

**John McKernan**

**SUICIDE NOTE TO BIOGRAPHER**

I have always been  
A chicken

Although the corpse  
Of the child I was  
Lies in the Popsicle aisle

Since the Earth is a foreign country  
My project has always been to find  
To find rare stamps or exotic postcards  
Then mail them to myself

James Dean had a different meaning for "chicken"  
Always able to read his lines with pazazzz  
Had better looks & a convincing slouch  
But it was still a foreign country  
Even though they spelled it Hollywood

## ON MY WAY TO THE BANK TO CORRECT

An almost felony overdraft I had to wait ten minutes  
In an alley behind a stained glass chapel

For a tiny procession of handsome men  
All in fine suits with hair white as shaved bone  
Concentric wrinkles deep about their eyes

& their still gorgeous statuesque women  
Linen gowns Silk scarves Long black veils  
Leather gloves over thin maculate hands  
Layered about the gleams from oak & brass & copper

Whoever's coffin was tiny 5 feet at most  
They needed a larger one Where was mine?  
They needed a plainer one  
Floorboard number-two pine with rusted nails  
I'm at least 6'1" when I stand up straight

They needed more than one casket that morning

## SONG OF THE GIANT

"With my one good eye  
I will devour this little kid Jack

With my bruised hands  
I will pick apart  
The twin halves inside Jack's skull

Jack's brown eyes are good & red  
But the brown hair tickles  
When matted with blood  
Diluted with those screams & whistles

Even though the ribs & legs & arms are thin  
You can tell easy  
Jack has never had a single thought  
The seventh year is great Just great  
Filling Very sweet Almost no fat"

## ZEN FUGUE

Why does this window need a drape?

All I can see is a brick wall

Once it was red    Every day now it approaches closer to the  
color of India ink

The shadows of many sundials have migrated up the wall

The insect I just killed on this sheet of paper has left  
a bright red smear

A baby mosquito    What was he drinking?    Where?

I want to be a bright red smear    A comet

That wide maroon tint of sunset

A pink sunrise

What is the life of a mosquito?    How does the human body  
look when drunk?    When tasted?

These questions irritate me

Chrome claw chalk music on a clean blackboard

Is the sky detachable?

Five seconds of chicory blue    Ten seconds of a bluebird's  
flight pattern can erase a week of pain

Let the others bleed black ink

I will never apologize for these subsistence rations

## OF ALL

The verbs  
Love is the most

Irregular  
Stranger than Fero Tuli Latus  
Wierd as Go Went Gone

Its  
Past  
Is  
Hate

It seems to lack  
A future tense  
The lips mouth tongue  
Too busy  
Kissing Dreaming