

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Gerard Sarnat*

**Wolfgang Puck of Crack Cookers**

Shroomzoomtomb  
junkie landscape,  
*un* blinged grandmaster  
schmuck flashes street

kids *dólares* to push  
crooked snap crackle pop.  
Too much Brooklyn heat,

*mi hijo* Greyhounds  
to Baja where jonesing *hombres*  
skin y grill goats.

Thousand razor blades  
having their situations  
-- *nuestro pueblo*.

*Papis* make whoopie  
cushions from the guts.  
Rats in sacks, tails tied to pegs,

pesos & a trip  
to *Nueva York for niños*  
slingshot 'em  
blind.

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**Timbuktu As Usual**

I felt bad turning  
the channel from another  
bloody coupe  
                    but did.

I don't know what state  
I am in other than a state of  
                    depression.

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### Sepia Seepage

A snapshot taped to the bathroom mirror:  
Mac and my corduroy jacket

with that built-in belt unbuckled in front.  
Kept there in case I forgot,

near Alexandra Lee picking us up  
in her rugged nursery school van.

When their names vanish like yesterday,  
I pay a visit to the john.

Mom demented, Daddio and the others gone  
before Internet,

once memories leak no trace, all evidence  
is wiped off this earth's face

except for those frayed photos.  
Mac's short hair and baseball cap stand behind

helping me aim their rifle  
while her partner, Lill, smiles approvingly.

Pops asked, Since Mac 'n Lill can't have kids,  
could they share us for the summer?

Lill taught me to fish for perch  
in the boathouse, how to row the dinghy.

Miss Lee (who wanted to be called Alex)  
didn't have children -- I think.

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Maybe the upbringing we soon rebelled from  
wasn't exactly straight?