

DaZZLe PaiNT



PoeMs

bY

GLeNN SHaHeeN

ARTIFACTING

A charcoal illustration of all the cables draped around the globe. Pickup truck full of ladders in the fast lane, detestable maw, thou womb of death. Space monkey mafia - didn't we see them play live in college? Brain foam spilling over... O
happy dagger, this
is thy sheath

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 dearth. I've shot guns, I'm a good shot. Unfriended 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.

OMISSION

Poetry is the abscess

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

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.