

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

John Yamrus: Five Poems

John Yamrus · Thursday, September 9th, 2021

my dogs

bark at the neighbors,
bark at the UPS man,
bark at cars
and kids on bicycles.

they bark at the tv,
the radio
and the stereo.

they bark at
the vacuum,
the dust mop
and the broom.

they bark at
anyone
who enters the house
uninvited.

and
when they're not barking,
they're sitting there,
waiting
for something
to bark at.

good dogs.



Artist Janne Karlsson's illustration of good dogs

*

the

geese
are loud
today.

i
hear you
calling
me,

i
think.

*

Bukowski's property

this poem
isn't mine these
thoughts aren't
mine these
sentences aren't
mine these

cadences
aren't
mine
these
lines aren't
mine.
nothing
i do
or think
or write
is mine.
it's all
filtered down
through you
Mr. Bukowski...
and i wish
you'd
come here
and
take it
back.

*

midnight's

hard

*

i love you

at
70
miles
an
hour,

in
traffic,

on
the
Schuylkill expressway,

when
everything
around
me

has turned to
madness,
spilled wine
and
fear.

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Credit for illustration of “my dogs”: [Janne Karlsson](#)

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