

# The Clean Your Plate Club

I.

A birthday cake made of geology  
of technology  
with gooey flammable frosting  
and dusty ugly history  
squatting on the table  
like a poisonous toad  
and pretending at sweetness  
fork and a bib and a jauntily tilted cone  
with pictures of balloons and an elastic strap  
raised up right in the Clean Your Plate Club.

II.

And you  
struck a match and  
lit up your own chair  
and jumped up on it,  
screaming,  
"FIRE!"  
and i remember shockedly thinking,  
"what a waste of all of that carefully attended-to hair..."  
as you cocked your gun  
and waited for the first gullible soul  
to run through the door  
with a bucket of water

III.

Map of the scene with  
land acne  
giant tweezers poised at the ready  
international incendiary golf strategy  
a hole in one is a hole in many  
lined up like tumblers for a keyless lock  
defending your trajectories  
with windy distraction  
and Everyone knows  
that the Rat escaped by setting the Dog  
against the Cat,  
but No One wants to see what's really going on  
dress it up in a tight skirt as Paranoid Hetero Sex  
and dangle a careless hip  
the barfights blossom like candy hearts  
spilled from the box  
euphemistic bullets of brotherhood.



## Maxwell Just Maxwell



Maxwell Just Maxwell has been writing for as long as he can remember. He recently rediscovered his own diary from the first grade, with the earliest semicoherent writing he remembered still inside it (Like, where the hell else would it have gone to? Journal entry summercamp?) Here's the first entry: (January 22, 1981) *Dear, me, today I am going to transplant a baby tree I think. Don't you? I do to! (sic) We don't want to have Nuclear war. Love, me. P.S. Do you think we will have Nuke, War????* Singular dialogs and dual soliliquies notwithstanding, he still makes a pretty damn good cup of coffee, and that's what the ladies like. Maxwell is also a painter, sculptor, musician, costume and propmaker, and a bunch of other crap you're not gonna freakin' read. He especially enjoys cooking, long midnight walks on the beach, and referring to himself in the third person. He was raised by a pack of wild television sets and doesn't brush his hair because it screws with his reception. He likes stealing the stickers off the fruit in the supermarket, but he'll pretend he doesn't if you'll be his friend.the end.