

**Brass Ring** 

These days, We go Very fast. I can feel The pace In my veins.

Where I grew up, There was always Food. Fists of it.

Now, I'm afraid. But you're here Where a crank Needs a turn, And a switch Needs a flip.

You and your Carefully-placed comments, Like tea, Appealing to conscience, And narcissists.

I'm grateful For you.

When you're enraged, You take a walk, Text friends, Make salmon.

You never
Let them see.
Instead,
they comment
On your healthy lunch.

{MC}

pond near hospital people in scrubs walking by

algae, birds and rain

{GM}



## Banana Bowl

I read a sign don't swim alone while a man says don't be discouraged into his phone while a father helps his son off the stairs while I walk towards my favorite breakfast since 2016 I've written about it more than I ate it

{LB}

At Beach 90

court is only a little room

{LB}

## Some Berries

Everyone will ask you what you want When they do, Say that Dirt can't hold anyone back. You want what a tree wants.

Say that
Every plant knows just how to sit on top of a piano,
That even
In a lot full of discarded furniture,
Much of the furniture
Used to have wheels.

You've seen what leaves do, How they rise outside, In the rain.

Everyone Who thinks we're strange Doesn't know How strong we are.

{MC}

Some Berries

Everyone will ask you what you want. Mmm I milk lproposal Do no mlb llll land memo no mm ml

PSP no ok 1 lmml Nkomo

I'm pop lol ok l pop p pop m m omommy ok m pop pop l m pop Kim Kim Kim ok o. Pop l pop mom by. Klkk ok lol. O l l m om l ml l ok em OMB Kim m m on im. I'm m pop lol l. M

L Kl kl ok Kim emmlop p pop mm plml Lol. L l l l pop ppm mm I'm mm pop mm lol lmml

Mm pop p mm 11 pop pop lmml pop ppm pllpll ml mm pop pmmmll P mm moo pop mmo mm m mm ppm 1 ppm pop 11. P pop m pop pml mm pop lm ok 1 m ok m 1 m Loop 1 M pop

Lmmk ppm moo milk l moo lol mmloon m Mommy p lmkmlmmp lol. lol lmkllmmpp pop. Loop ok Olomouc loop l ok m mm lol ok lmml lm ok l ok l

{GM}





August Puffer

Full with morning cold pizza it's slow going getting through my cigarette ashing over incense in the too expensive dirt of my pot plant I wish this cloudy citrine on the windowsill would bring the sun or the light filled sweat of summer lethargy a fan boat gliding over swampy air a hard bloated belly floating in a shallow blue blow-up pool the thick cloud sun peaking over on stinking beer sweat beading golden madonna belting the smoking hits of lightning shaking the roof from hot sex filled afternoon dreams and that external demented life shut out the window of another cold summer day

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