

Nine Things Everybody Knows

Q and Not U

congratulations!
now put the knife back in the medicine cabinet.
no contest(-ation).
now put the knife back.
didn't you read the one about the youth who ate the
blue-black-lead-blue washington bullet?
if this is the cream of the crop,
it's time to start burning some fields.
years past, stop gap, too little yield.
decline?
make me.
no cognoscente can stab critique in the back
for making me cognizant.
the scissor blades can spin another twelve hours,
then we're taking your medicine.
you can make believe, enfant terrible.
the secrets out: you wet the bed to fertilize your list of names,
bouquets, and passing interests.
please.
put the knife back in the medicine cabinet.

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