

# Notes to the Dead

*by* Shawn Misener

I am pulsing with that  
late night wush wush  
blood rush from a razor's edge  
slicing and dicing fugue states  
like the manly mustache  
from the many many infomercials

besides-  
what good is inspiration  
when nobody but the faded dude  
gives a shit, the universe  
doesn't  
give  
a  
shit  
either.

but here we are,  
squatting and writing poems  
like a forlorn little boy  
scared of the thunder  
and the words he hears  
that he can't understand

what good is inspiration  
when the tools of your craft  
can be carelessly left to  
energies wild and shocking  
when the old trees weep and  
their true calling is pissed on  
by the romping tigers of the future,

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/shawn-misener/notes-to-the-dead>»*

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dead and smart, cunning and cold.

