Be still, my heart!
Your tumult hurts my ears!)
And consider the lilies of the field
(Artists are always enduring some sort of shit)

You were blue for a long while
(Or so they said)
But remember when you were made of clay
And everything was possible?
Remember when light bloomed like rockets firing
And no one could keep up with the brilliance?
Now you are made of paper and regret
And my heart has been pierced with sullen needles
Carpe diem! Carpe balteum! Carpe sedis!
How many sorry stones were sunk
Beneath your manic surface?
Your smile was a mask
But we didn't know until it was too late
And now I am ghost hunting in America
And fear prickles the bottoms of my feet
I sweep your fallen words up into my hat
And offer them to you
But you've already left the building
The edges of the day have turned black
Odi et amo

Are the bottoms of my feet clean?

(**Carpe diem! Carpe balteum! Carpe sedis!* Seize the day!
Seize the belt! Seize the chair! *Odi et amo:* I hate and I love)

THERE WILL BE MONSTERS

There will be monsters
Under your bed and in your closet
There will be monsters
Under the stairs and the bridge
And under your own blankets
In the dark and the daylight
Covered in rags or threads so fine
Silk and gabardine
Cotton and denim and leather
There will be monsters in cyberspace and at home
At the other end of the telephone line
Or cell signal

There will be monsters that say
There are no monsters
That it is simply your imagination
An old fable
A fiction
A lie

But the truth is-
There will be monsters

Even in the mirror
You can look them in the eye

ADVICE

Don't print on your shoes
Or hold your face too close to the never
For sorrow like molasses
Will clog your plumbing
And your eyes will forget
How to leak

If you wander too far into a photograph
Without the benefit of electricity
Or jump into a television
Without thinking
Or even swim in a heart
You could be lost
Forever

Once there was a mountain
With a quick wit and a good mask
The mountain had a wide base
That anchored it to the now
(But the air at its peak was
Thin and exotic
It was enticing)
And even a well-anchored mountain
Can crumble to dust
After a few well-spaced depth charges
(It's all a conspiracy-
But never let 'em see you sweat I say)

Never be a mountain
The ruin is so catastrophic
And where the mountain used to be
Sorry highways will be constructed

ODD FACTS

#1

A teddy bear killed twenty-five
Hundred fish at once by
Getting sucked into a hatchery drain and
Depriving them of
Oxygen
Sweet things can kill you –
Words, actions, lies
Upon your chest
Pressing, pressing
Until you are unable
To breathe

#2

Due to gravitational
Pull the Moon drifts
One point five inches further
Away from the Earth each
Year
And so, I haven't imagined
It's waning glow
I thought I was
Dreaming but it's simply that I haven't
Been paying attention
It's so hard to stay on top of
The small things
Before you know it
It's completely
Dark

#3

In the year 2010 a
Korean man married his
Dakimakura pillow*
His little Dutch Wife
So soft and compliant
She made him feel so
Big and so
Secure
And she never
Talked back

#4

Graham crackers are named for
Sylvester Graham who believed that healthy
Eating could stave off
Lust
So, you see, it's not surprising
That I am stuffed full of
Bread and olives
Thin slices of bitter cheese
And pears like women's hips
Succulent
Juicy
Beautiful

#5

Elephants can
Die
From broken hearts
Especially when they
Are young
I was once an elephant
And I walked in sweet
Grass and
Laid smiling in your
Warm water
Now I walk the earth
A zombie
Kicking up dust
And rusty nails

#6

A young man killed himself
With his own golf club
After missing a shot he went berserk and hit
A bench with the club
Shattering it and the
Sharp end bounced back and
Punctured his
Heart
How long do you think
I can fool myself -
Believing that my own wicked
Anger is as dull
And limp
As an old sock?

#7

The Western Lowland gorilla's
Scientific name
Genus, species and sub-species is
Gorilla
Gorilla
Gorilla
Just call me
Fool
Fool
Fool

#8

Breathing in
Mumbai's air for an
Entire day is equivalent to
Smoking one hundred
Cigarettes
Breathing in
Your air for a
Lifetime is equivalent to
Closing oneself beneath a
Sterile
Bell jar
Forever

#9

Laughing
When tickled is in actuality
Your body emitting a
Panic response
Have I told you lately
How hysterical
I think you
Are?

#10

Dr. Ruth Westheimer trained
As a sniper
In Israel
Does she look
More than a little
Like a teddy bear
To you?

*A body pillow, or "hug pillow" often imprinted with the image of a character or idol