

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

*Kathy Horniak*

### **Those "Boogers"**

You can pick your friends  
but you can't pick your family  
oh those boogers.....  
fat  
juicy  
tenaciously mean  
vulgar pretentious drool  
yet some are crusty  
salty  
suffocating  
clogging  
barnacles  
inhibiting my passage  
a real pain  
obtrusive everlasting boogers  
unrelieved sinus rot  
green and mean  
annoying to the max  
arrogant little boogers  
a burden to my soul  
sneaky boogers  
slip down  
oh to swallow their shame  
internal annoyance  
vile  
nasty  
intrusive  
meddlesome boogers  
Impertinent elimination a necessity  
an allergist might make them disappear  
A Benadryl stuffed bird shall desiccate and drowse  
Wishful magickal thinking  
Sheepishly catering to their might  
Another Holiday meal ruined by their impudence  
Those boastful boogers  
I shall fly away  
My head above the clouds  
Where I can breathe clear and free  
To be myself  
hand selected friends  
Carefully, wisely  
Of course there a few we might choose to keep  
The secret delectable ones  
Colorful and sweet  
Funny amusing slime  
A good choice booger  
Is as good as it can get  
You can pick your friends  
But, you can't pick your family  
But, you can pick your friends  
To be your family

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### Caviar Hero

Lost under Moscow  
So deep, so far  
Can't read this damn alphabet  
Archaic escalators criss cross  
To hell and back, deeper, deeper  
Soviet art a diversion  
An amusement from former Lenin times  
Socialist order now amuck  
Perplexed, desperate appearances provokes  
"Comrade, are you lost?" "Da! Da!"  
To find a fellow Ukrainian, a brother  
To lead us out .....

"Follow me"  
"He smells of fish", my daughter days  
"Fresh Fish" .....

A factory caviar packer, hero,  
On his way home assists these lost Americans.  
The discernable nose of a child  
Knows fresh, from three days old,  
In a land of nonapparent deodorant  
Guided out are we three  
Into the grey and crumbling Soviet night  
Post communism air relief  
Caviar on a blini never to be taken for granted again

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Lost  
Gnat on the wall  
Don't you see me at'all?  
A no-see-um irritant  
I just might bite  
To be batted at  
.....batted at  
Dustin' stark naked  
Tryin' to get attention  
Sure ain't workin'  
You're on that computer,  
The latest handheld device  
I am here, for now.  
Bringing homemade chicken soup  
I said "Homemade chicken soup!"  
Such an irritation,  
bother,  
pain  
Getting  
so little,  
so small  
Why can't you see me?  
Gnat on the wall  
Soon there will nothing  
Left of me at'all