

DC POEMS

CHRIS PUSATERI

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TIR AUX PIGEONS
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DC (1)

This hotel is
a Hollywood façade – beautiful landscaping
on a beautiful avenue,
 a mildly elegant first floor.

‘Merlot is merlot!’ screams the waitress
at the barkeep, as if truth were red.

Bananarama is on the juke,
and I’m sure the waitress would agree
 that Bananarama
 is Coltrane
 is Muddy Waters is
 Pavarotti is
 Black Flag.

And shit is mercy,
Democrats are Republicans
DC is Disneyland
& my ass is a hat.

All distinctions vanish.

There is a man in here
who looks like Ilya’s genuine article,
and it’s clear, even from a distance,
that to him
Merlot is not just a cigar.

I wonder what kind of poem Jack Collom would write about this place (& if he has)?

The bartender & the waitress
are going tit-for-tat
 (and my ass is a hat...!)

Sarah’s chap says it well: I am “at once a person & a piece of furniture.”

DC (3)

There was a family at breakfast: man, woman, genderless infant, and two young daughters under ten. The mother paused between sips of coffee to berate the girls in French. The admonishments had to do with food. She would ask them if they wanted more to eat in English, then shortly after, switch to French to chastise them for overeating.

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