

Nate Hoil

THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO DAVENPORT, IOWA.

I get tired of the endless special occasion.

The poetry conference begins its four-day-long stampede.
I hope you brought your laugh track.

I duck under the table, while my fingerprint princess
frightens another literary clique.

I don't choose what I say; this must mean
that I've been chosen.

(I never stop grumbling, unless I am wiping off drool.)

Someday someone will wish
there were
more

of these poems.

Nothing in life is beautiful.
Which makes beauty life's greatest

surprise.

FOREVER 31.

The atheist asks for evidence of God's existence.
I won't answer that question

because God has been hiding
from my courageousness for 31 years.

God's wiener is 31 times smaller than mine.
Every year, I get more famous,
as I scream and I punch through various walls.

I could have been a part of the gradual mumble,
but my teeth aren't organized
correctly within my jaw.

Lord knows I have never been
down to Earth.

DART BOARD DENTISTRY.

The end.

Now that we got that out of the way...
The end again.

It's all one big offering and this is my offering:

throwing knives at a tornado,
I'm on the sidewalk with 40 oz of beer.

I say: *Someone's gotta do it...*
before and after everything I do.

I feel like God when I am
driving back into the city with a full tank of gas

and no foreseeable purpose.

I lead by example;
sometimes I act like I have nothing

to lose.