

every tuesday around noon



jordan stewart

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part one

"Once on a yellow piece of paper with green lines
he wrote a poem
And he called it *Spot*"

Dr. Earl Reum

Tuesday Love

If pictures are worth a thousand words,
and memories are forever,
then eternity might be bought
for a roll of Kodak,
and a High school term paper.

He lives his life believing
that every Tuesday people fall in love,
every Tuesday around noon.

So he dresses up,
and buys flowers from a cart
in the town square.
and waits, smiling as the people pass.

Me and her would sit together on her front porch,
and lean way back in our chairs.
She'd talk about the weather
or the color red,
and show me
how to make bendy straw bracelets.

When the sun sets
his smile and his flowers fade.
he walks home to his apartment,
and loosens his tie.
In the bathroom, he looks in the mirror,

"Next Tuesday."

Beautiful Squares

And oh!
what a beautiful city
never sleeping, silent nights,
clear black sky city.

A city where the streets
form perfect squares
as they cross each other,
in perfect harmony
again and again.

The slow falling snow
covers the beautiful squares
in a soft blanket of white

A blanket who's corners
will soon be stomped down and rounded,
tainted by footsteps.

The whores are working tonight.

Job Interview

There's love to be found,
hidden somewhere between
the noise corduroy pants make
and knowing every line
to her favorite movie.

Being drunker than acceptable
for a job interview
I explained on my application
(under hobbies and interests)
how I spent my time
watching the sun stretch its way
across my hardwood floor
on Sunday mornings.

And there is something very real
about 5:43 pm
and learning something new
like how far away the sun is from the earth,
or exactly how many steps
(heel to toe)
it takes to walk to the post office.

They never called me back
and I suppose that's understandable
I never really wanted the job anyway.

Radio Flyers

She screams at me,
with such alarming intensity.
She said,
"You're all liars,
sitting in your radio flyers,
with your rubber boot dreams,
and your large coffee, two creams"

I scream back with a desperate strength
gathering my will and sacrificing length
I said

"I hate the way you make me feel."

Construction Site

Walking past the construction site
the steel beams scream capital "I"
but only if you read them just right.

Construction sites full of
men who study Einstein's theory
(evenings and weekends)
but whistle at passing house wives through the week.

Coffee is secretly the lifeblood of a construction site
the oil between the gears.
and it is brought in
one thermos at a time.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town
a long haired, soft spoken 20 something
has chained himself to a tree.
a tree in the way of change,
or more accurately, a new parking lot.

Custom Floor Coverings

we spent three days in the hammock
behind her house,
trying to remember high school science class.

sometimes when it rains,
clocks think people are distracted
and they set themselves back a whole minute.

the wide spread tick of the minute hand,
is often confused for thunder.

I whispered in her sleeping ear
"I bought you some new custom floor coverings"

this of course was just a clever decoy
for what I really wanted to say:

"you smell like memories"

An Under Spoken Word

Beautifulness;
an under spoken word.

People have a chronic fear of getting their picture taken.
and so we will be known as the generation
that spent our time covering our face with our hands,
as if hands are somehow more photogenic.

Jude of Jude's Diner interviews a girl for the position as head waitress.
"It says here, under "other skills"
that you're good at dropping food on the floor?"
"Yes M'am"
"Well For Christ Sakes....."
The owner shifts uncomfortably in her chair.
"Can you start on Monday?"

In small towns like these,
people have a tendency to look past your flaws.

Walking home from her interview,
the snow begins to fall
and the girl in her red coat smiles.
Monday she will begin her new job
but today, today she concentrates on making perfect foot prints
in the new fallen snow.

beautifulness.

Worst Possible Times

I watched her get dumped,
sitting on the bleachers at the junior high dance,
she cried with the intensity
of what could have been a broken heart
but was probably just humiliation

"still with me son?"
the man across the counter said,
waving his hand in front of my face
and handing me my record.
"that'll be five ninety five"

I have begun to have these memories
at the worst possible times.

