

Stop Creating Elvis Manure

Photographers graft legends onto cornstalks and
ring a truck with anti-cavities.

The stork descends in an almost human way.
Is it the lark or Lisa Marie Presley?

The only hole in the donut worth mentioning
is the one through which we pour our regrets.

This is tiring, but loneliness is the forearm of temptation.

The light diminishes with every eyelash.
Poster boys in strange poses seem irrelevant.

What counts is that Lisa Marie is happy.
Otherwise, the links lose traction and
sanity produces melancholy pancakes.

First published in *Faultline* (Volume 20, 2011)

Gumbo Drops His Load

Seven philanthropists dressed as dental hygienists
rush to catch it, but they're too late.

"All's well that ends well," says Gumbo and
the S&P 500 shows an immediate upward spike.

Bells ring, but not on Wall Street.
They are held by elderly residents of Madame Bovary's Lapidarium.
They are calling for their afternoon soup and crackers.

Meanwhile, along the shoreline, sand peddlers are facing hard times.
"There's no shortage of sand," explain the local lifeguards,
as they rush to the water holding red floatees in both hands.
Mermaids, just offshore, have been waving and calling for help.
"Help with what?" cry the lifeguards.

First published in *Faultline* (Volume 20, 2011)

Nudes Descending Staircases

Nudes in basements
and on fire escapes
folding laundry.
Nudes in divorce courts and
battleships and beside
eager reporters.
Nudes in department store
windows and trailer courts
and on leashes.
Nudes in grocery stores
and foreign armed service
committee meetings.
Nudes in gasmasks and
armed with spears and
floating facedown in tide pools.
Nudes answering questions
and flushing toilets and
calmly folding their ballots.
Nudes on Ferris wheels
and on motorcycles and
forgetting their fathers.
Nudes at the opera,
drinking champagne and
fondling their binoculars.
Nudes eating applesauce
and forgetting to feed the fish.

First published in *Margie* (Volume Eight/2009)