

Greg Baysans

From Underground

Primal fears feel suddenly almost finite.
I wake in Mythraic coughing within a sealed void,
two sets of questions reduced to one.
We are too near a place of no language.
Nothing can be real; I can't explain.
I can only cough in code, an anti-cough.
Tamil, Amharic, Mixteco Baja, all the others:
a Stonehenge of Babel.
The toothless End Time cult wants to know more.

(Mythraic: related to a cult in existence just before the creation of Christianity,
and from which Christianity did much borrowing.)

(Tamil is a language of southern India, Amharic a Semetic language of Africa,
especially Ethiopia, Mixteco Baja is an old language of south or central America, not yet extinct).

Form EZ

This year, libraries and post offices
are no longer supplying tax forms
so I went to the Federal Bldg. today
to pick up Form EZ, the form I use
every year. It being the Federal Bldg.,
I nearly had to strip to pass security.
I go downstairs to the Regional IRS Office.
“I’d like to pick up a Form EZ.”
“We no longer carry that. It was
the most picked-up and least used.”
“What am I to do?” It’s my lunch break.
“You can request it be mailed. It takes
14 days to arrive.” Today is April 8.
“You can go to this address with
your papers and have them done free.”
The one site is on the river’s far side.
“That’s not happening. It’s out of my way
and I leave for vacation in four days.”
“You can file online or print the form
from the internet.” For security reasons,
I prefer not to file online. I can,
only because I bought a new printer
last month for letters of complaint about
a doctor whose error could have
killed me, print it tonight. EZ, my ass.

Norman, Oklahoma

Earth (brown) quakes, (fig) leaves fall.

I am no (false) prophet (Eliot), afraid and
unafraid, Jesus, I am tired of him (Daniel)
pushing God in my face (book) page, no one
(John 21:21) and everyone (Joshua is) knows (my
nephew) History Channel (single) on the band
wagon, don't fall (off). 2012 marks (Mark) the
ten years since I quit drinking (blood), that's
the taste on my tongue (cancer) after my (in-
somnia) medication, I am ready to die for-
ever missed mention of Pope (Borgia) John
Paul II prays (too) the bullet that (he who tries to)
bit him, feeds him (dogs). I also do not mention
(save his life) falling (tea) leaves I didn't ask (not
Kurt) Vonnegut about looking back (1979) in anger
or schizophrenia (will lose it), footman, woman.