

# Don(')t fre **T** & Others

By Hezekiah Scretch

**WHY I (sort of) LIKE IT: Senior Editor CHARLES writes...** *The only reason we're publishing this shit is because before going into surgery for his/her/its **SEX CHANGE(!!!!)** Hez reminded me I owe him a truckload of \$\$\$\$ and then accused me of using the money to buy drugs!!! (once a narc, always a narc). Read them and weep, read them and wretch (I did), WTF just READ them. Seriously, if they were submitted to FOTD anonymously they'd be dumpo-ed faster than you could say 'can't wait for my new labia!'*

**WHY I LIKE IT: Senior Editor TOM writes...** *I know there's something good somewhere in these poems and I'm determined to find it!!!*

*Five Stars*

## DON'T FRET

How would you propose to choose?  
Once lost the ones you couldn't lose.  
The do's-and-don'ts, and doesn't do's,  
. . . Light a candle, douse the fuse.

But that's not what, it still is more,  
We grind the flesh to scoop the core.  
No less than this has come before.  
Un-shuttered windows slam the door.

And flames, inflamed engulf untamed.  
The selves remain a name unchanged.  
It alters features, addles brains—  
from repertoires to same refrains.

But what if we could raise the fog?  
Mistaken in the dog our god,

It's easy as a memory jog,  
Unspoken words . . . fall off the Log.

HEARTBROKEN INCANTATIONS

What if this was all there was?  
The humming bird and bees' that buzz;  
I'll always think of you because,  
There's some that do as he that does.

I only want to be with you,  
And if you're sure you can't be true;  
It doesn't matter once we're through,  
But be assured, I'll be there too.

What's the sense in our devotion?  
Continents without an ocean,  
Don't you think I'd mix the potion?  
If I thought you had the notion.

What would be the sense of poison?  
If we couldn't be rejoicing,  
All the noise becomes so noisome,  
Maybe we should cease our sourcing.

THIS AFFAIR

Where were you when I was there?  
That time you gave me such a scare.  
Did you do it on a dare?  
Or was it that you didn't care?

All the years that we had sworn,  
Memories seared and pictures torn.  
And what about the ones unborn,  
Wouldn't they feel as forlorn?

The greatest loves are less than lore.  
The annual balls become a bore.  
It's better not to keep the score,  
Forgetfulness is what endures.

Lo-and-behold we find someone,  
Mooning at our setting sun,  
You softly say, 'all right you've won.'

But this affair is hardly done.

#### WHAT IT ISN'T

An architect had longed to sculpt,  
As long as sculptors cried for help.  
Poets recite and want to write.  
Authors taut, with prose as tight.

And yet the jailor holds the key,  
Just as love imprisons me.  
They each attempt inspired space,  
Despair, and gone without a trace.

#### HEART-SHAPED HARDSHIPS

There's a puddle in our laneway  
That makes a heart-shape when filled in,  
A little dip that signals  
When the rains come we're shut in.

So when the days are gloomy,  
It is harder to complain.  
The house is hardly roomy,  
But some days I pray for rain.

If you want a heart-shaped puddle  
Just look through your window pane.  
It'd be a sin to fill it in.  
A life with one less strain.

*Scattered verse from an entirely unacceptable manuscript (AROH)  
...a Speculative, Romantic Friction*

#### MISS TROUT'S OPUS

Nestled below, a slumbering soul  
Awaits a flickering flame,  
To light the way  
For sheep that stray,  
Who've wandered far from home.

#### *Dreaming in a Slipstream*

*He leapt from hilltop to hilltop atop of the town.  
Soared in airfoils and updrafts and drifted around.  
Lost searching for something that could not be found,  
He shouted and screamed but could not make a sound.*

*As the lake was on fire and scorching the ground,  
He hurled himself headlong and woke as he drowned.*

## THE MILLION DOLLAR COBBLER

“Leather, glue, cork and nails,  
Buckles, beads and bows,  
Thread and needle stitching  
Rubber-tipped-heels and open toes.”

‘What does a woman do to fight the blues?  
She can take a pill or buy a new pair of shoes.’

## THE GARDEN

*. . . Sharing the magic of fading mornings  
as shadows waded back into their objects of devotion.  
Preparing to stretch out again, against the afternoon sun  
and disappearing under the night sky.  
Stars sparking the darkness,  
Reigniting the dawn to the moon’s vanishing delight. . .*

## THE RELUCTANT LOOTERS

With the master of the house in supernal repose,  
They left empty handed both holding their nose.

### *Gravediggers Chorus*

*Nothing planned had been arranged  
The day before seemed just the same  
So no one thought to think it strange  
As no one came, REMAINS UNCLAIMED*

### *Pithy Ditty Epilogue*

*What if we could wave a wand?  
Fish the moon out of the pond.  
Walks and talks and growing fond,  
Sipping cocktails on the lawn.*

**THE POET SPEAKS:** ‘Lkiju neegpoqx wha whaa. Dbzean shawhma di gyros.’

**HIS/HER/ITS PATHETIC BIO:** Degrading: HS is a seventy-nine year old grandmother of eight living in a senile residence (off her bordello residuals) nestled in a gated community locking from the outside. She enjoys bored games, macramé, corking, knitting, crocheting and petty-pointing; simply put: all things stringed and knotted. Doing puzzles with missing pieces (swallowed and passed), playing one-handed pee-knuckle; and, spending time with her parents, when she’s canned, and their pet ferrets, also named Kevin, in Last Chance, Newfoundland—begrudgingly becoming part of the Dominion in 1940-something. He continues to disgrace FOTD as its Poetry Editor.