

## **Green Soldiers**

Five days were all I needed  
To have broken the great ladder,  
Whose lateral prominence and plasticity  
Gave way to the grand hand of God,

A God so cruel to have grappled the body  
And displace it by wheels against its will,  
Only to gain the selfish satisfaction of grooming  
Its red, trivial positioning.

A God now larger, and only questionably  
Smarter, wonders about those poor men.  
Could they still be anxious?

## Soupaloup

Arkansas, an ambly able anachronistic anomaly, amends  
Brawls between birches blaring Beach Boys  
Carelessly; choice chipping, churning, cardboard – *careful*.  
Daring dreadful dinosaurs don't  
Elate Evasive Ernie exclusively;  
Fairness finds fascination for full  
Green, gathered garment groups.  
Heaven's heavenly hell has  
Iron ingots, Imperialism, icicles, ignitions,  
Joy, juveniles, jam, jelly.  
Kangaroos kill  
Lollipop-licking lions lovingly,  
Monitoring minute miniature mongooses,  
Nagging nimble, narcissistic narcotics.  
On obliterating oblong objects,  
Personally, propositions pose perils,  
Questionable quarrels, *queso* –  
Rambling right round raging rumbles,  
Silly symptomatic symbols, simply serving  
Tardiness, tautness, tangents.  
Ugly undergarments underestimated,  
Variably vivacious vindaloo verbs  
Warrant worse word-wars when  
Xenophillic xeroxed xylophones  
Yelp “you yards, your yams  
Zig zag, zinc laundry detergent.”

## **To My Desk Drawer**

You are likely not aware  
of your own existence. This is my fault.  
Is it weird sleeping for months on end,  
Only to be occasionally and briefly woken,  
Blinded by what little light graces my room,  
Your innards exposed to cold air?  
And I imagine that when your sleep  
Is Interrupted, you feel like a soldier,  
Only given brief moments of rest before  
Being woken again, and again, and again,  
And once more before you get your peace again.  
I suppose I treat you like a forgotten fridge  
That an angel occasionally and magically  
Fills to the brim with foodstuffs,  
But only in my mind.

## **Ghazalling Two Liters of Coke**

My fifteen day period of unrequited happiness,  
That of the purest form, except beef stroganoff;

Responsibility in a water balloon fight, or perhaps a frisbee?  
I am not certain when they began to suspect beef stroganoff

But I have seen its wonders play out in unreal ways,  
So much that one can even expect beef stroganoff

To show up at one's door with a bouquet of flowers  
And a painting, causing one to naturally respect beef stroganoff

And one becomes fascinated, nay obsessed,  
And the innate desire to dissect beef stroganoff

Passes through one's vulnerable, innocent mind,  
And one cannot simply reject beef stroganoff,

But as one's vulnerable, innocent mind cannot  
Handle commitment, it neglects beef stroganoff

The brother met and gret over the telephone  
And was wary to accept beef stroganoff

Which at the time was intoxicated and now separated  
By great sweeps of geography. Now I see well-kept beef stroganoff

Bereft regret begets the confused, yet let  
One find one's own, in my case, Luca's beef stroganoff.