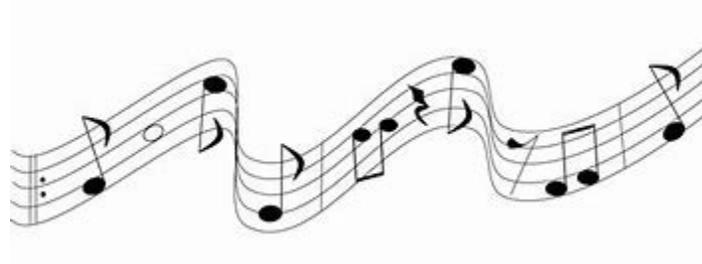


Eric Clapton



Is A Real



Yeah but he plays good guitar

Plus 2

By

L
Leslie

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WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... If Leslie Bramm wasn't so insightfully opinionated and insufferably self-absorbed, I am not sure I would enjoy him quite so much. 'WORSE THAN THE WAR' ...ordered-in take-out missing condiments: "Digging through the bag I noticed, / to my absolute horror...the night was ruined...and no, an apology won't / make things*

better." The tragedy's classic, it's beyond being abridged. One can only assume he wrote the next two poems right after the Thai food fiasco, he seems inconsolable. Without any washing up to do, he takes potshots at Eric Clapton and John Lennon referencing "microscopic, / fecal misting" and "a blender / mix of someone else's better ideas." Leslie's just the Fleas knees and worth the read.

ERIC CLAPTON IS A REAL CUNT

Interesting fact
Source- Weill Cornell
Medical College

After successfully moving
one's bowels
when and if you
choose to flush,
there is on
average
a radial 5
foot,
microscopic,
fecal misting

Unless you
have road runner
speed
there's no way
to avoid being
sheened in
this fine mist,
no way to avoid
spending the day
covered in your
own shit

With few exceptions
that's most of us,
most of the time

Think about this
the next time

you feel bested,
slighted or
dissed

When you're insecure
or feeling low,
wondering why
they got it
when you didn't...

WORSE THAN THE WAR

We ordered Thai
not uncommon for a Wednesday night
red curry, drunken noodles,
coconut, mushroom soup,
with spring rolls and chicken
on a stick for appetizers

The food is delivered promptly
plates are set out as
are large serving spoons

Digging through the bag I noticed,
to my absolute horror, and profound
disappoint that they had not only forgotten
to include the spicy pepper sauce, the Thai
peanut sauce was also missing

This is beyond disappointing
it's catastrophic
the night was ruined,
the dog shit on the floor,
I stubbed my toe
the phone fell in the toilet
a mouse bolted out of the recycling
and I finally had a sense of
what people in the war
must be feeling

I too felt invaded
when you own a co-op

in a neighborhood like
Washington Heights
you have the realistic
expectation
that your condiments
will be included

I called the manager and
Read them the riot act
“there are no excuses,
and no, an apology won’t
make things better.
What do you know of sorrow,
sitting there with gallons of
Prik Nam, Pad spicy and
nuoc cham at your finger
tips

Right now, woman
are losing their right to
self-determine,
the planet is on fire,
we’re close to nuclear war,
and I have nothing to dip my
spring rolls in

IMAGINE NO IMAGINE

Without McCartney and Martin
John Lennon was shit
lazy and half-hearted

Imagine, his most wokey, wonder
of the world
A sloppy squirt of ego

Filled with bad, hallmark clichés
it floats like a shapeless turd
a rhyme, an ode for the
average, a secondhand intellect

The song has no power, it’s a blender
mix of someone else’s better ideas

Its insipidness a blatant pander
To outplay bigger talents than his own

It's a wife beater's ballad to his
own pretensions
a dog on a leash being yanked
around by an even less talented spouse

Imagine is all the narcissism of Trump
with none of the entertainment value

Buffoon's poetry all the while
dripping with a Spector of gooey
strings

I've heard Abba ballads with more
social context than this fizzle fart,
soul suck of a song

This artless, 3:00 minute, spiritual whorehouse
of a melody, should be cancelled for the
sake of future generations,
ah, but you may say I'm a dreamer

Imagine is puddy, it's Lizzo in a thong
it makes Stallion's Wet Ass Pussy
feel like Dylan lyrics
Imagine is to social activism what
Millennials are to everything

"Imagine there's no Lennon
it's easy cause there's not"
unfortunately, this cannot
be said about this AM radio
abortion

THE POET SPEAKS: *The poems? I have nothing to say. Read them. They'll either ring something in you or they won't.*

I am a playwright by trade. I tempted poetry when I sang for the Indie Band Diz Dam. My guitar player (Kevin Corrigan) would come up with a riff, and I'd open my note book and just start

singing lines. The songs were abstract, loosely fit imagery, and I enjoyed confounding the listener. This method refined itself over the years.

My influences? I was in rock bands since the age of 15, before I dared to write anything else, so my inspirations were always fellow front men. Lennon, Morrison, Dylan, Sting, Simon, Bowie, Stipe, Gano, just to name a few. I've also read Bukowski, Neruda, and E.E. Cummings extensively.

AUTHOR BIO: Leslie Bramm is the author of over 20 plays which have been produced, work-shopped and/or developed, regionally, internationally, off-Broadway, and independently by Variations Theatre Group, Three Crows Theatre, The Present Company, The Penobscot Theatre, The Actor's Theatre of Louisville, Emerging Artists, Theatre, Nicu's Spoon, The Edward Albee Last Frontier Conference, Rattle Stick, Reverie Productions, Playwrights Horizons/Tisch, Shelter Theatre Group, Gold Coast Theatre, Theatre La Monde, The Province Town Players, IATI Theatre, The Actors Studio and the Colorado Fine Arts Center. Bramm is the recipient of a Stanley Drama Award (Oswald's Backyard) A Paul T. Nolan Award (Islands of Repair) A Tennessee Williams Literary Award (Big Ball), and is a two-time finalist for the O'Neill Conference. His play A.B.C. was banned from the curriculum at a SUNY college.