

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.

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."

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.

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.

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?"

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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