Long Division

you're a whore.
With your bedpost legs
and queen-sized motel room.
Busy Bee Motel,
the one out on the highway.
Red paint peeling on the doors there.
Room number seven,
lucky number seven, you'd always say.
but you'd never know what day it was.

In the motel office,
the manager helps his son with his homework.
his son who was just taught long division
earlier that day.

"and if the whore makes three hundred dollars,
and asks for her room key five times,
how much money does she make, per visitor?"

pencil scratches paper lightly
when clutched by small hands.

"sixty dollars?"

"well done my son,
now go wash up for bed."

Round of Applause

the mayor of the town took her place at the front of the crowd.
"no one is allowed to have hands anymore"
she said, quite simply.

and so things like bowling and wrapping presents
became just rumors.
children gathered around as old men would tell stories about 'gloves'
and the forgotten art of thumb wrestling.

head butting replaced the formal handshake
and nose bleeds became more of a concern
than sweaty palms.

gun violence decreased sharply
and the man on Weston street
stopped slapping his wife's beautiful face
and so it got the chance to heal

and she got the chance to run for miss USA
but was disqualified for not waving at the crowd.

Thinking Chair

Sitting on his lunch break
he wondered who had coined the phrase
"Coin the phrase"

At first he was sure
it was someone scholarly and witty
someone intelligent, who smoked a pipe
and owned a "thinking chair"

Then he thought,
if it had been someone like that,
people would talk about him,
school kids would learn about him.

And so,
he figured people had a reason for not
talking about the man in question
maybe a reason like,

he used to beat his step daughter.

On My Day Off

There's something unbelievably depressing
about the way my 65 year old neighbor
talks so passionately,
about her African pen pals.

It's the same feeling I get
when the kitchen counter
offers up an empty cereal bowl.
that had once held someone's complete attention
even if only for a short while.

"I got some good wind sounds"
my kid brother says,

and when he plays his tape recorder for me
it's the most beautiful thing
I have ever heard.

Bulgarian Politics

As we stood in line to buy tickets at the airport
I was wearing a shirt made of exactly 50% cotton,
and 50% uncomfortable silence.

my earlier attempts at conversation had failed.
I had tried to spark your interest
on the topic of Bulgarian politics
and then again when I mentioned techniques
for hanging an abstract painting in a hallway with no doors.

I wanted to know you better,
and I wanted to make you laugh.
I wanted to know if you thought forest fires were romantic,
and I hoped that you did.

the woman behind me tapped me on the shoulder
"excuse me sir, your suitcase has just burst into flames"

looking down I noticed that my Samsonite was indeed on fire,
and the flames were rapidly gaining in intensity.

I wondered what your favorite month was.

Cat Legs.

Walking home from your house,
it rains on nights like this for a reason,
it's foggy and the air smells like sidewalks.
the fog carries the street lamps silent message:
orange glow.

When I get home,
my answering machine is using other people's voices
to tell me that I have a job interview on Wednesday
and that the scoring system for tennis is obviously flawed.

"I mean seriously man, 15 points?
and what's all this LOVE talk?"

Stop. Rewind.

I lay face down on the hardwood floor
and spend the next eight minutes,
remembering how beautiful you are,
before promptly taking a pipe cleaner to the eye.

Parallel Parking

The town was in a frenzy
over the latest shipment of exclamation marks,
but in this place,
in this exact place,
its been raining silverware for thirteen days straight.

"And not just spoons either,"
said the woman with forks for eyes.

Every last driving instructor
is lost in their Sunday daydream
about the complexities of 'off-white'
or whatever else they can think of,
to keep their mind off parallel parking.

