

MONOLOG FOR DYLAN THOMAS AND HIS FORCE THE WRONG KIND WAS

And after all that ranting
with an accent: death
will have dominion none,
do not go gentle, death
refuse to mourn, etc. Ha!

How is the white giant's thigh?

But it was always so:
from Fern Hill to the running
grave the hand
that signed the paper
always was a little just
this side of the truth.

Take love: from her first
fever to her plague
Grief, thief of time, when all
your five and country
senses failed to see, stole
the process in the weather
of the heart and left
you chained to a kennel
in the dark; for you,
the rub turned out to be
a slap, and not a tickle.

How is the white giant's thigh?

The boys of summer cheer
you: but this force the wrong
kind was that through
your body drove. Below a time,
you only wake up once:
how soon the servant sun
betrays a saint about to fall!

How is the white giant's thigh?

-- George Drew

Troy NY

HOW MY COUSIN WAS KILLED

by his girlfriend
they were drinking
muscatel had to drive
his old station
off reservation to score

took long deserted dirt
road back
got into fight with
his honey has
to piss gets out
she hops behind steering
wheel back over him
throw it into first
drive over him throw
it in reverse back
over him
back & forth
next day indian police
shovel his body into
gunnysack that
how my cousin was killed

GRANDMA #2

grandma's got a world of her own
just her a few old cronies the
bartender oh yeah and her
husband who wears the beer can
hat she made him for his birthday
i think she married him because
he looks just like the guy on the
old burgermeister label
we call him "burgie"
grandma's a real swinger likes
to dance have parties:
wedding aniversaries, going aways,
st. patrick's day, birthdays
on new year's eve she felt penned
a butterfly on her thigh and
went around to each old crony
lifting up her dress and showing
them her pulsating butterfly
she was a real hit that night
on her birthday she fell
off the barstool and broke her hip
i think her stay in the hospital
was the longest she ever was away
from her dark hideout
but i guess it's not really a
hideout for if we ever want to
find her we know just where
she'll be
on the eighth bar stool next
to the man in the beer can hat

-- nila NorthSun

Missoula MT