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### Headlines

Meadowlarks sing  
to the dead man who got sick  
with sorrow.  
Covered in death's icy mosses  
the dead man lies flat, laughing  
sardonically at heaven.  
He wants to read the headlines to  
ponder and resolve the riddle of his days.  
For his brain is not swamped  
with the poisoned blood of lust.

On the day of his death he read  
news items about what's happening in Iran.  
Suddenly the Ayatollahs of the revolution  
piled in his heart and they suppurated  
in his soul and he knew he had been cheated  
by life, so he died and meadowlarks sang— pleaded  
for his asylum in heaven.  
The Ayatollahs laughed, and then there was silence,  
except for the hiss of his rotting body.

## Medication

Half asleep and wrapped  
in a blanket of nightmares  
I pass through all the broken  
windows of the world  
with an appetite for cake.  
It is the medication struggling  
to wear off, the dew-haze blurs  
of an autumn sky. I yearn  
for a day without a fix, a day  
with the consciousness of who  
I've become in the tall grass  
of my imagination.

## Game of Thrones

It's one of those days  
when I think I'll sink into a frozen lake  
where paper ships are torched,  
and I sit long inside  
my last sorrow, and the earth  
is lonely, and the Game of Thrones  
is over, and I leave this winter  
parfait to the ravens.

It's one of those days  
when my dragons spit fire  
and swirl without end, and I absorb  
the outline of a snowy owl  
on a branch, and the minutes  
he sleeps holding her right breast  
in his left hand, and my dragons spit  
more fire than the pyre I march on  
searching for the reasons he pushed  
me off the wall.

It's one of those days  
when I see wolves eating  
the carcasses of pigs,  
and I see many throats inside one  
throat swallowing a shattered mirror,  
like that one day when he fucked me  
so hard I shivered and wept and laughed  
and shivered and wept and laughed  
again and again until the voices died down  
and he left, and I put him in a poem,  
and it rained.