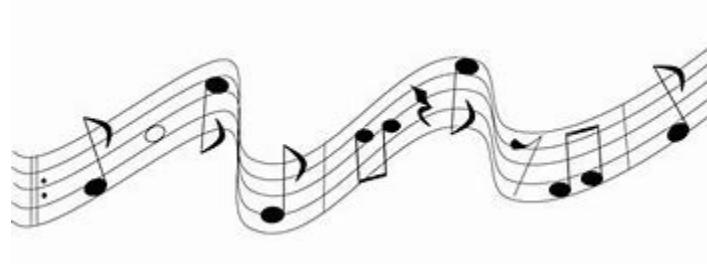


Eric Clapton



Is A Real



Yeah but he plays good guitar

Plus 2

By

L<sub>eslie</sub>

Bra M<sub>M</sub>

**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.