



Tyler Cobb

Tuesday Tension

On Tuesday the guillotine is ready for another harsh cloud to pass
in a sky that is pale and dotted with exploding goose bumps.
A listless year leads to a slow harvest and the public sits with ruptured
faces as the doors of Attica pop open and the therapy begins.
The guards carry machine guns for the carnival and strut like hippos,
these grounds their natural habitat every time evening arrives.
Pissed off people throw tubes of lubricant at the statuesque prisoner
that bounce off of him and fall to the soggy ground to find
sanctuary in the electric dirt.
The rain cannot distinguish between the honorable and the psychotic
or wince when the tired blade claims the blazing head of one
more miserable laborer that only dreams of a quiet morning.

Prey

I am surplus to the prey's attention span and we never even enter the room but her mechanical stride is memorized.

A week later I visit the harmless guy always scribbling love poems to the prey that stain his insides.

They will always be apart but his cracked mind is playing a loop of the conversations buried in the past.

It is the most basic dementia and I suspect one of these mornings when I follow the prey to the Smithsonian

I will sense another raised eyebrow when she pauses at a particular exhibit and as this one gathers the courage to walk up to her he will return to me as a new addict.

Skeletons

The bottles of perfume spray the trembling skeletons.
The ravens look at the white bones
And the smell pushes them back,
They look almost relaxed as the quest to scold
Those people that chose the smooth path and ordered
Their problems burned goes on for another day
 These people smile through hateful skin
The skeletons are scorched....reckless secrets.....important
But now forgotten in the dark ash marking the graves.
One man grins while pointing at
The ground and says, "Next time I want it extra crispy."
The other replies, "We're going to need some more perfume."