

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mike James: Three Poems

Mike James · Wednesday, April 1st, 2020

Why Can't You Be Happy Like Everyone Else?

for Ace Boggess

because when you hold your breath and pass out, no one comes
because you love the feel of velvet and so few things feel like velvet
because no pigeon ever left a statue to eat from your hand
because every closet you walk into has a wig and a broomstick
because one of the things you do is yourself
because the movies you love are all black and white
because you go on and on
because questions aren't answered, even asked
because sighing is your only exercise
because no one ever invented a love potion that works 365 days
because a damaged *thank you* is the soul of every needle, every pill
because boredom is both habit and mask
because intentions fall away faster than always
because you don't know the combinations for sunlight or bliss

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St. James Broughton

It takes a special man to be a nun. That's not a typo. Male nuns tend to be adept at Powder make up and limerick writing. All this reported on good (not God) authority.

James Broughton built a garden on top of limericks, puns, and nursery rhymes. Go ahead, substitute obscure words for common ones. Edward Lear knows best.

The world is full of things to take in: Words. Gardens. Films. Also, bare skin. As one limerick says...Oh, never mind. Your blush might look like a stain.

If this were a limerick, *garden* would rhyme with *hard on*. Thank God it's not! Proprietary rules are strictly maintained. Though even free verse can pretend at fun.

Is it a good time to mention *wages of sin*? Costs are paid in loose change. All good dirty limericks end with a grin. As eros always rhymes with loss.

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Campbell's Soups

The labels have fallen off my soup cans. I'll have a grilled cheese with something for dinner. That's been my day. A morning unicycle ride to the grocery store and the weekly discussion, with myself, about Elizabeth Bishop (pro and con) over a lunch bagel. An afternoon penny toss in front of the courthouse was my favorite social time. I just wish I'd found someone to play with. Penny toss solitaire is less fun. But that's been my day. I followed a cat up a tree. I got stuck. The cat got down. Firemen came and laughed at my kilt and suspenders. I've never met a fireman interested in either fashion or Scottish history. My chief rescuer had tomato soup breath as he carried me down.

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