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