

Jon Riccio

## The Imp Sitting on My Shoulder Points Out This Poem's Last Word Means to Try

Heebie-jeebies has asked that you not lump it with abstractions. Goosebumps photograph. Like a KISS no makeup moment, we learn Merciful is Marci Fulcrum, based on the pension check. She supplements by tutoring math. Inevitably, music history class veers to the castrato topic. I proffer up advancements in falsetto, the twist tie to disco's Hefty Bag. The Bee Gees preened heebie-jeebies on vocalists who couldn't sing worth a week's pay past a polyester mill. The butterfly collar, what happens when chest hair essays.

## Venetian Ladders

The triage lights say “from now on, we’re cinnamon in lieu of red. That way, patients’ll think *sugar* versus *life or death*.” “We made *slow down* chartreuse,” chimes the traffic light. “I shoot periwinkle,” the flare gun declares. “It’s like aquamarine’s baby brother.” The tow truck switches to avocado flashers. “Guacamole Fenders was my gym-class nickname,” it admits. “Did your phys ed spring for titanium badminton nets too?” “No, but our conditioning room was a Shake Weight and a Roman Chair,” texts the firetruck, which is why Italycolors herald the hose.

### *The Cantos' Meow*

The camera adds eight Ezra Pounds. We podcast instead, then head to Alchemists' Anonymous. I wish *toil* was *trajectory*-partial, wish tourmaline refilled cocktails without snifter flint. One day, you're the gemologist's pouch, everystone the next. Non-platinum outcomes, morsels more so. If Ezra'd been born fifty years later, he'd middle age via Soloflex spree. That, tabbies, is suppositional gingerhood.

## Aaron Spelling

*Cobbled together* loses its stoic-ness after the thirtieth letter of interest. I smell like an adjunct who teaches at two colleges, but here's comfort: *Dynasty's* Sammy Jo and *TJ Hooker's* Stacy were the same starlet. Hire me, and you've jobbed the Heather Locklear of academe.

## Parliament

Two tapiocas short of a pudding caucus, Reese cuts the lunchroom's arts and caftans fund, ascots DIY'd out-of-pocket. That Reese, he's moodier than twin Gerhardtts, their library a pretend hospital, almanac's bivouac letting slip the erotica fines that stretch from Toronto to Tacoma. The rosary on a record player chipmunks God at parable speed.