

Andy Connolly

Poem: Debris

the imprint's still
there but it just doesn't feel like home anymore
yeah, tell me
about it, but just don't tell me she was raped by a swan
I mean, talk about a half remembered mythic method
I can't even remember where I left it near
Finnegan's Lake riverrun, past Eve's and Adam's
sins of the sons are visited upon the fa-
thers they had wars but not like these did they ever ask the question
What we cooking for tea? We could have Prometheus again. We had that last Saturday. I
like it.
But I can't taste it anymore.
Let's see, ah yes, here we are:
three recipes for
Prometheus (a lá Kafka)
first, secure firmly to large
rock, add eagle and serve hot liver with vengeance
second, store in cool place
until hardened into rock
third, freeze for centuries
until
into meaningless
cold and forgotten

Ah what do they know?

“The Romans were honest
they thought it was all
girls, grapes and snow.”

Why snow? That seems an odd thing to say, right? I mean
what about the women come and go and talk
days it’s all I Am Legend without a hint of irony

these

more dangerous

more toxic

groundzeronineelevenwaronterrorbinlad

Ah, to dream perchance to sleep . . . Brrng! Brrng!

No time for that sunshine, get up and go
you’ve got that in you not like your father.

Stiff from the night before and still drunk

I shackle myself to the peddles and roll along quietly

Only to return to gobbets of that holds no for me

yes