

# WICKED CARROON SAMURAI IN DISGUISES

Out of the corner will  
Surely spring the swordwielding  
Kind hearted ender of each  
Of us. The kitten faced  
The laughably ineffectual

The well fortified city, Senlis  
In France for example, or Toledo's  
Rocky approaches, can withstand  
With measured grit and Roman  
Pipes a great siege, the Horde,  
The army Intent on blood and  
Fatherhood of your children's children. But what walls,

Tall and stony, can't keep  
Out, or won't keep out, is  
The clowns, the ridiculous,  
The harmlessly looney. A parade  
Of them, grinning and grimey  
Prostrating themselves before  
The proud queen combing her  
Hair in the moonlight on Saturday  
Evenings high in her ironbraced  
Tower.

Today, just today, a wicked  
Samurai, masterfully trained  
To let human life drain onto  
A kitchen's meticulous floor,  
Arrived at your door in a  
Cartoon disguise. An afternoon  
Bright with imagined future  
Remembrance darkened quickly  
With a silent honed knife.  
And that was it. You bled  
Out on your private battlefield.  
You failed to defend your life.

The mugger you frightened off years  
Ago, the teetering semi truck you  
Swerved around, the unceremoniously poisoned kebabs  
You didnt buy from the jibbering  
Street vendor, all were not  
Your doom.

In the last few brain cycles your  
Blood's quickly fleeing oxygen affords  
You should really wonder who  
Sent your well loved killer.  
And why. You won't know either,  
Ever. You really ever only know  
Your own heart, and that only  
If you are brave and open.



## RYAN SCOTT NANCE

Ryan Scott Nance hasn't ever been to Turkey, not once. Nor ever to Saint Peter's Basilica. Never has he made a living selling potatoes. There was a time when he did travel, but that time has passed. There was a moment, a decade ago, when the faint smell of mildew in the stacks of the Butler Library was reward enough. There will be a day, in the not too far-off tomorrows, when he will try to use whatever it is he has at hand to make you happy. Today is not that day. In the meantime, he has poems (appearing in The Diagram, Drunken Boat, Mantis, Literary Imagination, Red China Magazine and Graffiti Rag) that he has written in hopes they will feel good on your tongue and he has websites he hopes will let you do what you want to do and finds a lot of the things in the world fascinating.

