

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