Modern

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#1
photographs of sugar coated moonbeams hang from the ceiling.
the pounding delicate slush thru snow on the misty back of a good-looking
red headed girl.
ethereal sidewalk going down & downer to the dirt and click.
the song of birds distorted into watercolors like mauve & dust.
the filmy love of red headed bastard children, the black squirrel sewn up in trees.
the yawp of a dog straining against chain, ready to combust into blood vapor.

#2
follow the crack down to its serendipitous conclusion:
one piece of silverware, a knife, lay in the gutter on a pile of small twigs,
anorexic 15 year old girl bends over and lets loose a helium balloon.
on a stoop a boy drinks a 40 ounce bottle of beer, under the brown paper bag
it is called Necromancer.
titanium yellow jackets zoom thru the heat; a squirrel perches on a small tree,
growing on a small square of grass, fenced in and surrounded by graphite.
boy with green hair, red lightning from his iris, like he had too much chlorine,
stands still in sad rapture thinking he is the nexus.
inside a woman, through her vulva majora, into the vagina, around satellite uteruses.
a rusty jack-in-the-box, staring out of the window, inside someone masturbates.
on a door knob, a micro-puddle of neon green pathogens & diseases bounce off each other,
and float through the air like zooplankton.
oblique visible ideals of streetwalkers—inside their satchels—
orange transparent prescription bottles.

#3
smooth roads of pavement, gun metal gray, and hard.
sometimes uneven, with broken glass, sometimes gliding along, on a bike or in a car.
uneven people; odd numbers, fat stomachs hanging out of shirts—
young black boys hollering, at cars that park in the road upward ten minutes,
saying I can play that game better than ya, it doesn't matter if ya mean it.
police cars like sharks, mixing the red & blue with red-yellow-green,
mixing terror with terror, joy with terror, and nothing with nothing—
sit on the flaking paint steps, stretched legs, its been a day & now
its night.