

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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dead and smart, cunning and cold.

