

by MAURICE OLIVER

I like to fool around with images and words to get to the deep and necessary in the dump heap of lyrical emotions. My poems play around with the notion of sex and politics without the stanzas ever being the wiser. I feel that poetry is an excellent way to judge the merit of self-appraisal using an impeccable craft. It can conjure up feelings that run the gamut from being a glorious hymn to the epitome of kitsch and still get the idea across with uncanny retrospection.

TWO HINGES & A LOOSE SCREW

I didn't always wear a robe that explodes-
at one time I dressed in an elegant ballroom
with enough chandeliers to blind you. The
soles of my go-go boots walked all over the
word "war" before it was even declared. My
Babylon was a nursery with the best quality
garden-supplies in town and I could cause the
whole town of Pisa to lean. Life was a woman
in a blue bonnet that followed me where ever
I went. When I touched bad luck it crumbled.
I could drop hard times down a mail chute. I
was literally the cat on a hot tin roof. Then
one day something moved in the painting on
my living room wall. I drew closer. A red light
blinked. I drew closer and the painting turned
out to be a surveillance camera mounted on
two hinges with a loose screw. It looked me
right in the eye and magically I was somehow
transformed into an armored vehicle. A month
later I woke-up wearing this robe. And you

know what's even crazier, it was the right size.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE'S CONCAVE FACE

Then, the forensic results puts several questions to rest:

-Flak jackets do have jaw lines similar to turtles.

-Mussels are nothing more than beautiful helmets.

-Pink flamingos never nest near landmines.

-"Alison" is military jargon for a Monarch butterflies.

-A feather are credited for haven written the first word.

-There's no such thing as a hole in war.

-Most clocks suffer from twitches.

-A sore throat makes good pillow stuffing.

-All languages are derived from grounded rhino horns.

Scaly Fins.Aquatic.Infinite.

...or factory made
with hummingbirds
in the lining
of the life vest

Using rich
dark soil & pompous
feathers in
mayhem's hat
or hole not yet
aware
of itself
until it becomes
a manhole.

OVERSIZED & SLIGHTLY JOINTED

In this scenario
there are faces in the
Rorschach clouds and a stick
of chewing gum in mystery's inner-
most metaphor. Life is a dip of the moon's
oar in lake water then served with spotted trout
rolled in zucchini leaves. Everything else is a member
of the lonely heart's club band. The original version
appears in Latin. Other times, we play games to
pass the time. She might wear the disguise
of a single cherry and I might pretend
I'm whipped cream.
Add psychedelic mushrooms
that are slightly joined and lidless
and you've got a line of drool driving
down a dusty road with hooks protruding
from its sleeves and a month-full of pearly
white teeth covered in braces. We
could worship the ethereal hand

lotion or slide down a grassy
knoll using only ear wax.
Our mother tongue
might sleep it off
inside an accordion
folder or film the march
of kudzu across the South
in an award-winning documentary.
Either way, the miracle on 39th Street
will be agile enough to cycle backwards but
still end up with an attack of hiccups lasting over
72 hours.

Achtung!

Need a place to start?

Begin by staring in the store-front window at naked
mannequins. Cut a highway out of a road map using
a nail clip. Eat enough cotton candy to turn your tongue
pink. Punch a high school in the face. Make wagers on
where the next war will break-out. Buy the latest pair
of detachable lips. Walk on hot coals. Dress-up like a
fire hydrant and wait for a dog to urinate on your pant
leg. Or if you're ready short on time, go directly to the
tendon torn from your dream. If you choose this route,
be careful not to let the cabin pressure drop below sea
level and for heaven sake try to monitor any oil leaks
from the gills...

a guillotine shining in the chemotherapeutical afternoon...

all rigidly cordoned off by a rusty chain-link fence.