Sitting down at the dinner table I said
"I've decided to be thirty nine percent less predictable"

"Totally saw that coming" she said.

part two

“Realize your potential, and live up to it,
and ‘a lot’ is two words”

Mr. Duplissea,
grade 11 English Teacher

Good Times

The Jokes on little Johnny
The night his Mother and Father
Are killed in the car accident

He doesn't know the night his parents die,
is the same night Santa Clause dies

and so he'll grow up to be,
The kind of man
That wears his shirt sleeves rolled up
Inside his coat.

Johnny will never have good times.

Doorstep Love

Perfectly gray days
brought on by this dismal city
and by going out
after being in for such a while..
The brightest reds are ashamed
to be represented by nothing more than
a darker shade of the earlier mentioned gray.

Doorstep love is my favorite kind
as we sit and share an apple
(dark gray in color)
and you explain to me, softly
why the French put accents over their letters.

In the silence of the afternoon
the clouds roar by with jet engine intensity,
and ants stomp past on the cracked sidewalk
late for a date with kitchen crumbs
or other such ant things.

Dimly Lit Sadness.

Find me in the darkness
and lay down beside me here.
Speak to me the lines
that you memorized
just for me.
The lines of my favorite poem
the one I've read to you.
the one about the moon.
the one about how things aren't ok
and things aren't always ok
for everyone

The poem about men
that dance alone in the dark
the one about heartache
and loneliness
and late night,
dimly lit sadness

Your warm breath on my neck
laying here with you
things aren't bad for me
not bad like they were before.

Fire Trucks and Drowning

I cant decide if the term "plastic fingers"
is ugly or beautiful.
but I have all day to think about it

"come to bed"
she said to me

"in a minute" I replied
"i have to finish drawing the sound
a newspaper makes when it hits a paved driveway in October"

I've recently decided that
almost everything is better in slow motion.
with the exception of things like
fire trucks, or drowning.

standing in my doorway she said
"do you want to go for a walk with me?"
and as the wind blew hair across her face
I decided I'd move out of this town
and live in that moment forever.

Coin Photograph

I have a new found obsession with
painting doorways,
and you standing in them.

There is exactly one dollar and fifty six cents
on my desk.
Not enough to buy orange juice
at the store down the street,
but taking a photograph of the coins
makes me feel better.

My pen pal wrote to me today
about the rising threat of terror in her country,

I quickly write back about my shortage of clean socks
because the nice old lady in 2C
spent all day Sunday,
using the building's laundromat
to wash everything she owns.

I spend the coins on postage,
and spend the next week
wearing sandals

Spinning Vinyl

You there,
across there,
with your dress down coat.
and electric slide
super sly grin
and knowing just what makes boys like me
look twice.
Well I guess we're here again
standing close, at this show,
I wish I knew your cat's name.

Where did you find that smile?
and where did you learn and use it on me like that?
you ask me something about smoking
and if I want one
or maybe you said something else
like:
"Do you want to watch the sun come up with me?"

I'm about one song, and one drink,
one more smile
away from asking if I can call you.
to keep you up at night
while I read you what I wrote on my hands
earlier that day.
You'd laugh, and you'd ask how
I fit that whole story on my hand
and I'd laugh
and tell you that I think you're more beautiful
than spinning vinyl.

Smoking Kills

Spin, spin, spin
the tire slows to a stop
and the light snow falling
begins to decorate the top edge of the tire
that for the first time in a long time
doesn't find itself touching the ground.

Shattered glass, and blood stained snow
and the silence that lingers
after something terrible happens.
Something terrible
like a truck sliding on its roof over an empty
four lane highway
and coming to a stop on the edge of a snowy field
that stretches on forever.

The driver moves enough to notice
that he's broken both his legs.
The passenger is dead
and the people riding in the back
aren't in the back anymore.
Looking out the cracked front window
he stares far into the horizon
where the sky meets the snow.

Upside down.

He turns the truck off
and waits silently
and wonders how long it will take
to be rescued.

He tries smelling for gas,
and when he doesn't,
he reaches over and moves
his dead girlfriend back in her seat a bit.

