

BIG SALAD

The forest is not just trees
there are fireflies & other birds
the spirits & the nighttime
centaurs galloping away
hoofprints in the mudbank
a soaring saxophone solo
doric columns everywhere
the historicity of history is
people like a glimpse
here then mostly gone
this really happens I see it
I was there when you folded
a \$ bill into a crane for me
& when I undid the creases
tonight is like bad cocaine
did I ever tell you the story
of when my mother told me
she was a child & one day
a stranger came to her village
he had tiger pelts for sale
she felt sorry for the tigers
she said that later he was arrested
for being a communist spy

FACE PLANT

I've invested
in another
dozen or so
possible
auguries. Does
n't god work
in obvious
ways? That's
something
I learned from
therapy. At night
jasmies bloom
pale stars. Orca
whales have
culture. Ancient
viruses wait
in melting perma
frost. The color
green unfurls
the heart chakra.
Currency is still
official. Thunder
only happens.

ALMOST SURELY

Overcast & wind & wind
chimes leaves last night
katydids like rain arguing
your cat is moving erratic
brushstrokes the how is
something I guess I love
its insistence & plasticity
the air spasms from war
once there was a monk
who drank only mountain
dew today I will decline
the eclipse every summer
a few more friends pass
on correspondence lost
or inconsistent I just don't
want to spend my life

SCENE CHANGE

Veins of neon light the bar
submerging everyone in air conditioning
why aren't my poems being published
they grew a human ear on a rat's back
a resounding success
I sat reluctantly in the adirondack chair
the rx bottle is half full
my spider plant looks more like a spider than a plant
I just got the internet
literature & dying ficuses in a window
the dog & his lunging became less charming
we didn't know what to say
the sky was fuzzy & too close
stars fertilized us with neutrinos
I felt rage & confusion like a hamster eating her newborn
I gave all my cash to a robot
water water is everywhere
a man sang something wonderful
you don't have to be anything
I said I'll see you later
my psychiatrist said god willing
grasshoppers hopped in the grass

BURN THE CHURCH

Whippets are spooky dogs
the dawn doesn't scrawl itself
a child soldier in a field
how do you get over it
these days are new & wasted
red red wine all of the time
the movie starts with shooting
at an applebee's everyone
murdering everyone
a bullet is beautiful & scary
I guess that's kinda personal
my attractive coworker said
my lips are tobacco stained
the guy who punched me in the face
waiting in the ten items or less line
he has a bag of grapefruits
a rotisserie chicken & some
other stuff you will never know
when I was eight I so badly
wanted to find a pterodactyl egg
I think about throwing her bike into a river
the railyard at night sounds like whales singing
everything you've done was not wrong

SIMON KIM

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