

Citizen For Decent Literature

Part III: Don't Worry Baby

Up the Whiskey Tree

You climb down from your whiskey tree
long enough to ask,

What do you know about fucking?

Not much these days,
I respond,
my hands tightly clasped in my lap.

I try to change the subject to beer,
or the Red Sox,
or the dangers of using too many metaphors.

I avoid the topics
of unfamiliar organs,
hairy legs,
dildos,
doggie style,
reverse cowgirl,
Monkey Pulls the Turnip.

You dry hump the grass next to my feet,
say, *I feel lucky this afternoon.*
I grow excited in spite of myself,
and I imagine your mouth firmly positioned
around my nipple.

My panties grow damp,
but you just turn around,
climb back up your whiskey tree,

and leave me panting in the grass.

—April Michelle Bratten

The Commonplace

Love you heard, you said.
Love scratching with crystal
fingernails on that cracked window.
Are you sure you were awake?
Love like a millipede strolled
down the sidewalk, you said,
smiling, greeting the loose pebbles.
Love with a leash
around its thick neck, you told me.
Barking gloriously at its neighbors.
Are you sure?

—Valentina Cano

What now? Let me tell you what now. I'ma call a coupla hard, pipe-hittin' niggers, who'll go to work on the homes here with a pair of pliers and a blow torch. You hear me talkin', hillbilly boy? I ain't through with you by a damn sight. I'ma get medieval on your ass. —Marsellus Wallace (Pulp Fiction)

Essential Impetus

Rebellion makes its way through every age
Heirloom token. Seed.
Under siege.

When we again are struck
Plucked from other
to the crux of coil

Something in the span endures
In the force of conversation
They cloister to the spin
Pocked. The ebb within.
Their feral need for reaching

These: rip mother from the genes
They wrap mathematics
around the planet

Cold, the codex
Cold, the balance
Still, “we cannot make a mountain”
in that gathering
of shore

—Lynn Alexander



“aggression” by Eleanor Leonne Bennett

Well it's been
building up
inside of me
For oh I don't
know how
long
I don't know
why
But I keep
thinking
Somethings
bound to go
wrong

But she looks
in my eyes
And makes
me realize
And she says
don't worry
baby
Don't worry
baby
Don't worry
baby
Everything
will turn out
alright

Don't worry
baby
Don't worry
baby
Don't worry
baby

Proposal

hold me closer,
I'm about to burst
into flames.

—R.G. Johnson