

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

dan jacoby
chill

hard turning my brain
off sometimes
half an xanax helps
make my own pasta
sauce too
had good parents
dad cursed constantly
didn't hide stuff from me
best served by yourself
it's the little stuff
that separates eleven from ten
at fourteen wanted to live in woods
in a hollowed out tree
or in a dimly lit library
strange smells emanating
from unread book piles
listen to gospel
feed the baby
watch the sunrise
don't have heroes anymore
they just walk away
no fighting old expectations
just learn, express yourself
wear your jeans
til the crotch splits
entire life a habit just
break them, break the hard drive
baldness and all
forget the flux-capacitor
chill