

Attractive Nuisances & Known Hazards

by David Livingstone Fore

Los Angeles, CA (56:43:21 AM/PM, Many Several Years On)

Sometimes it rains
& sometimes it don't

I only know it rains
& then it stops

Where are the gray days that can scour my soul?

I am an unbeliever left w/
will
& not much else making only a poet's progress of
halting certainty
& its doubtful opposite number (#)

Not fair! The sign @
the door said we could redeem our longings on
the way out

I stick the broad hook of
my nose out
the window to draw down
the tired air of
another half (1/2) -gone day

as I d
o
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a

in
my position as chief entomologist[∅] @
the Dead Insect Office of
the Los Angeles Department of
Drought
& Imperial Relief (guided as we are by
our mission to irrigate the thirst of
Commerce
& Christianity
& Civilization
& Camaros of
the Greater Metropolitan Region...[Ⓢ])

It is there I apply my hyperopic insight in
creating documents that bear on
ever present dangers 2
the signal situation of
the alkali fly lifecycle resulting from
diversion of
rivers which once fed ...M.. on.o .La k..e .. to feed our desire for
too much of
everything[≡]

So thoroughly thoroughly thoroughly have I squandered by
the hour each hour sighing bored blasts of
breath
as I starve... starve... starve for
sumfin...

sumfin...

sumfin...

[∅] Dutch for "ant fucker"

[Ⓢ] Ibid, op. cit., et al

[≡] c.f., the small print: "Cut the chit chat Pat"

"Why is that Kat?"

"We're done w/
all that Pat b/
c Nature bats last
& that's that!"

Fiction Fix

Sumfin is bearing down on
us

No break in
this dreadful pleasant weather is forecast

The spiteful sun sings yellowed harmonies that dissolve in/
2 the white noise of
another needless nice day

But our thirst is slaked by
rain only!

One (1) drop of
that stuff could fill reservoirs w/
forgiveness

Now where did I put that thing?

I rifle my desk for
sumfin

sumfin...

sumfin...

sumfin...

O yes!

I wuz starving for
sumfin w/
the taste of
sky in
it

But where did I put it?

Find the end of sumfin
& there you'll have it

Out
the window of
my mind's eye cotton clouds like headstones gather
as the temperature

d
i
v
e
s
&

the
wind

justle lose
a few

d
r
o
p
s

2
earth

Puddles turn puddles in/
2 lakes

Lakes in/
2 creeks

Creeks in/
2 rivers

Rivers rise toward
Cemetery Hill past a pair of
vengeful gravediggers on
break leaning against
their shovels beneath

the weight of
the water of
the world

