

Yellow Trophies

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and conversations they should give trophies for.

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Saint Obvious

All the business of popes
And rules of religion

Who follows what book better
Who reads the best

Between lines written by
Who knows who or when

And which collector of souls
Can hold his trophy higher

It's really a simple thing
God damn it

Just look around
No one should get it wrong

Marionette

One day you go into town
And suddenly it's years later.
Your old friends are fat and bald
And have nothing new to say.
The ladies at the bank don't laugh
Anymore until after you've gone,
And you're standing there alone,
Out in the familiar street
Like a marionette
You once held the strings for,
Just waiting now
For a strong enough wind
To push you along the sidewalk
You know every single crack in

Bargain

It may not be an emergency,
But in November, from this hill to that other,
There is clearly a sense of sepia urgency

Choking on the endless traffic out on the highway,
This little valley in between,
Whose emerald mouth of summer
Has now become a brittle, brown maw,
Unable to swallow anything more

Catastrophe exists in everything, waiting,
This deviant inertia, a latent plague,
Incalculable with our domesticated mathematics,
Incurable through our cataracts toward ruin

This path to disaster was tamed long ago
By the desperate ancestors of this place,
Who spooned out their own rib cage for warm ash

This time of year, you can also see
The massive junkyard and the threadbare rise
Of the busy landfill from here

Both owned by the dour billionaire
Who lives right over there,
Not a mile away as the crow flies

He drives past my house early each day,
Ignoring the stop signs up the street,
Twice, on his way to and from morning Mass
At the big church downtown

Where forgiveness for anything is dispensed
In doubtless confessionals at the bargain expense
Of some rote words and regular tithes

Final Apology

After the many routine disputations
That ranged from every bad thing
I ever did to every bad thing
I'll ever do
The words finally just ran out
And a pulsing silence
Took their place

Although each tirade itself
About my broken parts
Never ended
The redundant phrases
Started to be spoken
Only in facial expressions

The questions were always
Rhetorical
Categorical condemnations
Of behaviors that must be
Encoded in my DNA

I just repeated
"Sorry" again and again
Like amen
At the end of a long prayer

I did contribute
"But But But"
Here and there

Which is where we left it
Changing venues
After all the papers were signed

And all these years later
In the measure of quiet
I've been able to find
Away from the immolating rants
I've decided to forgive myself
Offering this one final apology
To the indifferent air
That may carry it forth forever
Through the heedless sky from here
Because I've come to understand
At last
I'm really not that bad of a guy