Dumb Like a Poet
Jeremy Schliewe

I think that I am dumb like a poet
(whether I can write a poem or not is immaterial).
I should realize my complete uselessness.
Resign myself to flannel pajamas, sticking-up hair,
and a half-tucked in shirt. I’d wake up each morning
and burn my toast.

I hopelessly go to job interview,
comb my hair, put on deodorant, and a smile.
“So tell me, what can you bring to this company?”
I open my mouth and answer with a burst of iris.
They look at each other puzzled, I try again
and Miro’s biomorphisms stream out.
A mannequin torso, female and curvaceous,
a stick-figure head, a long winding arm
with a spinning bicycle wheel for a hand.
I give up, gathering the mess on the floor in my arms.
Unable to utter a “thanks for your time.”

Those Items That You Sent
Aaron Bodbyl

Luke Perry, I’ve got good news
That paradigm you like is going to come back in style
You know the one, with the Heathers and all
But you never wanted to be like Cristian Slater
Have an untamed heart
Playing second fiddle to Captain Sulu, Tuvak
Or the monkey with the violin (Everybody Knows)
Ah, Leonard Cohen, wise up
Didn’t you see Dylan cameo in the Fifth Element
We’re back on top again
But, don’t forget the little people
Ruby Rhod, Robin Cook, and the Noxema Girl.
(I’ve got nuthin but love for ya, honey)
90210, Aaron Spelling, you’ll not be forgotten
Luke Perry is back and he’s self-conscious.
Postmodern
Now that we found love
Found an organ donor
What are we gonna do
Nevermind the kidneys
Here’s Milla Jovovich
(Perfect)