

REASON'S

MONSTERS

Poetry by Carmen Giménez Smith
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Practical Joke 9/13

This one's about three bodies. Are you ready?
There's a soldier and a body and a body. This
is to be taken literally. The soldier says to the one
body, "I will go over you," and then he drives over this body.
And to the second one he says, "you're collateral
but civil, so say goodbye." and throws him out of his tank.
When this is finished, he radios in to his colleague:
"The signs of physical trauma are the result of legitimate use of force."
Make sure that's what it says," and then the clam walks
into the bar and asks for a crocodile.



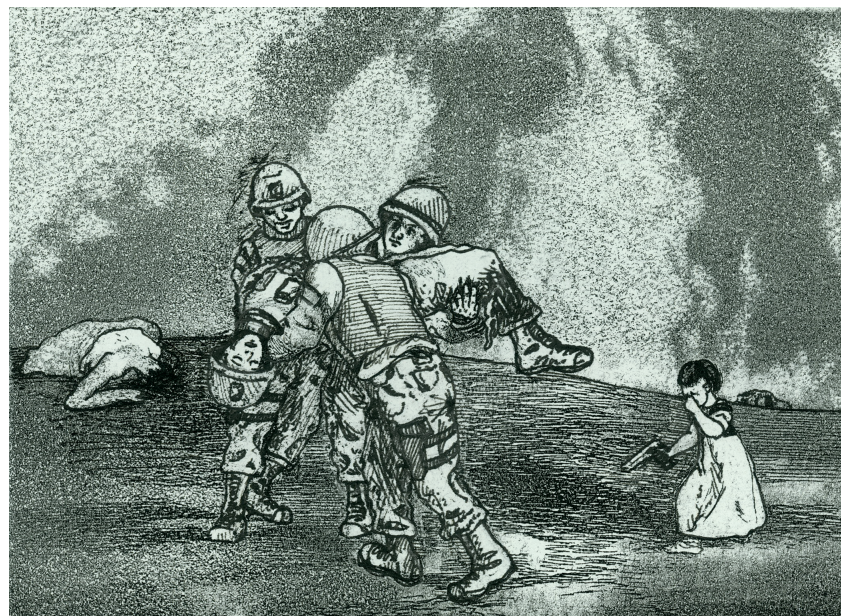
PracSam the Vulture 13/13

Busy bee proclivities are design-orient.
Must not try to impose a "demonization" of
nuclear weapons, but instead let's make them
pretty and sleek as Jonathan Livingston
Seagull's cathartic swoop, except over not-ocean.
What is ocean now, but buried oldfield?
Let's make a weapon as sleek as cock,
beaky and thick. Let's make him totem animal.



Negligent Discharge (3/13)

Sorry, says the little miss.
She's dressed in princess garb
like our daughters do.



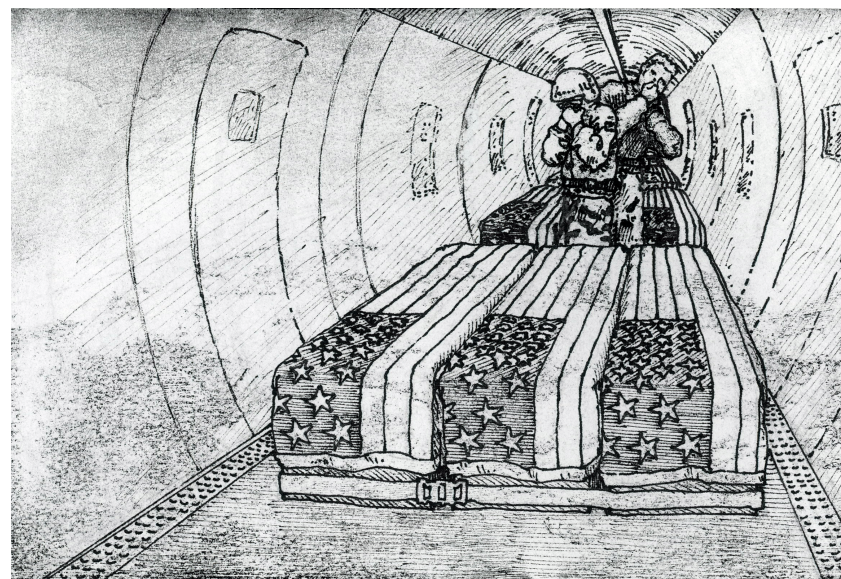
Infidelity (11/13)

The pillage will not be televised,
but tweeted. The mortification will not
be televised, but posted on MySpace.
The teeter-totter of infidelity's assault
is metonymy, but not made germane.
Always a larger subject to consider in
the delicate subject of rape.
It is the vulnerability of the outside body,
not the invulnerability of the invading body.
Someone commits acts that get drowned out
by lions in the coliseum. That's a trope
we can't abandon, the false sense of salvage.



Little Boxes 10/13

Because they are fleshed with dense glass.
Because in the face of our own connivance.
Because it's contagious.
It's their bailiwick, not our bailiwick.
Because we're anaesthetized out of sadness.
They've got dimensions the pictures don't give us,
so then it's okay because we just can't get it that
it's part of giving oneself over to country, and this
is no critique, but a lament for young men and
young women, these are kids in toy boxes
flown over zones for limpid ceremony and not enough





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