

“What Is Poetry Anyway?” He Said While Looking at the Sink Holding a French Fry Aloft

by XXXX

—mashed potatoes
with emeralds in it—

—three cups of sugar
and some piss—

—two militia men dancing
the jig with a talking rat—

—some lady with her
head in the oven—

—the yellow explosion
of light in the sky—

—dogshit in the park
during a Sunday—

—spitting on tissue paper
because he came in your mouth—

—an infant carrying
a glass of water with two hands—

—rotten strawberries
dipped in whip cream.

