



How to Solve a Rubix Cube with a Hammer

two young women complaining about the homeless
cite a parable their pastor once told them regarding
a man and half a sandwich and a stoplight
that he must tell himself every time
he pays his mortgage.

some problems can be solved with leftovers,
but another, far-more serious set is only solved by
getting shitty drunk. even Jesus knew that. I mean,

from water into wine?

it's true, sometimes saints choose to live in the wilderness.

sometimes they are only happy tucked behind the bulwarks
on the front line
looking at the world
through a sniper's keyhole
and hoping not to have an
eye shot out as payment
for the view.

toasting friends at a bar is a social activity.

toasting demons in the gutter is a crime
against humanity worse than treason.

thus, the only thing more dangerous than artillery
is to stop and question the motivations behind it.

walking back to work with coffee I see the pieces
of noncombatants strewn all over,

an arm or a leg pokes into view
through the crowd of tourists,

holds a cup,

holds a cardboard communique for the enemy
in desperation's squiggled cipher.

as Close to the Sun as I Come to Philosophy

never cared much for the words
of editors.

they stir up some entrails
and try to read our future
in the gore,

but I am writing a poetry of the living.

never cared much for the chastisements
of priests.

once I got old enough big enough
to break the hand holding the ruler

suddenly they wanted us all to
be reasonable about things, so I said:

*don't you know god is a number only
quantifiable by its absolute value?*

never cared to contradict
last words as they walked away.

those are as precious
as secrets.

love is a secret we cannot keep,
it flares in our chest, and there isn't

enough Ambien in the world to put
it to bed before this fever

dream is over
on its own.



The Evil of Every Day

the best way to solve
a financial crisis is too
burn all the money.

start in the wallet, for
kindling, but then head to
the bank account—and with
enough luck maybe the flames
spread all the way back to the vaults
where they keep all the paperwork
that makes a slavery out of duty.

I dream of a world with no money as
I would dream of a world with no pain.

they are two faces staring each other down
in the mirror—a *splash of water*—they don't
make a pill yet for certain brands of anxiety.

how do you tell a child you've failed them,
because where you were able to toil mightily
for their every individual advantage, somehow
you let all the vassals starve getting there,
so now our progeny will grow up to
be the kings and queens
of nothing.

in this poem, the most beautiful part
is the silence afterwards.

once we have nothing left, that dearth
begins to take on a new significance.

the human will to survive is the only reason
we're not all buried in the trenches in France.

I would have been good at war. dying a hero
has that brutal touch of romance all masochists
dream of when their ache won't stop itching.

it keeps them engaged, because fear is one

