

Paul Lojeski

history

my father was your
father. my father
was all fathers, back
then. hard hit with
drink and vile
disappointment,
tortured by the light
of day, vilified
by the rag wagon
of night, creaking
through his dreams,
the snap of the driver's
whip calling his
name. he told me
so, as the surgeon
made the last cut.
I still see his bloodshot
eyes searching
for a way out. till
one day he found it
and I watched him go.

Never Saw the Light

San Francisco back in the day,
your mom wheeled past me
at the clinic, a grim smile
pasted on her pale face.
That's when they found you
swimming towards the sun
and without mercy, cut
short your impending
arrival, throwing you back
into the abyss. I wonder
this fine June morning,
decades later, your mom
long gone, how you'd have
changed our lives and how
you would've used yours.
My long ago vanished son
or daughter, I remember you.
I remember what we did.

Sunday evening

riding fire
sipping
moonlight
swimming
in memory
fading like
a dying sun
all the while
singing to
my friends
the stars.
but weeping
anyway when
a horse called
Leaving thunders
closer, as I hold
out my hands
to give these
tears a home.

no science fiction

there're none
but us already
here, aliens
speeding through
space, weapons
hot and loaded.

Stressed Out

I'm my own murder scene.
One-eyed, bloody-nosed medics,
circle the corpse that is me,
even though I'm smiling and

wink and sing out, how's it
going boys? But no one answers
including those thick-waisted
trees bending in the screaming

hurricane. Next a gang of cops
scurry in, smoking, spitting,
grabbing crotches as if there's
meaning or magic there

instead of mundane menace.
Blue fire at the horizon flares
brighter, as I'm tossed on
the gurney and rolled into the hearse

they claim is an ambulance.
It all makes sense to me, though,
I tell the heavily-armed woman
at checkout of my favorite grocery,

the one selling tins of purified
air guaranteed to extend mortality
by at least 11% or your money back.
Or more likely your next of kin's

because you'll be dead then,
but I'm not, at least, I don't think I am.
Right now, the machine has me
shaking, right now I'm stressed out!