

The Bum

I'm use to being alone and cold.
Like that December day when the
wind was Oh so cold.
She bit at me harshly,
and picked at my flesh
until finally she
laid me to
rest.

As I sit here and think of what
I've done,
the roads I've roamed,
the seashores I've hung,
my dirty ragged shirt over
the sand.
Oh how soft the sand was.
No - one bothered me until
the tide let me know it
was time to go with her
extended waves.
She would gently scoot
me away,
like mother on hot
summer days.
Oh how the oceans spray
left me so content,
not like that damn
frostbitten day.

Jack Packard

The Good Best

Before work, there is the good best.
Quality control keeps them humming.
I'm his Valentine, because he deserves the best.
He deserves my extra coat of perfume
and my extra slop of smack.

He deserves the good top notch of my blouse around his neck,
nursing the sour cough from the wreckyards.
Chipping the rock shards from his hair
pounding out the dents in his face
burning out a breakfast, readying him for work.

At work, there is the good best.
Crime reason shouts are heard, armed in empty white blockades,
lining up reviews of Police exams--all staggered and Irish.
Release the prisoner, those poor pin striped dollars at waste,
don't shoot them in your ass pockets,
straight into the colored limp box in the seat.
Release it, or do it all right---put every care into the table
in need of repair,

Kick it, break its legs, sit on its face, crumble,
cram your box into its mouth smash its skin with gun,
but don't cramp its style, rush and scream from the pain,
re-build, demolish, divorce, leave, retire, drive home.
Before it gets too serious, you interrupt with reason,
smart is not a way
help is not a word
power is not a force,
a smile is what you deserve.

After work, I'm his Valentine, because he deserves the best.
He deserves a rest in his lamp chop chair,
recording the news for midnight reviews,
weary and dosed, candle in hand.
He deserves obedience, service and a smile.
Late night personal time, that rolls around taloned sheets
across cold, hard skin. Sleep is all he needs, pleasantries.
Tap the smoldering groin, fresh from the docks at Wayward square
beat your feet, and roll on the twin, handcuffs from the neighbors,
a pity, he deserves the real thing.
He deserves a good night sleep.
Christmas bells ring of bonus and two weeks in the Bahamas
but bitchy fingers, keep happiness aside.
Seven rounds later, he deserves the best, the good best.
The best back-up around. The back-up to clog the drain,
to stop the pipes, the chicken parts are done, stuck way down center
shaft. Wreckloose, smashing the room, climbing along the carpet,
coughing up nothing fall scream cap off a couple rounds
retire,
sore dead and tired.

Christopher Haberman