

# Curse at Your Smoking Gun

*by* Bud Smith

things I don't  
understand might  
kiss my eyelids  
while I sleep  
way I  
kiss hers

yesterday  
saw a balloon  
full of drugs  
sail out a van  
while a squad car  
full of cops  
fired missing  
shots

if you or someone you love  
errs to the unknown  
please step forward  
with your mouth  
wide open tongue  
wagging out

tuesday, home  
hope to get  
high with my  
wife if that  
balloon touches  
down in our yard

marks from  
zipping bullets  
rubblings of  
renegade clouds  
still indented

did I ever tell you  
her hair  
smells like  
coconuts  
and so does  
her eyebrows

and the van  
is still  
parked  
beside  
the overpass.

