



Poetry

Eight by Africa Fine

He called me neurotic.
He said it as if neuroses are a bad thing.
Then he listed the ones he knew about.
He numbered them
but were they were listed worst to best, or best to worst?

1. You won't touch the handle of a public bathroom door
2. You won't wear flip flops
3. You won't drink from a plastic cup
4. You have pump bottles of Purell stashed everywhere
5. You won't write on a sheet of paper if it's been marked in any way
6. You don't eat chicken on the bone
7. You only wear black underwear
8. You won't drive south to go north

He stopped at eight.
It bothered me.
Who makes a list with only eight items?
Five, sure. Ten, of course.
I couldn't be with someone who didn't understand
that eight just won't work.

Old Man At The Diner by Donal Mahoney

bungalow folk

He slaughters his hamburger steak
with a fork and a butter knife,
massacres ringlets of onions
again and again

thumps catsup all over
the bloody commingling,
then ever so slowly
peppers and salts

and reminds me of Hrebic,
whose wife, back
on the block of my youth,
sat all summer out on her stoop,

knees awry, one eye black,
the other turning gray,
sunning the great white hydrants
of her phlebitic legs.



Two Amigos
by Michele Wirt

Pico

by Daniel Ames

there's liquid gold inside that glass that calls me from above
it seeks to listen and understand while the women in my life can only wonder
shit that's a laugh says the migrant worker from Mexico
I had a wife and sister
they are whores and you don't even know
catch some shit feel the scabs dig in
and then you can laugh and write and die while the lovely madrigal sings
on Pico

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