He opens the glove box
and takes out his pack of cigarettes.
Flicking his Zippo
and lighting the cigarette
he smiles at the package
that says something about how smoking
kills more per year than car accidents.

He asks his girlfriend if she wants a smoke.

Kinds of Chairs

I'm leaning towards
the lonely side of an empty room.
In this place, things like an overturned chair
and a child's broken toy,
are poetic in their simplicity.

White border surrounds black and white snapshots
of everything I see.

A minimalist's common knowledge.

"This chair isn't a normal chair,
it's a musical chair"
"It is not, it's a hospital waiting room chair"
"If you two don't stop fighting,
it's going to be an electrical chair"

Mothers say the darndest things.

Torn t-shirt love,
with its clever logo, optional.
Shiny, are the memories
of having someone to worry about
and someone to steal blankets from.

"I used to be unhappy,
then I rented this happy face mask,
hides the real thing, and its got this built in smile."
an old man said to me today
as we sat on the bench waiting for the bus.

"That seems a bit sad" I replied.

He just smiled.

NASCAR Lighter

She catches the bus to the ugly building
on the corner of Smith and Carmichael
where she will spend the rest of her day
posing as the "before" shot
for the miracle diet pills,
that don't work.

On her lunch break
she will sit by herself
oblivious to the fact
that someone is at her house,
stealing her TV.

Later that day when she is done posing
she will gather her things,
and walk to the white walled building down the street
and pose as the "after" shot,
for the anorexia recovery program.

And that night, while she sits on her torn couch
and stares at the empty space where her TV used to be
she'll start crying, and trying to light her cigarette
with her NASCAR lighter.

Headlines

Watching her read the paper
I looked at the headline:
"Depression kills, Doctors say"

"I've given up blinking."
I say it out loud
but not loud enough for her to hear.

"Did you say something dear?"
"I said you look beautiful today"
"Oh, that's sweet, thank you"

Nobody Says Anything

Today I sat inside thinking about you
and dreamt about the poems I could write
if it was snowing outside.

I remember the time you asked me
how long it had been
since I had watched the sun come up,
and I told you I didn't remember.

I remember telling you
that you were my hero
and you smiled and laughed,
and shyly turned away.

Broken hearts are like ugly shirts,
everyone notices
but nobody says anything.

Empty Apartment

Your eyes are the perfect example
of every failed attempt to describe
someone's perfect eyes.

I stared at you as you finally discovered
the perfection in top hats
or in cheese graters
or whatever it was you happen to be holding.

We stayed up late in our empty apartment
playing go by candlelight,
using old coins and the pattern of the hallway tiles.

When I awoke you were missing.
In the hallway our game pieces were gone,
like your mittens from the entry table.

I sat on the floor and turned on the radio.
An overproduced infomercial was selling me a juicer
"and if you call right now...."

We didn't even have a phone.

You came home with coffee and soup for two.
You laughed and told me about
the man working at the coffee shop
and I wondered if you noticed the snow melting on your cheek.

"We should get a juicer"
I said..

Inside Jokes

When it rains,
the city screams inside jokes
from the cracks in its trampled sidewalks.

Inside jokes that speak of
an evening two summers ago,
when the city stayed up late
with a girl named Mary.
Who smelled like August, and laughed like September.

The city tells it's jokes with the kind of sadness,
that comes from only loving someone in memories.

Hill Girl

A girl climbs a hill
hands in her pockets
kicking stones as she goes.
The silent breeze
runs over her smooth skin
and the song stuck in her head
finds her lips
as she whispers to herself.
She smiles as she thinks
what a good day she's had.
so happy.

Reaching the top of the hill
she sits on a rock
and decides to watch
the skyline change its colors
blue to pink to red.

She gets hit by a low flying plane,
and her body is sliced to pieces
in the engine.

