

Shopping local

By Jay Thiemeyer

Browsing a map
dedicated solely to my 'hood,
I discover among the glitteratum
and newly established
disestablishmentarianism
if by that you mean
a new m.o. for business-
a new sort of taste
and preference catered to
a service center, totally functional,
to the point,
nothing decorative or whimsical
or overly clever by half
about it. Very old school.
Leaving as little
to the imagination as to chance.
Right where Lombard
meets Jersey:
SSC Shooter's Service Center.
'gunsammoaccessariesgunsmiting'
with a graphic of a Glock
and an AK-47.
Just so you won't be confusing it
with Moonshine Hair Studio
or Revive Bodywork on Ivanhoe.
Not far, within spitting distance
in fact,
from where I sit absorbing the sun
like it was my god and I
an accident, a speck on its map, in its crosshairs
as it were, like the rest of god-fearing existence,
even those precious cycle pedalists
down there in their little outfits
and those adorable little hats
lathered with sponsors' possession and
hogging the road in their aspiration
to be Lance Armstrong or some Euro
with an unpronouncable name and
whose precious entitlement inspired
this whole train of thought
(a train of thought planted
by a Carlin routine in Jersey)

Winter in the Park

By J. Daniels

I am inclined and of a mind, to walk the park for a time.
And in my time a yarn unwind to knit an enduring rhyme.
If thee should follow me, what memories would we see?
A hero's tale? A body frail, one may make you wail.

One alone, none would have known a single figure eight.
Except one old fump, one ragged bum, one tattered hump. One pile of skin and bones
An icy tomb, a frozen womb, withered hands pull him out, give him breath, wrap him stout.
Red lights, sirens, the child safe and sound, the one old man left there on the ground.

The parks backside, which they like to hide with bushes and the such
Is backed up to the alley thru of shops on 3rd and Munch.
When Pop's out there were all aware he's serving up some lunch.
Never a fear, never a doubt, was the oysters we believe took Millie out.

Three fingers lost, deaf in this ear, can barely walk and my sight is too near.
Thirty winters I've spent, a park is no home, sometimes I had friends but mostly alone.
My memories here I'm trying to tell, there all that I have and I'm not feeling so well.
Many, many winters spent in the past, this one I'm sure will be my last.

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