

ALEX LEMON

ALL OF THE MADE ROADS

Choosing
My life, I drop

Quarters in
The slot

& select
The worst

Song on
The jukebox

& then sneak
Out to

Watch
Through the rain-

Streaked glass.
O feverish

Praise—I can
Feel night

Struggle
To lay

Back in
Its own dark.

FANCY BEASTS

Chickens dangle
From fishing rods
That hang over
The concrete ledge.
Clucking chum,
Spinning slowly
In the breeze. Every
Strange animal
In our cage
Waits for the dead
Goats to fall
From heaven.
Leaves switchback
Away from the sumac.
At dusk, men
& women can be
Seen swandiving
From the skyline.
Morning comes
& we toss our
Feces in the air.
Noon, we hold out
Our arms like a nailed-
Up Jesus or torture
Victims. It smells
Like mint & burnt
Lamb here, a piano
Left out in the rain.
For good luck,
Throw quarters
At our hooded-heads.