The Front Lawns of Our Discontent

We'd go avalanche racing in late February.
Our cheeks red,
and our stomachs heavy with the feeling
of creating fresh powdered chaos.

Say hello to the era of bumper stickers,
the colour 'jazz berry jam' and recommended minimum donations.
Say hello to automatic everything,
and 10-in-1 Christmas presents, broken by early March.
"Do you mind turning your music down just a tad?"
"Oh yeah, sure, no problem, sorry about that."
Say hello to being polite when you don't want to,
and the word 'tad'

The shadows are allergic to bee stings,
and wear boardwalk armour in the months June through August.
The bees are attracted to your hot dog-on-a-stick perfume
and your hair band with bee antennas.
hair band, not hair band.

A drunken man with a handle bar moustache,
and a "do not feed the bears" tee shirt
tried to explain to me (arm on shoulder) the art of yardsaleing.
Broken alarm clocks, and faded Nintendo controllers
carelessly arranged on fold away bingo tables.
Masking tape price tags and "yes it works, but the manual's missing"
These are the front lawns are our discontent.

I awoke to my neighbour banging frantically on my front door.
"You have to get to the basement!" he screamed,
"the grammar storm is coming!"
I could already see the swinging legs
on my lawn ornaments beginning to pick up speed.
Ten minutes later the windows began to rattle,
apostrophe ess, apostrophe ess, apostrophe ess.

So then let's sit up here,
up on this cliff over looking the planet on fire.
Let's make insecure promises about brushing our teeth,
and doing our taxes, and keeping the baby.
Let's pretend we matter,
and let's pretend they don't.

part three

"I wish I was a cat"

The Port City All-stars

Maple Love

I remember the day exactly
late November and your breath danced
in the air for us,
like a white-dressed ballet.

Sitting on the boardwalk
watching the calm water do a lot of nothing at all
you told me of your plan to buy the world one smile at a time.

I've recently discovered the silence
that rushes the room after everyone in it
has gone to bed.
ticking clocks and creaking floorboards
rise to the occasion and finally say
"hey! listen to me!"

walking home along the edge of town square
dry leaves crackled against the red brick.
"maple crunches loudest" you said
flicking the leaves as you walked.

and then you smiled.

"sold"
I thought to myself.

October Thirty-first

Halloween cant fool us
we left our masks at home
filled with the memory of a time
when we weren't too old to wear masks.

"I hate this goddamn holiday"
I said to you as we walked down the street.

Richard Nixon ran past us, pillow case in hand.
and I wished for a place
where ringing someone's doorbell
didn't mean interrupting their reality TV show.

The superstore stopped selling eggs to teenagers
but Tom's convenience wont turn anyone away.
Tom sells enough eggs and toilet paper on Halloween night
to buy his wife that dress she's wanted
the red one, low cut back.

As we stood at the bus stop
with Spiderman and Sponge Bob
I decided that razorblade apples
were probably just a rumor
made up by house wives
who were tired of opening their doors for skeletons.

People ruin everything.

People Skills

"They're called whiskers
not actually Whiskas,
that's just what the foods called..."
I said to her,
laughing at her mistake.

"Don't mind him,
we know what they're called don't we kitten,
yes we do."

"You know dear, the cat can't really understand you"

"Sure she can, " came the reply
"She has good people skills"

Hung Over

I woke up this morning
and stood in the shower
until the water stopped being hot

Then I put on sweatpants
and slippers that look like cows
and sat in the chair in front of the TV

The TV wasn't turned on.

I spent the next nine minutes
wishing I was asleep.
and then the phone rang
and in my phone voice
I declined a visa classic low rate option.

"But thank you for calling"
I said.

Station

I couldn't remember if it was yesterday
or the day before.

The scramble to get a ticket reminded me too much
of the scramble I had seen in the parking lot
when the flapping wings
sought after a baker's hard work.

