

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Alan Britt: Three Poems

Alan Britt · Friday, January 7th, 2022

### BILLBOARD FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

Classic Kettle Chips,  
can't beat 'em,  
might as well  
eat 'em.

Political rhetoric,  
can't beat it,  
might as well  
eat it but don't forget  
to spit out  
the fucking thorns—  
same thorns  
that created hanging chads,  
same thorns  
that sent airliners  
into two World Trades  
with PCBs obscuring the shift  
to a new world order;  
spit out those thorns  
lest you sleepwalk  
the Federal Reserve herding  
us like ants herding aphids,  
milking us & spinning satellites  
around our primal mythologies.

Spit out the godforsaken thorns;  
pretend it's rock'n'roll or something more;  
pretend it's Jesus or one of his pseudonyms;  
pretend it's not what you thought it would be;  
pretend anything, so long as you  
spit out the thorns.

*But without thorns, how can we ever know  
"Enough or too much?" & how can we*

*transform our basement caves  
into glorious nests lined with birds  
of paradise art (some say junk), plus  
the usual native vines with their gypsy  
leaves blown free by freak storms,  
or a plastic rose missing half its petals,  
& the rest of this stuff, well, it's the best  
I can do, not an experienced bird  
of paradise myself?*

\*

## REVOLUTION

Each parrot, iguana with mascara to die  
for, hummingbird by nature, especially  
as she releases the satin bow allowing  
her robe to unfold its swallowtail wings  
baring her torso & torching asparagus  
ferns meant for Blakean love but not so  
much for the filthy skein left by politicians  
on our tap water iced teas with bacterial wedges,  
plus coffee gurgling every Starbucks rest stop  
on every turnpike in every state of our  
godforsaken country.

Any minute now things will look up; any  
minute now the Supreme Court, 2 quarts  
low, will receive a moral overhaul.

Any minute now the bi-polar bird of paradise  
will deliver a gold coin, first doubloon  
ever delivered by a bird of paradise & only  
coin to elude explorers, hired assassins,  
flotilla for the Spanish Crown; anyway,  
a coin sifted beneath swirling Cuban sands  
creating a revolution no one expected, not  
even astrophysicists, telescopes vapor-locked,  
semi-locked, & not so locked on chunks  
of rock somewhere between the universal  
walls of imagination, albeit smaller than  
previously thought, perhaps, but some just  
about the size of planet earth.

\*

## PLUS THE ONE BEFORE THAT

(El sombrero de tres picos)

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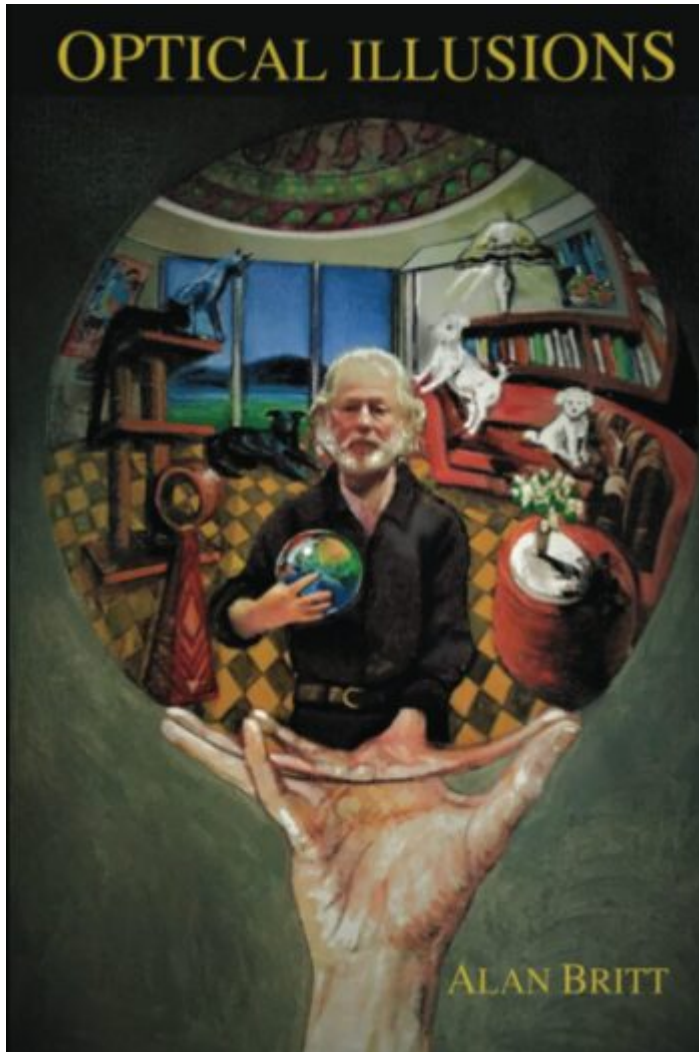
~Manuel de Falla

Before a trumpet like a cobra haunted  
one's dreams on coarse cotton blessing  
the universe with bedbug induced nightmares,  
crumbs from the previous millennia  
& hope velcroed inside portfolios  
begging for a raise.

Eventually we entered the garden of Spain;  
it was night; I'm certain; the piano  
was made of jasmine, gardenias & wild roses;  
she entered; I bowed, & the entire string  
section fell into the most heart  
wrenching see-saw  
between love & despair,  
between wine stains  
on a stork's wing,  
beak earthbound, plummeting  
at speeds our ancestors never dreamed of,  
speeds our great grandchildren  
might never dream of, either;  
somewhere between paradox & smallpox,  
but a marble clicking first a mauve snake-eye  
then a blueyellow  
strapless beauty near the center  
of the circle,  
somewhere between there  
& violins flowing like lace curtains.

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**Buy *Optical Illusions* by Alan Britt**



*Photo credit: Sorina Susnea*

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