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.

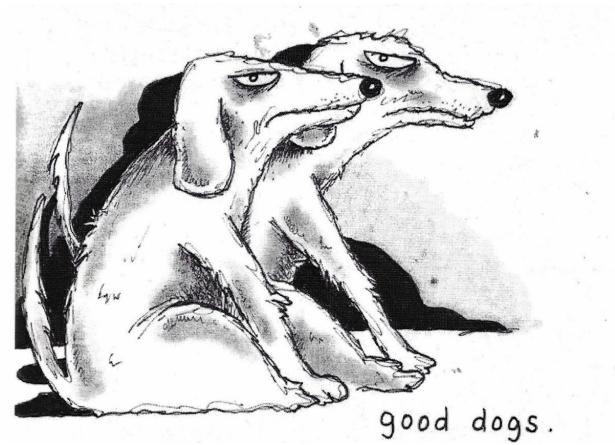
they bark at the tv, the radio and the stereo.

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.

Photo credit for feature photo: Mish Credit for illustration of "my dogs": Janne Karlsson

This entry was posted on Thursday, September 9th, 2021 at 6:55 am and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.