



Alan May

Poems and illustrations

SADNESS IN SPRING

The little houses running around,
the cell phones flapping across the sky.
Our hero kicks our hero kicks
a can he kicks a can of paint
past flowers, pollen, chirping
dogs, he kicks a can of tar,
he kicks an imploding star.
Cars and cows are whipping past
his very large, his very hairy ears.



THREE DREAMS AFTER THE FATHER'S DEATH

1. His Father Alive and at the Carnival

On separate tracks,
Pop and me race
roller coaster cars.

We twisty-twisty.
We loop-the-loop.

With my sawed off double barrel,
I take aim.

I tap the trigger;
his head explodes.

The world opens like a rose.

Ain't life grand!

I reload both barrels.
Stick them into my ribs.



2. *His Father Escapes the Nut House*

Dad has my brother
under the train trestle.

Whoo, whoo,
says the train.

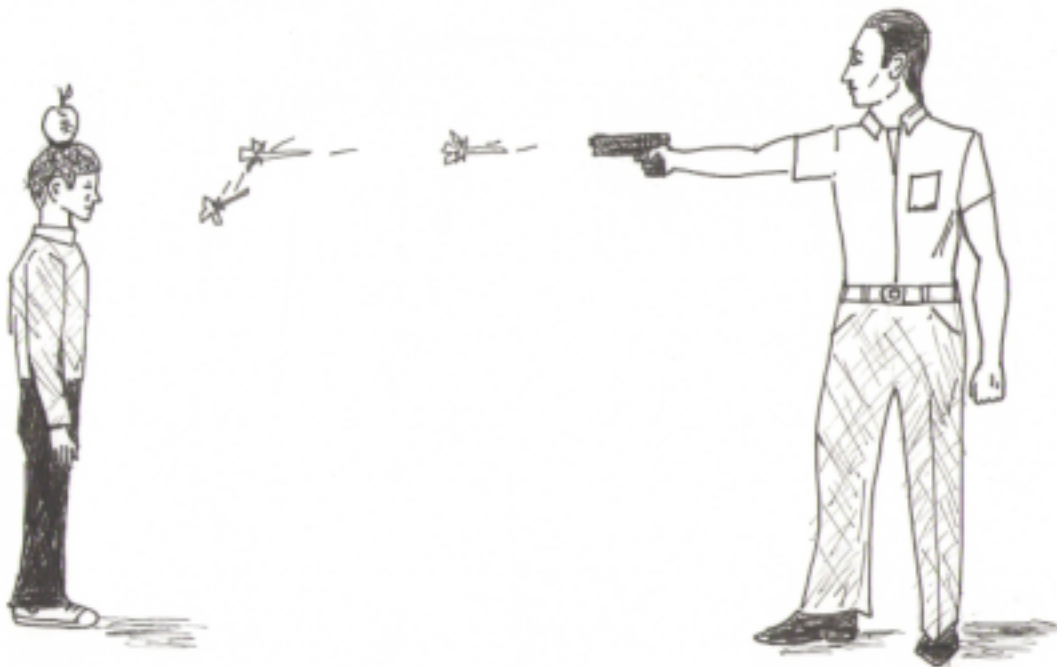
My brother balances an apple
on his head.

Pop aims the pistol.

Crack. Crack. Crack.

The bullets fall to the ground.
Buttercups.

*



I wake up in a house
that's mine
but not mine.

Dad busts through the kitchen doors.

It's clobberin time.
We 'rastle.

He pulls out
the hunting knife.

He cuts my penis.

Another notch.

Ma, Look.

3. His Father Alive and at the Reckoning

Dad's tied to a kitchen chair.

Mom shoves
a big red apple
in his mouth.

My brother and I
open a yellow folder

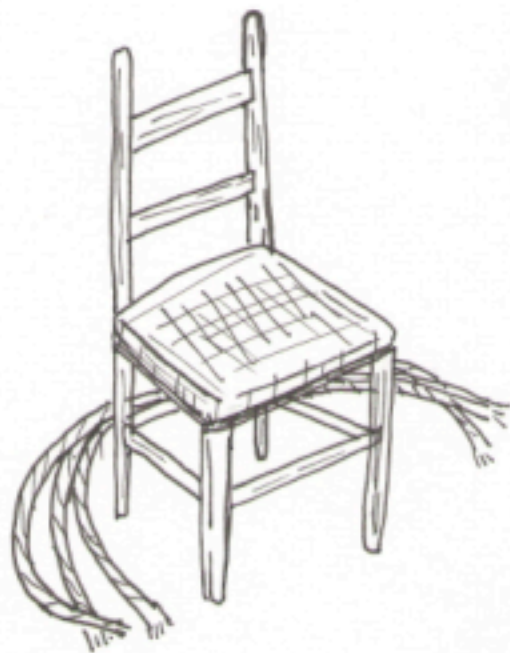
and pass his records
back and forth.

Military. Arrests.

One psychiatrist quoted:
Crazy as a loon.

My brother and I laugh.
We both have fangs.

We gnaw through his bonds.
We let him go.



THE IDEAL BIRD

Its blue black feathers!
He amazed the forest dwellers

As we spied him through our opera.
Adeptly, he used a corkscrew,

A compass. We coaxed the bird
Into our arms and placed him

On a cushion high atop a bi-ped.
We scrutinized to his

Splayed talons and sang
Country songs that mimicked

His cry. I gave him saltines
(my fave) and a glass of the finest

brandy. The fucker bit me. And that's
how he got his name:

Spiritbird of Longing
(or The Ideal Bird).

