

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Joshua Bocher
Presidency

I am not a carcass,
He exclaimed from the coffin
Of his office.

I will make you realize
How it feels not to feel
Anything.

When he said this,
I was surprised, as usual,
By what others indifferently acknowledged.

Of course, he's a turtle.
Of course, he's dead inside.
Of course, we'll sacrifice him

To our gods, money
And celebrity. It's an
American tradition,

Like apple pie
And torturing Indians.
This is the way it's supposed to be.

I couldn't help but feel a little
Peeved, a little
Out of touch.

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Andy Kaufman

Andy Kaufman
Never smoked
A day in his life,
Died of lung cancer.
He was 35 years old.

A stranger in
A stranger land,
An outsider
Laughing in,

He sung silence,
Celebrated failure.

People hated him.

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The House of Childhood

Is the house of dreams.

I've shut my eyes

In the world's

Four corners

Just to see

Those same four

Blue-white walls.

Consumption

A poet waddled along

The edge of the waterfront

With a gaseous overload

Of French: Ugh. Bleh.

Too much peanut Flaubert.

More Baudelaire bananas next time.

Maybe. Oh hell, maybe less. Hmm.

Possible title: A Lunch of Vomit.

Potential line: a lunch—the preparation

For no less than nihilism.

Consider it more. Trade dinner

For a peanut and some alka-seltzer.

Visualize French ... a land of limitation.

Envision English ... an oceanic overload

And this waterfront ... gigantic blue lips.

As poet, listen closely, and attend. Forget.