

TuPac Shakur



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Cody Todd

Like the nation, the three a.m. bus splits:
two parts of the same arm. My headphones
hug my neck like a dog collar. The city
outside this window blurs into a rash
stream of wedded light. Iridescence. Heartbreak
on my mind, and for what holy reason?
No woman to throw me out of her life
in years, but the last pale, sad thing I witnessed
was two young men killing a crow for sport.
It was inglorious. Perched, lovely on its
phone pole at first, then its soft nosedive
to the earth. The dark angel, armed with light,
will forever muse my dreams of one death
in Las Vegas, and none to claim the deed.



Cody Todd is the author of the chapbook, *To Frankenstein, My Father* (2007, Proem Press). His poems have appeared in *Hunger Mountain*, *Bat City Review*, *Salt Hill* and are forthcoming in the *Oranges & Sardines*, the *Columbia Review* and the *Georgetown Review*. He received an MFA from Western Michigan University and is a Virginia Middleton Fellow in the PhD program in English-Literature/Creative Writing at the University of Southern California.