

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.

