

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jonathan Doyle Harris: Four Poems

Jonathan Doyle Harris · Wednesday, November 15th, 2017

Jonathan Doyle Harris has two published books of poetry: *The Wave That Did Not Break* from Tebot Bach and *Dream Drive* from Night Ballet Press. *The Real Dennis the Menace*, a memoir of his growing up in LA, can also be found on Amazon. Jonathan lives in the Japanese District of West Los Angeles.

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Bukowski's Twelve-Step Program

1. We admitted that booze helped us burn brighter than barflies.
2. Came to believe how miserable life would be without us in it, drunk.
3. Made a decision to turn maudlin at last call.
4. Made the usual assessment of the usual flood of memories.
5. Admitted to anyone who'd listen how epic we are.
6. Were entirely ready to have another round for no reason at all.
7. Humbly ran a tab at the neighborhood watering hole.
8. Made a bucket list off our fuck-it list.
9. Made whoopee with others and to ourselves.
10. Continued to come again whenever possible.
11. Sought through pornographic ideation how to better service ourselves.
12. Having had a physical awakening, we toasted the animal in us, and staggered off into the dark.

Crying Auntie

When the sucker hole closes
 leaving
 little hope of seeing
 blue skies again
 welcome to Oregon
 welcome home.
 Gloom is your ceiling
 your walls the rain.
 You might last
 if you relish the color
 alien green or
 you might go
 just like that
 and find yourself
 crying auntie
 begging the clouds
 to get off you dear God
 have mercy please.
 And good luck trying
 to find a job in this state.
 Nobody's hiring.
 Another excuse to drink.
 Here in the underworld
 all's about lost. That is until
 Sacagawea starts to sing.

Writer's Block

Nothing comes
 but its echo.
 I leer
 into space.
 Clouds,
 brainy clouds,
 head south
 to oblivion.
 Another layer
 lets down
 Medusa's hair,
 Uh-oh,
 spaghetti-O.

What She Said When Having Me

Go get famous, break
a leg. Save your knock-knock jokes
for when you give birth.

Let's hope you can sing
or line up for the cancan
on two, not one leg.

Let's hope you're a boy
or something with a noodle,
so life won't be hard.

For Christ's sake, let's hope
you turn out better than me,
a heel in stirrups.

(Author photo by Alexis Rhone Fancher.)

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