

# a crushed pepsi can floats down

*by* Bud Smith

Your side of the world is flooded  
mine is on fire  
Helicopters circle  
dropping emptied juice boxes,  
candybar wrappers  
crusts from sub-par sandwiches.  
These days,  
even God has a day job.  
When I talk to people trying to live to 185  
I get to thinking about dying  
and coming back as a fish  
The ocean is supposed to rise 25 feet  
sometime, whenever  
It was a frozen custard stand engulfed in flame  
Took the boardwalk  
Lucky Leo's  
Carousel Arcade  
Use the fine reeds as a make shift snorkel.  
Tell the fire marshall I said hello  
I'm building a raft from a neon sign  
and will be there soon.  
made of bells.

