

Heath Brougher

THE BLOODWIMMER

Beauty has jumped astray
gone overboard
with all the heavyheaded thoughts
anvilling it to the bottom
of the oil-riven Ocean--

fat floats among the grocery store aisles
of the nearby Chantytown, a town for
Cherrypickers indeed; pick the rose from the rose
and try to avoid the thorns; thornage
blooming bright bloodpuddles upon the finger of
the picker of the rose, the men with guns to our heads
don't care how may cuts we get-- we pick their roses
for their wives and of course nothing in return; no longer
will I bleed so much and so pointlessly
for you and yours amid this scurvy bramble.

FULL BRAILLE

There was a boy
who dug his eyes out
in a jail cell
on a PCP freakout—
they said he just sat there,
not in pain, just like normal,
only with his eyes torn out;

I guess the jail cell turned red
and slippery as they fed him
into surgery, likely completely soaked,
all his tears
mixed with blood
and anger—
yes, there was a boy
(the son of a politician)
who dug his own eyes out
in a jail cell—
the only thing he will ever see again
is that the rest of his life will be in full Braille.

OUTSOULED

Infected yard of spilled paint
putting forth that awkward disease
for decoration (wishes of invisibility
are invisible). Passerby stares
at my glorious mutation, vexed—
so naked I in that instant,
haughty king of the ugly fragile contrast,
shining in the luster of most sour lime,
I pointed my finger right back,
and said, “my plague,
my plague and love.”