

Travis Cebula

July 20.

the living 13
don't say a word –
they have
a long society to kill.
for all mankind is held
hostage, haunted
by the kiss of stuff.

July 21.

you can't plan on firelight.
Nico, you walk
in secret footsteps.
seduce, wait,
swing from the blues.
resurrect the line.
touch night in fog,
touch truth
in orchid stripes.

July 22.

awake, Lord of Illusion,
the thirteenth
evil has carved its face
into the bridge
with one gold finger.

it is midnight
and dead calm,
but for a fool
calling
into the bayou.

July 23.

smiley-face
Mr. Chips owns the sphere,
the telephone booth,
and the cookout.
he owns the real life
house party – cats, dogs,
mice, and men –
all in a beginner's casino.
Mr. Chips, with an outsider's
serenity, owns no clue.

July 24.

Friday desires come back –
Margot with her eye
the color of blazing.
she stands by
the marsh magnolia
in a wedding dress.
there she is enough
for mending
any broken story.

July 25.

Johnny the Cowboy
dances dangerously
into silence thicker
than theory.

he is
the never of her life.
fast and furious,
he drifts
through Marie's rose notebook—
her color of love.

he is the last
of her sweetheart
hulks; he is her
divide between opera
and a firefly
by a lake-view cabin.

July 26.

for love departed
(an iron storm)
Ace takes wing
along Route 66 —
an underworld —
the crush
at the center
of a gold pill.

*a hot little anger lines
your halls of dancing.
today, bells are ringing.
today, my Christmas girl,
you die.*

July 27.

all for money, Kelly.
numbers drive the world -
an underworld - the crush
at the center of a gold pill.

a hot little anger lines
your halls of dancing.
today, the bells are ringing.
today, my Christmas girl,
you sleep.

July 28.

Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
all the brothers were valiant...
even Hamlet—that hollow man -
who loaded justice, bottom up,
into a queen-sized boat
(with the scent of murder,
a little package of murder,
on his mind)
and sent it back as a present
to clear green water.

July 29.

needful Andrew sneaks home
to the footlight parade -
the Club of Extraordinary Gentlemen.

pineapple blindness then
hips, hips, hooray!
showgirls lean on,
lean on into tomorrow.
fashion the game
into a reverse-angled valley.