

I Love You, You're Like Breakfast

I don't know why I always equate syrup with love,
maybe it's the thick

or the brittle sugar of it.

Kind of weird the way

my hair stands up when you lick my ear
or when I see Mrs. Butterworth.

Isn't it messed up that pancakes = erection.

The overpowering sour

of cheerios

in some mix of milk

doesn't mesh well with my stomach.

Oatmeal and toaster-mates are the same

as licking an old suit,

but you and real breakfast

make up a continental stratosphere of sentiment.

You're not overly inappropriate like butter,

I don't get you as a fruit

definitely not toast,

you're omelettier.

The whiffs of smoke are supra-tantalizing,

beaming on the swells of bacon grease

are marks that squeak,

even in stints of brevity,

of hints

that you too

feel breakfast

all day, is a good passion.

Trumpet-teer

There was no snow on the shed
so I laid on it like Snoopy.
I put my trumpet to my chops
but didn't sound a charge.
Conifers imported from New England
fill the cornfields
and it doesn't feel like where I grew up.
I think of us in sleeping bags
laid up in the field furrows
young in the backdrop of country,
separate in the same company
bound to make music in different ways.
Sometimes there is no fruition.

My scarf flops loose and falls
I have to roll through gravity,
down into the snow
to retrieve it, before it skips
its way across the path
of where we might have camped someday.

Silence of the Lambs Marathon

If I were a serial killer,
I would take all the raw meat
out of your fridge
and have sex with it.
After I finished I would set it up
so it looked like dinner was served
on the kitchen floor
and you couldn't help yourself.
I would make sure you got salmonella
or E. coli then lock you in the bathroom
for days or weeks, however long
it takes for you to die.

When the FBI finally catches me
because I'll go after that one I let
get away, they'll corner me
with my penis in a turkey.

