

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Zachary Locklin: Five Poems

Zachary Locklin · Thursday, June 11th, 2015

Zachary Locklin is the author of *My Beard Supports Nothing*, a collection of Facebook poems published by Weekly Weird Monthly Press. The Facebook Poems is an ongoing project inspired by Tennyson's newspaper poems, believe it or not, and all the bad poetry that shows up on Facebook. Zach is a graduate of the Master's of Professional Writing program at the University of Southern California; he currently teaches composition, creative writing, and literature at California State University, Long Beach.

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### I Don't Know About You, But

every time I see the headline, "LAX SHOOTING,"  
my first thought is always,  
"The guy could at least have tried harder,"

And my second thought is,  
"but I guess that's what you can expect  
with LAX security."

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### Apparently I've Been Doing It Wrong

My students tell me  
that illegal music downloading  
should be legal  
and everyone should have  
free access to art

because art doesn't cost anything  
to make.

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### Also, Crack Is Probably A Better Return On Your Investment

(for Devin Falk)

The difference between writing poetry  
and smoking crack  
is one of them will lead to you living  
under a bridge in a pool of your own filth

and the other is smoking crack.

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## **This Must Be Why Nobody Likes Me**

When I don't get invited back  
to read at the 2013 Long Beach Poetry Festival,  
I spend the weeks leading up to it  
grumbling to my wife  
and pretending to pretend to grumble  
to everyone else.

Then when I don't get invited back  
to the 2013 San Gabriel Valley Literary Festival,  
which has been shortened  
from three days to one,  
I'm secretly all butt-hurt about it.

But then I get a letter in the mail:  
"One of our editors has nominated you  
for a Pushcart Prize. Please send  
copies of three pieces within ten days."

And I turn into Bernard Black:  
"But WHY did they have to nominate me?"

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## **I Am A Legacy, You Bastard**

One of my TheRapists,  
I forget which one,  
was talking to me about my writing

and I said, "Well, you know—"  
(I start every sentence with  
"Well, you know . . .")  
"—it's a little weird having  
a famous writer for a father."

The Rapist gave me a look,  
almost like a sympathetically  
disappointed look,

like he had expected better from me.

“Well, famous to you,” he said.

“No,” I said, (well you know  
really I think I said

“Well, you know, no”)

“He’s really, like,  
an important poet.”

The Rapist nodded. “Important  
to you.”

“NO,” I said. “You’re not listening  
to me. He’s like actually famous.  
Like–” (I always say this) “–they  
love him in Czechoslovakia.”

He just nodded sadly.

I think that was the last time  
I went to see that one.

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