

Forked Tongue

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Forked Tongue
Poems by Craig Sernotti

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IDEAS

I don't believe in the moon.
Nothing's out there, so stop looking.
Nothing's inside, so stop retching.

I'm waiting for the days when birds will use
tombstones for nests, tongues to feed their young.
It'll be great to finally see the useless
being used to support the living.

An aging chiropractor kicks a thin dog for eating
from the garbage. You're the aging chiropractor. I'm the
dog.

I want to say you're like a car, a wine, an epic,
but the simile falls flat.
Please don't hate me for this.

INVASION

The barbarians came when we weren't looking.

They stole our bread, ate our
children,
smashed our instruments.

We built a wall to hide behind.

When they came back,
the barbarians
kicked down our gossamer wall,
pillaged our livestock,
and forced us to
buy cheap knockoff watches.

We hired mercenaries to protect us,
but they disappeared with
our money
and our virgins.

The barbarians returned again,
demanding silver and
pulled pork sandwiches.

Having nothing of value
we begged for
unimaginative deaths.

They left us with
pamphlets and threats of
assimilation.

We burned our village
to the ground
and rode the winds
to new corners of the world,
promising to write each other,
and then remembering
no one
knew how to write.

THINGS TO DO TODAY

Things to do today:

- 1) shave off all hair from body
starting with scrotum
- 2) never get dressed, aka
be naked
- 3) walk over to Route 4 and
stand in the eastbound lane
- 4) scream repeatedly, "Crow T. Robot is God!
Crow T. Robot is God!"
- 5) wait to be hit,
or, option B,
wait to be arrested

DREAM, 26 NOVEMBER 2008, EARLY A.M.

Behind my eyes
someone's waving.
A pregnant dog
at my feet.
Bodies wash up
on the beach.
Smells of lavender.
Someone tells
a joke.
I laugh into the
microphone
but I don't mean it

REMEMBER

Remember
what you were told
in your sleep:

the bank executive
drunk on absinthe
thrashing his
F2M transsexual paramour
in the street
for acknowledging his
receding hairline

(the absinthe
had a menacing
cephalopod
drawn on its label)

given permission to perform
hasty cunnilingus
on a silicone starlet
while she's blowing
out her hair

(she tasted
like kettle corn)

drinking in a dive bar
among mumbling
day laborers who would give
one, both, or all three
of their bloated testicles

for five minutes alone
with the cute bartender,
to peel off her tight jeans and
tight top and lick her from her soft
pedicured toes to her
eye patch

(she had three
rows of teeth)

Remember.
It will help you
survive the day.

THE RACE

We run on empty stomachs in cardboard shoes.

We carry damaged flags to honor the veterans of imaginary wars.

We pace ourselves to outlast our children's children.

Our estimated time of arrival is yesterday.

WAITING ROOM

I am waiting for the cure for cancer.
It is due any moment now.

The man sitting next to me does not look familiar.
He exhales mosquitoes.

I slap my face when they bite.
I see outlines of fancy guppies swimming in the air.

There is a man standing next to the man sitting next to
me.
He is about as unattractive and uninteresting as a dead
governor.

We drown in each others' cologne.