

# tonight, she drew a smile

the impossible should never be  
this easy to achieve," i said,  
as my breathing creeps to a halt.

the phrase of her being  
gives "bella donna" a new meaning.  
she split me at my seams with an exact-o-knife,  
just the way it was meant to be.

steve miller plays on the front porch,  
toking on midnight jokes,  
as never-could-be-better lullabies  
steal our phoenix from ever rising again.

songs of the future will be written  
with the words of a yester-year past,  
but hinderances can't stop us now,  
'cause we are all made of one and the same.

your own personal tinkerbell  
serenades tiny earlobes  
and passes through brain waves,  
hinting at the path less traveled,  
the road less taken,  
now frosted over with bears and bulls,  
moving markets of love and loss.  
for the fairy that speaks  
in the language you hear,  
communicates truth;  
the answers to the quarrels  
in your delicate heart,  
cast of a yellow gold.

"tu corazon de oro,  
esperar para ser cavado  
de un buscador del pasado."

"the impossible should never be  
this easy to achieve," i said.  
but tonight, she drew a smile  
in the palm of my hand,  
and in her own.  
like uniforms,  
we play for the same team.  
i smile,  
she smiles.

all from the palms of our hands.

two  
poems

by

mike.

adams



what if i said to you  
everything that i was supposed to?  
would you still go?  
could you still turn your back  
and walk out on me?

it's inevitable as:  
the waves in the ocean,  
crashing their juices,  
overflowing onto terra firma

unavoidable as:  
the squirrel in the street,  
exploding like a roman candle,  
lighting cringes onto peoples faces.

inescapable as:  
death and taxes,  
stealing my paycheck week after week,  
until i die.

preordained as:  
manifest destiny,  
slicing its way through john ford's valleys  
and bad water deserts.

what if i said to you  
everything that i was supposed to?  
would you still go?  
could you still turn your back  
and walk out on me?

you probably would.  
cunt.

# the sea word

mike. adams has an illness. Do not associate with him. Doing so could endanger you and the ones you love. His disorder could get into your clothes, rendering them useless. If such a thing occurs, remove them and ignite immediately. If the infection lands near your feet or hands, burn them as well. Hell, if you see mike. adams walking down the street, just burn yourself at that exact moment. You should always carry a flammable liquid and some waterproof matches with you at all times, unless you want his communicable disease, then do none of what has been said prior to this. mike. adams' disease is the dreaded terminal illness known as comedy. Actually, he's a really nice guy - just a young sprat. Poetry is fun for mike., probably because he's so damn good at it. When he talks, sometimes mike. gets sidetracked and stutters, but only when he's nervous. This Broadside costs TEN DOLLARS.