

Thomas Fink and Maya D. Mason

Two Poems by Thomas Fink and two poems by Thomas Fink and Maya D. Mason

Thomas Fink

SUBPRIME MORTGAGE BARGAIN LOT 4

Neobiblical

pearl mutter—

canned

stampede.

Pitch-

perverse

incandescence

squatting

on brain  
machinery.

Deviant

con

fidence  
in

fullout

risk.

SUBPRIME MORTGAGE BARGAIN LOT 5

A great, great wall.

Perfect  
chocolate  
cake.

Drone strike  
on defiant pipsqueaks.  
No gringo tax levy,  
amigo. The wall

stands up  
for *our*  
America,  
jobless  
no more.  
(Landscaping  
crisis  
through  
the American  
dreamspread?)

The wall  
sings more  
bigly than  
Whitman  
could. Wall  
mirrors will.  
(Will the wall  
remain immaterial?)  
*Beltway insiders*  
*to reap*  
*the rap.*

I'M BOTHERING YOU SO GO AWAY

It has  
    come to our attention  
that you have  
    come to our attention,  
due to a  
    system error.

Please  
    rectify this  
at once  
    by removing yourself  
from our doorstep,  
    our desktop.

You and your  
    legion of no ones,  
        who lack, could  
distract us unconscionably from our crucial mission.

Warning:  
    do not expect a  
        thank-you  
for a reflex that should be  
    automatic.

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I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER DAMAGED SO I'LL BUY A NEW PAIR  
OF GLASSES AND DRAW HER A NEW FACE

I swear this was when she was drenched.

Think she's had  
like 5 jobs.

Sucks.  
It was like

So—  
I don't know—

Alzheimer's.  
We'll try to be right

behind you. You can  
only be a friend when

something like that . . .  
I'd have to

do everything in my power  
to

stop you; I'd have to  
save the world.

We were holding her  
arm: that's

how bad.  
"Oh my god,"

I said,  
"You're

so cool, you're  
so pretty, you're so

fun how can you  
not see?"

Kind of like:  
whoa! Lost.

I will be so  
upset; I will be

so disappointed.  
I need my

monkey  
to comfort me.