

RYAN LAKS

[*cubism*]

nothing but asym
metric brok
en fruit to eat. apples
still waxy after
centuries in a bowl.

one lady with
wispig pubic hair
con-
fronts
me
with a good eye. i see all
her personalities.
What can she see
with sliver
ed sight?

i used to admire this
madman, Pablo the visionary,
but
how many women
has he shattered
with a brush,
how many faces have beenbashed
with geometrical mastery,
how many are brok
en to fit his frame?

[*Miranda*]

A Photograph of Miranda

On my way to work frenetic
by your stare glossy suddenly
a delicate girl upon your cardigan
allure, a woman going to her sea
green eyes to instruct my thumb
across her hair--and I am waiting
for the bus, curious as to who's
the fool who discarded you
from his wallet

If She Had Hazel Eyes

i'm watching almonds curious
hazel olives beckon fiercely
a ghost approach upon my face,
a hole(as in needle eye)in
which to thread myself, to pull
away--futile, her sight--cement
The I is lackluster
or honeyless(devoid)as if
the word Venus
is synonymous with
bee-keeper

[unwanted consonants]

it was june when I flew to capital W
to see L and swim intoo her qeyes.
how i wanted to spill my imagination
before summer bled red och-
re water ov-
er ceramic tiles, when
sshe
sstripped
off that gray sweater that held marble(d)
skhin together, and all i knew was
my imagination would never tou-
ch
her
ch
est, belly or arm like that gcharcoal
wool. i keep the(ir) image
ivory preserved
like with the zscnt of lavender
and fox-(d)red accents.

[Che Guevara's recipe for oatmeal cookies]

Children crying over
vegetables
The word cucumber
E x t r a d r y g i n
A Styrofoam factory on
 the moon
Countries Founded By Lawrence Ferlinghetti
A husband and wife
 kissing
 in a hall
 ofmirrors.
A monkey from a drunkard's back
People play practical jokes on
their pants
Polyester wigs, wax lips on
my uncle
The neon sign between
my grandma's()shoulder
blades
Anything.
Unexpected.
A Scotch Tape and razorblade tree
Morphine addicts understand kite philosophy
Peanut buttered genitals
The entire collection of pubic hair stolen from
The Louvre
 2 wolves in appropriate sheep's clothing
This made of fiberglass & emu hair
Fingernail-doctors
Mutations of the common co
ld resembling
la
ryngitis.
A gift horse's mouth
A possibility my ear has rabbis
A man with his Rubik's Cube
 red checker
 cheeks
Medication made of liquorish
Psychologists dating Libertarians
Two of the following endangered species:

White Rhino,
Fin Whale,
Aye-aye,
Texas Ocelot,
The Golden Rule
Last week's
garbage
and a worn out donkey
Furious monkeys deep
in a Sperm Whale's
blowho
le
and a sphinx paw riddle

Lt. PTrez asks Guevara
if he wishes
anything
before his
execution.
Guevara replies
that he only
wishes
to "die
with a full stomach."

Although Che has been shot
in the leg, he
still has his appetite.

Che and his captors sit around eating
the recipe for
his famous oatmeal cookies,
sharing lewd
stories of the jungle
before Terran
fires the M2 Carbine
that tickles
Guevara to death.
(and Castro blows milk out his nose)

[*My Childhoods*]

I was raised by wolves. I was raised by worms. By humans. When I was four my dad died(a hunting accident). My parents died in a terrible plane crash on the eve of my sixteenth birthday; I cried a little; I got a wool sweater from my grandma. I didn't make a peep. My brother, the wolf, raised me. Nobody raised me. I died in my sleep. I used to have a very special talent--I could sing the alphabet backwards to the tune of my favorite nursery rhyme; that was before I was born mute. My father would take my whole family to the zoo; I liked to thumb wrestle the apes. Sometimes it was a draw. I always won. He never took my mother, who was a wolf. When I was four I died in a hunting accident. I howl at the moon. Often! Never! I chase cars. *Growl!* I used to pray for wolves to take me away and raise me as their pup. That never happened, except once.

[deprecation #5]

my beard fell off
so i am no longer the ghost
of John Lennon; when i imagine

Berlin, Frank O'Hara says
my forehead's(burning)
like a parabola
and not the work of Kafka

my name doesn't rolloff
the tongue
like *Garcia Lorca*
or trill like *guerra*

last night i fell
from an oak tree, but i didn't

bleed, my cuts & scrapes
were words, my spanish thumb

was *f i s s u r e*