The same lot I was dropped in
by a cab driver named Henry
who had long red hair
and sang "you never bring me flowers"
because I had flowers
that weren't for him.

I quickly thought I recognized
the lady at the ticket counter
as the Infomercial girl
that sells those grills
at 4 in the morning, on channel 13.

And as I boarded the train
all I could think about,
was the girl by the coke machine
and if anyone was missing her right now.

Alarm Clocks and Coffee

Sunday afternoon is the same as a Monday morning
without the alarm clocks and coffee.

On this Sunday afternoon,
the fog hangs low and thick in the quite port city.
The bus we've been riding bumps along these lonely streets,
while the crossing guards and street sweepers
have taken the day off,
to teach their son to catch a baseball,
or to discover the physical beauty in things like desk lamps,
or a half opened drawer.

Alone on this bus, for hours we ride,
the driver happy to have us,
and the occasional passenger,
indifferent to our whispering.

On this Sunday, we don't know what time it is,
and I begin to tell you my elaborate plan,
my plan involving a step ladder, and a tube sock.

You're sleeping when I'm done,
and I let you dream.

Tomorrow, my love, will come bright and early,
alarm clocks and coffee.

Stained Street

The night Jaime got a prank call
was a long one.

The boy who got hit
by the green Chevy pickup
still lay in the street.
As the paramedics surrounded him
the neighbors did their best
to catch a glimpse of something.

Blood maybe?

The officer covered the body,
and the staring stopped
while the starers went home,

looking both ways before crossing the street.

Meanwhile, back on Orange street
Jaime has fallen in love with her prank caller
and has a date for this Friday,
laughing at a joke the pranker makes
about already knowing her phone number.

Snowflake Parachutes

Smokey and cold
in our one bedroom apartment
she laid on the couch in the dark.
the dark that was happily married,
to the flickering glow from our television

a black and white documentary
about the importance of trains in the second world war.

I was going to the store to buy orange juice, and toothpaste.

"girl, do you want to come out for some coffee?"

the heroin screamed its way through her,
and she explained to me that snowflakes
were just tiny little parachutes
for an invisible alien race,
coming to invade the planet
by the millions.

"ok dear, well
I love you"
I whispered,

closing the door behind me.

Stealing From the Library

There are evil things all around me.
Things like,
valentine's day,
and global warming.
They can't touch me though,
or that calm feeling I get,
when walking by a wall made of brick.

In this beautiful darkness
(more beautiful than regular darkness)
I have found a reason.
It is hidden in hardwood floor confessions
and things left unsaid.

I am slowly becoming the kind of person
who owns two dustpans,
and steals from the library.

Radio Song

"Are you made of glass?"
she asked me.
I smiled and watched the disco ball
spin its perfect patterns
on the darkest corners of the gymnasium
and all along the ceiling.

My life has become the row of chairs on the side of the dance floor,
photographic in a way that they're always in the background
of the pictures people take
of the happy dancing couples.

"Sometimes"
I said back to her.
she sat down beside me.
and as we looked at the floor,
we said nothing at all,
and found comfort in the silence.

The overly recognizable opening chords of that radio song
about heart ache, and loneliness
sung by someone
who's never had a broken heart
began to play.

"I hate this goddamn song" she said.
and when I asked her to dance with me,
she laughed.
"Well yes, of course"
and so there we were,
cheek to cheek as they say.

"I hate this song too" I whispered to her.

Missed Opportunities

And the air that almost got the chance
to be wind running across your face,

finds itself instead
trapped in the rear left tire,
of a middle aged house wife's dodge shadow.

Afternoon sunlight that could have easily
warmed my stretched out, dreaming kitten,

instead is eaten by a solar panel
and powers a desk lamp
where a man sits, drawing his elaborate bank robbery plans.

Missed opportunities are secretly ruining us.

Librarian Talk

Hello to the days
of the dewy decimal system
and its dedicated cult following.

