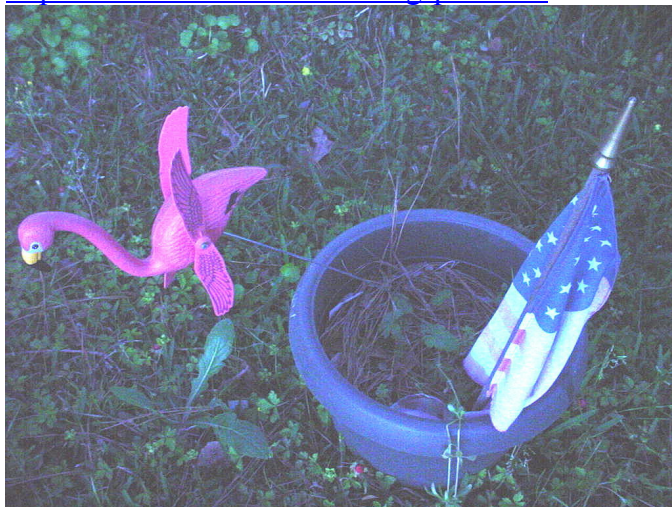


Shakespeare's Shotgun

Five Poems By Jeff Losius

© 2009 by Jeff Losius

<http://www.immaturebones.blogspot.com/>



My Soapy Revolver

i pretend i'm just renting these things, i am mr. potato head with insides, intestines, taste buds, vocal cords, a melting ocean squirming as my spinal mind picks and flips through all these gorgeous sins]]] i couldn't take this skin off with a screw driver, my guts are trickling slug parts torn by wings from things that my mother thinks are pretty pretty, maybe she planted them there, deep, i always pretend to swallow swallow...cotton balls, it's my go-to-magic-trick, they're really shots = gunking gallons of deathly blow fish hunting my light bulb liver!!! the thing you can clap on and off with the cluck of a tongue or the plump suck of a ripe mass, gulping... this life is sooo sweet... the way everyone wraps their spaghetti legs around the earth ripping holes in kaleidoscopes, the rainbows like strips of bacon, inhaling the colors the sun bloomed last year/// frying eggs inside of inner thighs dripping out of college and jumping hula hoops through suits soaked in madness, sweating bouquets of drugs much better then the people we will turn out to be, love luck lust liquor, i shower in the stars knowing everyone i've ever met wishes they were more then just "a jurassic universal galactic rape tucked away on the brink of a plastic handshake, a whisper, a flick of the flesh..."

Jurassic Dark

I wake up to this strange noise every night. Maybe it's that I never really fall asleep. It's always at 4 a.m. and it's always dark. I'm terrified of spiders but they just couldn't make a noise like this. When I hear it I puke. It is terrifying. It sounds like every monster I've ever read about is just outside my bedroom door. A whole pack of Velociraptors just drooling, waiting for me to turn the handle clockwise, pouring their teeth into me, draining me of all my time. I tried everything to get the noise to stop. For three years I put on bug spray before I went to bed. I replaced the feathers in my pillows with garlic. I had solid silver pajamas custom made in case THEY got in. The doctors told me to take two of these, to take three of those. Maybe it was them outside my door. Maybe my mind breaks all the rules of covalent bonding. Maybe they were right, but not tonight. I'd never turned the knob before tonight. The second I touched the door half my blood sunk into my belly. My skin became several thousand kinds of bugs and things crawled into my ears. As puke poured from my lips I remember thinking "give it to me." And then thinking "take it back." The door was open and the noise was dark. It was horror. It was a machete. It was the seven deadly sins. It was swollen hair. It was spaghetti and eyeballs. It was walking home alone on Halloween night without a flashlight when you're young. It was going to church naked and erected. It was your husband snoring away on the couch. It was my husband jacking off in his lazy boy. It was your flunking out of college. It was your only son's suicide. It was running over your neighbor's dog in front of his kids. It was drinking

alone and drinking alone and drinking alone for sex but no love. It was new people in old fucking places. It was James and the Giant Peach except the peach was all of the breast cancer in the world balled up and oozing. It was caged birds. It was anthrax. It was dandruff. It was all of the shits ever taken gushing like venom from every single volcano you ever heard of. It was sweating superglue. It was a mushroom cloud over Disneyland. It was Daddy scrubbing your virgin body with his moustache. It wasn't spiders. It wasn't Velociraptors. It wasn't THEM. It was ME. It was Me. It was me...

Gingersnappin' Grandma's

giant gumps of very passionate iced tea, like the kind we used to make when we were both women, our children lashing around in the mini-pool, our first husbands were just banks, as best friends we were just each other's turtle shells, outlines of what we could have been instead of what we are, snowmen welting away in the fast brighting night lights of our newborn's room, ceasing to glow in the dark, just vaults of goo, plugging up our guts with diet anything, making sure our make-up matched the colors of the current holiday, you might have overdone it one halloween, laughing each other into hospital beds, remember that time we burned up a box of popcorn trying to mask the smell of our old age, and we wondered why our 2nd husbands left us, the last time they got us wet we were sixteen, your pussy is full of sparks, always starting fires for me, your dangerous forever, permanent, lesbians don't even know, we were young just bulb busting sleek, now we leak like children's noses, I visited you yesterday, you thought I was a fire ant trying to damp me out with the extinguisher, so much strength left just nowhere to use it, we could have been gobstoppers, everlasting, even cupid runs out of arrows, or is he just too old to recognize true love anymore, maybe someone broke his heart too, the best time in my life finding pieces of your electric hair in my bed, now look at us, if our hearts beat too fast we shit ourselves, when we were young we used to make fun of all those mashing dripping ghouls, now we have become them, we are only remembered on our birthdays, and what are they but coffins, we used to sit under trees rolling like the falling leaves were catnip, now we are the fallen,

the crisp brittle wind blows and we break, I want
my best friend back, I want our love back, like the
kind we used to make when we were both women,
instead of eggs...

Death Sheets

When I was young I used to make my mom coupon books for Christmas. A wash the dishes for free ticket here, a take out the trash ticket there, one wash the car, one mow the lawn; little things, simple things. She died one night in the bathtub, with shampoo still in her hair. They said it was a blood clot but father and I knew it was the pills. The day after she died he called me into the kitchen. In his hand was a piece of paper. We shared a glass of milk and talked about what we were going to do, where we were going to go. The funeral was in three days, there were things to be done. We finished our milk and he handed me the slip of paper. It was my handwriting; a coupon for a free bathroom cleaning.

Poop Love

When she told me we were going to get one, I swallowed the ring she had gotten me. I then fed hers to the dog. It was somewhere, out, in what used to be our yard, one half of it beaming, the other half covered in shit. Think of it as the cherry on top. I thought I might leave it there, forever, as a reminder but we made up. Her ring was easy enough to find. I didn't have the heart to tell her. Maybe I fed that to the dog too. They were right, "love stinks."