

smoking the gun

Lately, i've got smoke in my eyes.
slowly dwindling the social note,
exempt of the plural pressures,
of love, and roses, and peace.
no laudenum for me to take, my good cousin.
no garbage for me to take out, lest i walk outside.
just pieces of view that have been coughed up recently.
sure and well-read
pounding the hurt like a pressured pulse.
rum-raisin dessert looks good.

grease slides into the open
and the suds part tide.
a crimson alligator stew on the wooden floor,
runs its way downtown to the door,
where the messenger sits, breathing heavily
waiting for delivery. "sour jesus," springs to life,
these goddamn pans and pots and thick yellow linoleum floor.
the brick within brick
molden and nailed and carpeted to the floor.
fumes rise from the trash and the straggly hairs
that stick to the wet plastic
shine,
in the brilliance of the fog.

a lot of words to gain wisdom.
a lot of patchy, gray wrinkles from smoking the gun.
a seafarer up past dawn,
to bed before noon hits.

lady you got the guts to run me ragged.
the guts to run me into the ground.
the hard patience, i cling to,
trot by trot,
disengaging the auto-pilot
on my friendliness and parting
a mean streak.

firing pins and gas grenade brigades line up
at the side of the kitchen, just east of the bathroom
where all the hair is heaped in piles on the light
blue horizon tiles.
the green in the seams is from the lack of a stem,
traded in for good-for-nothing vases,
and plain flowers and towers of tupperware.

take care
the cleansing soil and throw away the goods.
because this has never existed
never breezed in here from any stiff stalking air
they just came along with you
and the spanish rice
and the long, hot,
car ride home
from hell.

By Christopher Haberman

DRIFTING AROUND

When the moon thinks
the stars come out
and the cows jump around.

When the moon knows,
the galaxy will shift,
the planets change
and become real.

Nobody eats cows under a purple moon.
One must eat chunks
of sky, dipped in starjuice
to survive.

When the moon crystalizes
moon scents circle.
The cows that collide with all the planets die,
and the wind blows, and the smoke echoes
through the death of the sky.

By Lora Wahrgren

ONE I NEVER KNEW...

tell me how it feels
to put all trust in you
and have my soul melt
into a human i thought was true

tell me how it feels
to be incredible joyful in day
then cry in heavenly-like dreams
when you are far away

tell me how it feels
to touch skin so pure and new
press lips against cheeks
i have known such softness from few

tell me how it feels
knowing each kind act will pay
only to beg for forgiveness
for things i never did or say

tell me how it feels
to have thought desire could last
wake from a dream i never controlled
to find you overhead, ready to blast

tell me how it feels
to know feelings will not stay
you say i love too strong
Please pull the trigger, and BLOW
ME AWAY!

SO...how will it feel
the day your soul feels the same pain
when you get up to look back at me
will not both hearts be stained?

By
C. Blaschke