She sat smoking
I hated that she smoked,
she knew it, but didn't quit,
nor did she blow smoke in my face,
so I guess we called it even.

She worked in the library,
Part-time, on the weekends

Weeks later she would leave me
for a guy that came in one day
and said something like:

"Gosh, Melvil Dewey sure knew what he was doing"

Just loud enough for her to hear
(he actually knew the real name, but only because he looked it up)

And of course, her breath was stolen.

You Never Noticed

my ex girlfriend of four years.
wrote me a letter that said

"can I borrow a poem you wrote?
its for my creative writing class"

and I wrote her back

"yes, you can use my writing"
I said
"but you have to tell them,
it was written by a man who's
socks never match"

a few months went by
and she wrote me back

"I used your poem, thank you for that,
but why did you want
me to say your socks never match?"

the pen I wrote back with
was missing its cap.

"because it's true,
and I just wanted to prove
that you never noticed."

you lost a quarter inside your skin
and you talked to me yesterday about how
your boyfriend doesn't like your new caribou print forearms
and you've been desperately trying to avoid saying
"what am I made of money?"

this was written on a bathroom wall:
'if the bakery down the street charged four smiles for a cake
I could only afford a slice tonight'

my landlord made me paint over it
before I moved out

as we laid together in the dark night
she looked over at me and screamed
"You are a book of plank pages".

No, she didn't scream, she whispered,
I always mix those up.

stack your coconuts with the desperation of overdue rent
and the thought of not being able to afford
your phony lifestyle, the one you found in the secret lair
behind your old neighbors house over on regent street.

the world's cash register greed,
eats away at the boy made out of love note post-its
and who's favorite pastimes include mountain biking
and writing words with the letter 's' in them.

this might be a bad way to end this,
but I could die,
inside your goddamn smile tonight.

and maybe I will,

and maybe,
I already have.

The Ballad of Mid-November Inconvenience

Climb aboard this beautiful six string machine
It is on fire,
and is built from tennis ball hate,
and taking left turns too sharply.

We will rape the pages of public phone books with our poetry
poetry inspired by beer and the touch of skin.
instead of ordering a pizza or calling a cab,
the man will read about striped couch confusion
and the time I taught you how to love Tuesdays
and the time I taught you how to hate blue pens.

Pavement has married slush all along these violent intersections
meanwhile, revolving door suicides
are everyone's favorite mid-November inconvenience
and I have decided to stop caring.

tonight's the night
as we race our razorblade indifferences
across the wrists of a thousand broken guitar strings,
and we make love.

the entire planet's got each other on speed dial
in case of an emergency that never happens
or maybe they do it so they wont be the one
with no one on their speed dial.

there's something else though
that I'm trying so desperately to say
but keep missing the point

this room is wallpapered with an ocean of twenty seven word es-
says
and trimmed with a promise of dancing in the dark.
the floor is tiled with a step-sons quiet rage
and the space is haunted by the ghost of a man
who used to sell Rolex imitations in New York.

this is rapidly gaining momentum
and while I don't know where I'm going
I most assuredly will know when I arrive

I have seventeen different opinions
on the subject of euthanasia
and while I understand that this is a controversial subject,
seventeen is a lot.

thank you:

Terrance Lindsay for making me laugh when I didn't have much to laugh about.

Josh levy for making me write when I thought I couldn't.

My family, Meghan Lanteigne, Jill Lanteigne, Jennifer Megeney, Steve Zaionz, Dan Chamberlain, Adam Mowery, Tyler Crawford, Joanna Killen, Dustin Harvey, Christopher Durning, Christopher Daigle, Jason McLean, Micah Smet, Lisa Freeze, Dave Levy, Krista Legere, Matthew Wilson, Andrew Stevens, Doug Anderson, Ben Harpell, Jesse Megeney, Emilie Daigle, Aimee cat, and anybody who's ever bothered to read anything I scribble.

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Support your local music scene.

Love,
Jordan