

TERMINATION SHOCK

The list of things you
can't tell me is long what

time is it there

what weather
is it harming those you
love or hate

am I dead
when you are reading this

in my wildest dreams
when most of you read
this I am

DAZZLE PAINT

Imagine the list of people you've seen across
a counter, people with whom you shared an
almost genuine moment of human interaction,
and now will never see again. Some most likely
dead, some still living out their lives in their
own roadmap of suffering and betrayal. You
missed sharing in their hurt by only a couple
words. You missed being pulled into their pain.
Ships in World War One painted in bright zig
zagging dazzle paint to trick enemies about distance.
Distance here in our present era also an illusion.
The smear on the wall looks almost bloodlike.
I've got burnt roots dragging. I've got a shirt with
many colored shapes. I will die before I get to
revisit every person I've met. The magnets stripped
from their plastic shells stronger, lined up
on the fridge, holding nothing up.

DaZZLe PaiNT



PoeMs

bY

GLenn SHaHeeN

OMISSION

Poetry is the absciss

Little red spiders crawling

from the wound

The glass blower well trained in scald

and scar

Friends staring at the last wall and

all I can do is tell jokes, keep things light

The cells replicating, they are only trying to outdo themselves

The scar more distinguished

than the scab

I forgot how to greet

strangers in the paranoid south, how you have to
I forgot I was trying to eat better three slices in

The tree shedding its berries before they're ripe
not even the ants will eat them

ARTIFACTING

A charcoal

illustration of all the cables

draped around the globe. Pickup truck

full of ladders in the fast lane,

detestable maw, thou womp

of death. Space monkey

mafia – didn't we see

them play live in

college? Brain foam

spilling over... 0

happy

dagger, this

sheath

is thy

PARTY PEOPLE

Flowers smashed

in the street, is it

worse if it was an

accident or on

purpose? I can still

feel the childhood

pain of a balloon

escaping, little

creature I was

responsible for. I

lived in Houston,

nobody knows what

it was like. I lived

in New Orleans,

New York, Lake

City Florida. Food

and drink bringing

me closer to death,

I don't care, bringing

me closer to death.

I've shot guns, I'm a

good shot. Unfriendly

by the poet because

I can't help him,

because I criticize his

racist relatives, friends.

Tired-feeling invades

me but I invited it. I

!just want to be wanted,

it's good to be wanted,

to know somebody

wants you, even they

want you for a meal.