WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT

seriously? Whether I puke
on your shoes or your mama's
depends less on feasibility
that of weather forecast than imagination
IMAGINE a torrential rain pelting the top
dollar tennis courts of La Jolla
with frozen spinach
"the stakes are never that high"
someday this will all be a digital
recording vastly insensitive
to four-letter words stenciled
on dinner plates matters of personal
defense rendered vain by the concealed
touch of a nuclear warhead
What time is it? Que hora hermanos?
red handkerchiefs bobbing up & down
in the copper heat the way a child’s
cornrow stands up isn’t just counterpoint
to a nation at night and small
fires I could just come close
to the fence too close or rusted without
expense of the larger set
your teeth successful like a shopping
day it took restraint’s hot collar
to make me watch in silence what is good
for you and fig to me
by way of flowers I'll cut glass and yell
manure mostly fog and asshole
as I get into a black poison-control overcoat
to snicker around my vast wealth
of unnatural acts

Chris Tysh