



THREE POEMS BY SEAN KILPATRICK

RECESSION

Days in those days were heavier with the instrumentation of going
on.

We broke our town to spread the music of our falling down.
Hours hummed recalcitrant of their damaging.
We denied the automatic longevity of waking.

Our strokes had a gentle commercialization about them.
The antiquation of our sauce ran the Themes.
Cue tips happened into our ears like a made up feast.
Jobs caused itching where we believed the least.

The bank foreclosed our gravity.
Floating was the poorest luxury.
Two by six our numerologies misfired.
What flak our mismatched births conspired.

Churches peddled a cute diameter.
Restore our dreams, just a millimeter.
We designed a colony so fair
No priest could ever touch it there.

The void was hungry in our eyes
For a slightly different pack of lies,

So off we went to hug our money.
It loved us back, we were its honey.

We understood love only as a symptom of absence.
Our old ass libretto concerning time was quite the abscess.
And because there was nothing left to count,
Our appendages were all we had to tout.

MONOLOGUE

Concerning the marriage of skull
To street the fever of being turned
And how it brought tires
To improve my frequency

I rode up a widow to watch the hill die
And burned the wave from her palms
The land tore yellow and sprouted
Crown with tectonic goodbyes

A grass contortion built of image
Bright enough to hide in
I burned out her wave
She formed a litter to take its place

Cut the dazzling tubercular mistake
From their clothes and squinting back
Coughed nobody already loved you
I sent them on a cow toward the sun

She crossed daylight with bandages
She hid a haystack behind the sky
She filled the barn with clouds

Until my wallet rained

I put her to sleep
With a borrowed hymnal
I followed her time
With the all the ownership I had

And the grass looked happy
Red in a wrong shade of noon
And the weather was on morphine
My eyes became the only water left

TINY VIOLIN

I faced exteriors delicate and high,
pressing my harm a little bulbous way,
toward hides gone withered so long ago
my stoop felt virgin dark, like bloody
nylons scratching the side of a house.

I neutered a match with several names
until I owned a small percentage of fire.
No mortgages of light interest my foundling.
Get womb-happy in your own fixture, son;
they say cow pie smells like childhood on purpose.

Remember trying to shut your wounds by singing horribly?
You had kind teeth. Checkmate.
You sneezed like a shemale. Beautiful.
You preferred to be nude around sulfur.
But you bounced like a plasma baggie.

I pondered dirt until I had to get clean.
Rubbed off my cuticles like a hazel memory.
The fracture carried into other baths.
My arrest came swift and magnificent.
I walked some artic nothing.

I began to decompose without melodrama.
My tombstone was just an excuse to hide behind.
Jeer now, roll the snow back
into unforgiving clouds.
Where I croak, people go on unicycles.

My Decalogue, a lettered fib
of continuous tranquility, excludes you.
Let's hold hands and call it kinetic meat.
It is easier to die this way.
Who could life afford?