

sensitive whisperings:

stuff
that
rhymes
by
deep
people

*Oh Marriott! Poor Marriott!
My heart goes out to you.
You have been the focus of yet another student protest.
I'm surprised you still operate with zest.*

*Everything is so dry in winter,
But those pre-packaged sandwiches take the cake.
The "delectable" spread
Always fail to cover the bread.*

*I have to admit though
The pizza, beef patties and fries are worth the dough.
But as everyone nose,
Man & woman cannot survive on these culinary delight alone.*

*The golden opportunity of sampling those fresh subs
Tantalize, but escape my taste buds,
due to the haunting fact that my wad of scrip
Will quickly disappear into the sunset.*

*My method for survival?
Abide by this recital:
Bad food is the path to good health
..... and a YORK degree!*

—Tina Louise

Tchuykowsky's Firefly

*The sun looms high
like a quilted octopus
Thoughts fly freely
in my potato chip mind.
In the morning
there are snowflakes
on my cornflakes.
On Thursdays I vacuum the silverware.
An octopus floats by
and greets me with a kind "hello".
The ozone layer is disappearing
and I've forgotten who I lent my
Cool Rapper Dee album to.
I become more jealous of my
Boston Fern every day.
Tomorrow I will sneak up behind it
and paint it blue.
Checkmate.*

—Martin Lloyd Webber Markle

Good Morning

*The sun was shining brightly,
And I could hardly wait.
To ponder at my window,
And gaze at my estate.
The breeze was blowing briskly,
It made the flowers sway,
The garden looked enchanted,
On this inspiring day.
My eyes fell upon a little bird,
With a beautiful yellow bill,
I beckoned him to come and light,
Upon my window sill.
I smiled at him cheerfully,
And gave him a crust of bread.
Then I quickly slammed the window,
And smashed his fucking head.*

—Mary Smith Age: 8

*The cold north wind
blows through my empty, grey uterus
It's barren
I'm barren
you were a baron
once, and I am your duchess
but now, I'm dry
of your life
The cold wind
howls through my fallopian tubes . . . literally
screaming "no more"
no more
no more pencils
no more books
no more teacher's dirty looks
...
oh, by the way,
you owe me \$34.75 from last month's phone bill*

—hp sauce

BLASPHEMIES: #2

My blue truck is commanded by God. He directs where it shall go.

If God says, "Make a right at the next light," then my blue truck obeys.

Or of He says, "Hmmm . . . I think you're going just a bit too slow . . . better boost it up to a solid 75 m.p.h. there," then my blue truck obeys.

If God says, "That old lady's just about ready, I'd say, go for it. I was gonna knock her off with pneumonia next week anyway," then my blue truck obeys.

My blue truck asks no question. It does not wonder whether answers are "right" or "wrong." It does not concern itself with whether or not it's surpassing the speed limit, or whether or not a brother from the factory has been damaged in a collision.

My blue truck says, "If God wills it, then there must be a divine purpose, and I make sure that purpose is carried out. Principles before personalities."

When I look at my blue truck, I think, "How I wish I could have faith that strong, that well-grounded, that enduring and powerful!"

My blue truck says to me, sometimes late at night, sometimes during the high time of the Sabbath, "God says I need a wash. Take me to a car wash tomorrow." But I don't

Sometimes it says, "God says I could use a paint job. Take me to the paint shop and give me four coats of metallic pink." But I don't.

It's all a game for my blue truck.

I do not play its game.

It says, "God says I sound like a bucket of rusty

Heaping useless scrap metal. Take me into the shop and get me a tune up." But I don't.

"You didn't say 'God says'," I say.

—David "Household name" Lewis

(yet another absurd) LOVE POEM

I'm falling in love again.

*It's happened two million one hundred thousand
and
twenty six times before.*

I'm beginning to become bored.

He told me he liked me and liked to be with me and liked my hair and my shoes and he went out of his way to talk to me and I have my fingers crossed but I should be telling myself that he's full of shit and to get a grip and get the hell out.

This time he's different.

(Just like all the rest were different.)

And it feels real.

(Exactly like all the other times it felt real.)

*Don't ask me why I'm not writing about
flowers*

and birds,

romantic words and

beautiful images.

This is my love poem.

Love isn't a sad thing

or

A bad thing.

It's just a thing.

Please excuse me.

This is another absurd love poem.

How pathetic.

—Janet Tolton