The New Poetry

by Alba Brunetti

I

The new poetry
comes in shining
metal boxes
covered in glass
so you can peer in.

Pull this lever --
                wit.
Turn here for meaning,
but not too far
or you will find
5,000 synonyms
for cinnamon
covering your shoe.

Spinning truth.

Did you not get the
memo in grad school?
Truth does not exist,
but God does,
a Rube Goldberg device
that goes round and round
-- you say,
and where she stops
                kerplop.

Is that neat enough for
you?
                Rubes.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/alba-brunetti/the-new-poetry»*
Copyright © 2013 Alba Brunetti. All rights reserved.

II

I do it because I am drowning
slowly.
It's better now, really.
I've kicked off my shoes
and taken off my shirt,
but still.
I am tired of the doggie paddle.
And even a master
of the breaststroke
would not have the strength
to go on.
And the storms keep coming,
water rises.

If only you could look in,
-- observe
and with a flick of the switch
send me to the shore.
You could be the *deus*
ex machina --
the designer, the maker,
the proof behind the
divine.

Start the wheel in
motion.
Save me.

Is that cinnamon
I smell?
Imagine.