

Today's Headlines: Poems

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Today's headlines

Ostrich

You weren't supposed to be
jogging where city folk jog.
No one's property moves freely here
except for lapdogs who yip for Sir.

Mayang simbahan

You weren't supposed to be
invasive specie but guest
for a season. Phoney friend, unwelcome
pest, at whose behest do you sing?

Collateral damage

You shouldn't be 5 &
dead. Let's just pretend you aren't
like they say the men who shot you did
not need a warrant to enter your home.

Adobo

Big bird is dead. Bitter
we stew in anger & soy
& cane vinegar. Put a lid on
our sweat-soured joy, we bubble over.

This nation shall be great again.

This native shall be great again.

The candor of encounter suspended in the listing of a generation.

This navigator shall be great again.

The comeliness of emblem suspended in the lining of a garment.

This navy shall be great again.

The command of empire suspended in the likelihood of a garden.

This necessity shall be great again.

The comfort of emus suspended in the lion of a gaze.

This needle shall be great again.

The comment of empiricism suspended in the loss of a gear.

This negligence shall be great again.

The competence of experts suspended in the liver of a goat.

This negotiation shall be great again.

The company of equals suspended by the loan of a granary.

This neighbor shall be great again.

The course of enforcement suspended by the logic of a gimp.

This nerve shall be great again.

The call of ego suspended in the loop of a groove.

This network shall be great again.

The company of earnings suspended by the load of a gesture.

This newcomer shall be great again.

The condition of echo suspended by the lopsided gravestones.

This nursery shall be great again.

The compassion of egrets suspended by the laws of a goose.

This nut shall be great again.

The comedy of embodiment suspended on the lip of a gun.

Corpus delicti

After they shot my uncle and aunt
they drove the SUV down the highway
like it was Sunday, and left it to be found
That's what the bystanders told me
not the police who already knew
the facts before they happened.

The men said their neighbors all saw what had happened
The women all said they missed my aunt
The children, the dogs, the asphalt knew
who stopped them along the highway.
It's happened before, they said to me
The bodies were never found.

At the station, they asked what I found
as they handed a report declaring what had happened.
I told them that no one would talk to me
because I looked too much like my aunt
walking up and down the highway
hoping they'd share what they knew.

Why did they care what we knew?
The message was clear: no bodies found
in the SUV stalled by the highway
just bullet holes where uncle might have happened
to sit. They could not forget my aunt
the sound she made when they shot him. Tell me

did they ask after me
whispered the child who knew
what they did to my aunt's
body. He did not want to be found.
No. He was not where it happened
not ordered to stand by the highway
to witness her scream travelled the highway
before she was shot they told me she
always asked what happened why why
why did they tell her all that they knew?
I told the police there was nothing I found.
They said I looked just like my aunt.
I left before you'd need to find me
knowing now what my aunt knew
on the highway where it happened.