

My Back Pages

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I Really Don't Care About Truth, I Want Sleep Damn It!

It was then I knew.
I knew.
All my questions were answered,
Or they dissolved into nothingness.
In life, there was/is no truth.
I only know truth through my eyes,
My flawed and teary eyes.

And yet, I am not answered or faded,
Like those questions.
I am real,
I know it somewhere deep inside,
Deep inside my dreams where nothing
Can really hurt or feel.
But life pricks,
It pricks something fierce at times.

And I knew that like minded people before,
And maybe after myself
Would trudge along my well skipped path.
I am not so singular after all.
They cried,
Will laugh,
Died,
Will live extensively,
Lied to someone special,
And will know what mortality means.

It means this,
You die alone.

But I, I knew.
I knew I would want someone special
Holding my weak soft hand
While my eyes closed for the last time.
Maybe that's a philosophy.
If so, it's not a very good one.

I knew I wanted life. Life and Love,
As much as my fearful shell could tolerate.
I give in to life now.
I give in. I turn off the lamp with a click,
And the pillow snaps up my head in its
chubby jaws,
And I know,
Morning will be here soon.

-Peter R. Johnson

poerty is art
poerty slams find a way
to murder my soul.

-anon.

Thoughts On A Frozen Walden Pond

An empty blue hemisphere capdome
casts thirty-foot shadows of dwarves
In this giant's hometown.
Pygmies knock on Polyphemus' rockcabin door
demanding to be gulped through epiglottis waterslide
splashing headfirst on oxygenated platelet tubes
into small intestines.
Stabbing sickled-cells, anemic,
prick with acupuncture bites,
emitting prejudice and obstinacy oozing out pores.
Soaking up acidic knowledge-juices
in the blinding tract.
Falling off precipice guts, biases broken down,
passed out through coughing asshole
covered in chunked viscera.
Shat into the empty blue bowldome
Grasping landward
gulping liquid and bluegill.
Alveoli pop!
screeching bubbles and muffles into the up
breeching mossy patina spouting excess out blowholes.
You know – laptops, fossil fuels, drugs, fashion –
An eruption of junk and stuck and habit.
Stand tall, basking anew on frozen countertop surfaces.
Gazing up,
Recommence.

-J. Milton

Discover Kirksville

Visitors may pet the three-legged
landlubbing pleasures.
Tame your tastebuds
next to the birth place of the second best cheese-
burger
God has a fully stocked marina
for railroad enthusiasts,
printed on recycled paper
Cares drift away in the level III trauma center,
where Killroy had the benefit of living under the stars
and under the milk stoop
Big rigs welcome.
(A found poem created from Kirksville brochures,
written by Emily Murdock's ENG 204 class)

For the parents of a drowned son

We regret our vulgar tools:
A long, two-pronged ice pick,
An aluminum canoe.
We regret our barbaric process:
We only know to row and jab and row
And jab into the lake's black. Saving
Is a thin chapter in the book of putting
Out fire – that job, too, is rare. So a drowning
becomes our business for the day. But, over coffee,
Afterwards, we were glad to remember that
Even after hours of combing
The bottom, we lugged him up
Checked his pulse, blew two breaths,
Pumped his chest once, for you.

-Richard Smith

Right-Aligned

Loving writing

Near or far

There's a

Lot of fun in

Life to find

Still I wish

For Missouri

To be offering

Chances enough

'Cause Mister J.

Is his own -ism

Called by a

Title here shown

~Joey Puricelli