If Poems Were Children

Philip Fullman

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IF POEMS WERE CHILDREN

Philip Fullman

If poems were children
I’d lose custody of mine
Be hauled off to jail
My picture in the paper
Mug shot on TV
Horrible things said about me
That’s him
He’s the one
He ignores them
Poor things
All of it true
How I dote on the youngest
How smart and witty she is
I just love the way she strings her words together and paints the most wonderful pictures
Not like my oldest
The way they ramble and lack meaning
jumping around from thought to thought
I’m ashamed of them
They aren’t mine
No
This one
this one is my smartest
funniest
My best yet
Of this one am I most proud
Until I write something new

DURING LECTURE
A DOG GETS HER HEAD STUCK IN A CHEETOS CONTAINER

R. Scott Yarbrough

During lecture, I can see out the window;
The students can’t. Today a dog has found
a plastic, see-through, Sam’s-sized canister
of Cheeto balls with two meshed inseparably,
sugared with the last of a Coke and a sticky Jolly Rancher, apple I would guess.

Between Antigone defying Creon, the dog just managed to get her head stuffed like a pimento into the clear, Sam’s-sized plastic olive. After lapping up the Cheetos she found her head stuck. For minutes she spun around; Antigone said she had heard Creon’s decree. Then she galloped; Ismene reminded Creon that Haemon was betrothed to Antigone. Then in desperation, she wagged her head like growling a towel; Antigone tells the Chorus she’d rather not have to die to be a martyr. She finally lay in defeat, head in plastic globe, beginning to fog over from her wet breath, the heat turning her soul fluid.

Antigone hanged herself; Haemon spat on his father and killed himself rather half-to-the-hilt and Creon’s wife, Eurydice, quite fed up with it all, leaned on a knife at the alter.

I dismissed class; Blaine stood and immediately felt the authority to noun and name the mutt’s predicament saying she looked Sandy Cheeks on Sponge Bob.

I watched as the students swam outside and soaped Sandy’s neck and set her free. Then they were off to conquer land problems: Sponge Bobs and Patricks off to the Crusty Crab to solve the dark problems of the sea where cartoons talk and girl squirrels can live in harmony and can pester my Squigward muse to understand such brilliant foolishness.