

Hemingway's Sunroom & Two (2) others

By John Maurer

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... *How could anyone resist a work entitled 'Cheap Thrills and Expensive Coffins' Now I ask you? "Dedicating our minutes and the cents we get paid for them / to those who told us that's what we are worth" Maurer may not be a product, but I love his brand. "I shot gunned a beer, put a shotgun in my mouth as a joke / Pulled the trigger as a prank, died as a goof / At least I assume, I didn't hear the applause" Guess his name within three days. Maurer's the imp that spins straw into gold! Get this: "Being paranoid when you are in actual danger is so annoying" "Like right when Christ got the nail through his second hand / he realized that he did leave the oven on" Okay last one: "Being yourself when you are actually everyone else is impossible" I just hope Maurer never changes for ANYONE... (Spacing & format poet's own.)*

Cheap Thrills and Expensive Coffins

Swedish automobiles, Chinese food, and fatherless women

We do live in a time of endlessly delicate delicacies

Dedicating our minutes and the cents we get paid for them

to those who told us that's what we are worth

I am not the products I purchase

I am myself a product on a shelf

a product labeled defective

A product labeled returned

a product labeled waste

a product no one wants to buy

So, I cut a line of cocaine with the razor
then cut a line in my skin with it
as I snort through a chopped fast-food straw

Hemingway's Sunroom

I shot gunned a beer, put a shotgun in my mouth as a joke
Pulled the trigger as a prank, died as a goof
At least I assume, I didn't hear the applause

But I bet they applauded, I bet they slapped their knees red
The calico river of reeds and grass that I smoked
Under their feet exactly like my coffin is

I dropped out of college
three times
and they were all different colleges

My parents weren't going to be proud anyway
of their slut-fucking, dope-smoking, obituary-writing mistake
Their namesake who changed his name and never had a son to pass it onto

Mixed-Episode

Being paranoid when you are in actual danger is so annoying

Like when I'm getting shot my parents will walk in and say
they knew I didn't really take the trash out

Like right when Christ got the nail through his second hand
he realized that he did leave the oven on

Being sad when you are actually happy is fucking frustrating

Like when my girlfriend is fucking me senseless and I can't sense a thing

Like when I saw myself in a gallery and in my mind, I saw my own funeral

Being yourself when you are actually everyone else is impossible

Like when I say I am different, in the same tone everyone says it

Like when I say I am crazy, and the voices in my head say *I know*

THE POET SPEAKS:

AUTHOR'S BIO: John Maurer is a 26-year-old writer from Pittsburgh that writes fiction, poetry, and everything in-between, but his work always strives to portray that what is true is beautiful. He has been previously published in *Claudius Speaks*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Thought Catalog*, and more than forty others. @JohnPMaurer (johnpmaurer.com)