

10 (ten) poems (5 + 5) poems _____ 10

By Bob Carlton

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... I have, whatsoever, no interest in having or being in control. I prefer the formulae of selfish people. I worry about those who have empathy, show compassion or persuasions of altruism. 'Screw you too! ...' is the mantra that persistently hums on and aum beneath my still distilling, stale, soured, stinking breath, deep within my sallow, sunken, sullied, savage breast. These are just a few of the reasons I like Bob Carlton's "bitter taste / of the static state..." "...my mind / its own tomb..." "...giggles and details / evade" "you spared me / your spread legs" "no matter the tropes / I try." No, I lied, I just love Bob Carlton. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

"bitter taste..."

bitter taste
of the static state
my invisibility
indivisible
in time
my mind
its own tomb
or perhaps
the misted
over moat
that sets the world
with you
apart

"clearly whispers..."

clearly whispers
obscure the day

giggles and details
evade

a child escapes
departs

with knowledge
unimparted

"The days of old..."

The days of old
fashioned odes
are over

the love lyric
lay a lie

the losses of time
I cannot
recover

no matter the tropes
I try.

In a Word

fucked

up and over

with and around

life was never

the right kind of

fucked

Our Toxic Flirtation

you spared me
your spread legs

me for giving
you for giving
nothing

Dark Goddess

Nakedness moving
under the gauze,
musky scent stirring
beneath the perfume,
shudder of touching flesh
crying in the night--

The darkness
at the center
of all radiance--

Warm dreams of
waving savannahs
shimmer in dark

paleolithic eyes

The Middleweight Curse

The Michigan Assassin: murdered.

His father: murdered.

His mother: murdered.

His murderer: murdered.

The femme fatale
for whom the murderer
murdered: murdered.

Man...that's murder.

"Love was possible..."

Love was possible
because that
rottenest of dames
Marie Windsor
was,
was
there to
balance
things out
for us all.

"The world can still..."

The world can still
fill up with wonder

when Myrna Loy
scrunches up her nose

and delivers her line,
the rise in tone

like a question,
as if the words

surprise themselves
even as they're spoken.

“you believe...”

you believe
you are
interesting
you are
not
(I say to myself)
the narrative arc
of Veronica Lake’s hair
has more enter
tainment value

THE POET SPEAKS... *I'm not sure I can say where some of this stuff comes from. Odds and ends picked up through the course of a life, bits and pieces of phrase and image pinging around in the mind. A thought, perception, or feeling that draws passing material like a magnet. Artifice arising out of unforced, organic encounters between language and the world, however that presents itself in the moment. The capacity of language, "charged with meaning" as Pound said, to embody more than we thought we could say before that instant. When we get that just right, it's poetry.*

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