

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Chris Crittenden

Migraine

the miserable buzz-mumbling
of the ash fronds
as they swell in riptides of breeze;
and the shadows riding them
like yahoos on surf boards.

the telltale fences of grating crows,
which open the gates of bedlam,
revealing patients who carp gabble heehaw cluck
in black gowns.

the i-did-it innocence
of the blind all-seeing sun
who forces us to bake
in its convective curse,
as if a hothead had ballooned up,
fat scalp adrift.

the sweat-stench of the sale-throng
who parse in bustles each other's haggles,
tongues slick from combat,
sniping into a marketwide hissy-fit.
jelly of verbal blood.

and the flowers so neon nude,
mawkish after sex,
lounging on decades of mulched corpse,
toes dipping in,
as if dirt were a rich man's pool
and they the sweet bikini girls
of fate.

Sketch Of A Boor

gluttony in an easy tongue,
like a frog's,
camouflaged by words

that leap on and on and on,
flicking everywhere,
into any available
ear,

and so the insatiable
eats.

it doesn't matter
that the nourishment
is hot air,

or that sour faces
yield an awful taste.

no. the tongue yaps and
pokes and gropes and whips,
always in need,
not interested in a menu,
or sharing—

just the sound
of an unsatisfying crunch
when another minute
breaks.