

Scott Glassman

Book of Redundant Funerals

A wild rabbit
Chewing a blade of grass
Has bankrupted our
System of officiants
So that nothing can become
Betrothed to anything else
I wish it were my toe
It was chewing
And not the soft binding
Of a meadow
Because when the pages
Of clouds and trees
Come loose like that
It is almost impossible
To get them back
In order

Bike Ride

Go ride your bike

Why

Because I said so

Go ride your bike

Why

It is good to get outdoors

Go ride your bike

Why

The teeth of the box

You are in

Won't kill you as easily

Go ride your bike

Why

I don't know

If there will be

Any more daylight

Why

Because they have determined

It is unessential

So

If I ride my bike

Will you love me

Of course

Absolutely

Without question

Driftwood

You woke up with a dry mouth
It was either the desert of dreaming
Or an unseasonably cold night
I said get some water
You said I poured it on the bed
No don't do that
But it was a fact
We floated in the Bering Sea
On a raft made of candlesticks
How we floated
I could not tell you
I wore a vest of white carnations
Your black cocktail dress
Was unaffected by the waves
I blamed you for turning our bed
Into an ocean
You said let's get another
Cheesesteak egg roll before they are all gone
The server never did
Come around again
The raft was actually
A piece of fuselage
Charred around its edges
It was already night
And I asked you how many years
It had been since we got married
You looked at me and said really
Was I born in a barn
No, but I do think
We have more to talk about
If they find us

Dinner Party

Roses are red
Violets are blue
You've heard this one
I ate the roses
And turned red
Wilting in the careful arrangement
Of our home
Whatever you put in the water
Didn't help
I wilted and you said
This is downright
Ridiculous
Staying at home
Like this
Eating our flowers
Allowing yourself to wilt
I said what's done is done
What will we put on the table
In its place you asked
The violets
Because nothing can fool the dead
Like violets

At the Altar

As the lawnmowers worked outside
To neaten corners
I stared at the smoke detector
And found God
Through its two small openings
I wondered what
You might sound like
Before the echo
The awkward silence
No sudden miracles
Around the escalation
A thrown bouquet
Arms extended
Names crossed off
The guest list