

Bent at the Spine

Nicole Markotić

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FIRST EDITION

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I. Title.

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race to the orphanage

elicit a retirement for unpaved aprons
lick where you tire, the amusement's prepaid

graffiti for centuries, green rhetoric for buses
retire when you're ready, great fairs to Tahiti

a slip on the sidewalk suggests leaves not pre-bagged
poems on the side, like boys we've left for punchlines

blisters on your nose couldn't come before winter
listen to the noose dangling four times per interval

or don't spy: the garbage excerpts go out on Tuesday
order now for the lunch special – each day except Wednes

fans of the genre hide an ace in the tuba
and that's where we agree, die once, only naked

An Epilogue in Single

Who wouldn't cure canker sores and ear infections with a kiss on the bellybutton?

Split lips sink into cornucopia.

Wooden crosses slam into vampires begging for papal candy-floss.

Exploring springs from another colony messes up municipal back lanes.

Three years can be 20 percent of the rides you take on a bus or a bicycle.

Living in a hat leaves more room than a shoe and can help you finish a sentence faster.

Egyptian hieroglyphs learn to disguise the Loch Ness monster.

How about a cookie? how about green cauliflower before bed? how about Moses' snake staff?

Shopping usually takes longer on the coast, maybe the weather lied.

A meal on wheels can slip inside a smaller meal, another wheeled invention, a Headline.

Sasquatch used to roam across Ohio, until God invited them to the Rockies; now they tease petrified apples from avocado trees.

Jackson Pollock knew how to spill, just not how to lick.

“I unbelieve times 2.”

2 retired librarians don't know their mother tongue.
except why the chapel they build might be a giraffe
irreligious to the eyes of the beholder. randomly I miss
you. uproot that raspberry bush to sucker behind the
alley. yo-yos grow wild in the basement while the law
rolls over its own bust enhancer. Repeat the trump card
and flip the deal. laugh and you won't have time for the
sing-along. go

other people know cunt and homesickness could be the
same word. diction provides a cliché for how long it takes
to reach the middle stanza of melodrama

and the winner is!

“Dictate the prose back home.”

enclosed inside *prose* snuggles the French word for dare.
enhance the inside poem *oh-um*. my lipsticked and labial
teeth – how can he tell? lend a hand picking up hitchhikers
and I’ll earmark my passport lying on the highway.
yearly long distance phone calls outdistance postcards.
so according to Hemingway it’s a candlelight dinner.
repressed phallic objects seem closer to a penis than they
appear. reverse double eyes see double glazed. double
chocolate. even banana boats float. the beach littered
with expectant condoms and vanilla sundaes. so much
for literary pros. so much for the prophetic beat-ess poet

belated Eriñ Mour. postcard

When you say, “English is hypothetical,” I sneeze loudly, and pontificate on the history of breath. You are not amoozed. “As long as the insides stay *in*,” you nap. What’s uppity about 47 fathers defending lopsided moustaches? The doctrine or the principle? A business card replicates a poem. Translated. Kissed. Don’t wait until Galicia moves. It’s just a morsel of Theatre, a frame of falling.

Colophon

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