

Poems by Alan Britt

CORPORATE NEWS

Yehuda said a bomb wasn't a sound byte.

Tentacles sift the galaxy like driftnets
slurping sardines from International Waters.

Satellites like Christmas lights decorate
the cosmos via winks & whispers.

Yehuda said a bomb wasn't a sound byte.

Yehuda the realist believed that certain
truths reveal themselves daily, just not
the way we always expect them to.

Fireworks from the first mining company
on Ganymede signal a mining disaster
fourteen moons away from Earth.

Which doesn't rate the Six O'Clock News.

DAWN

It's been decades, eons, 10,000 wonders
of the universe.

It's been death & rebirth, rebirth & death.

It's been since Pablo took that injection
like the superhero he is; it's been that
& much, much more.

More than we can bear;
that's how it seems.

*It's been, I don't believe we allowed that to happen.
Where was punctum when we needed it the most?*

It's been tomatoes weeping July thunderstorms;
it's been two trillion dreams splintered
by insurance companies into quantum logistics.

It's been Donne & Marvell, Blake & Coleridge,
Shelley & Keats; it's been hedges exploding
like grenades; it's been dry rotting soffits
below aluminum gutters & robins assaulted
by midafternoon storm clouds.

It's been decades, eons, one trillion wonders
of the universe.

It's been death & rebirth, rebirth & death.

**INTERVIEW IN THE LIBRARY OF A DREAM,
SOMETIME**

Do you enjoy your latest book?

I'd take it to court, if that's what you mean.
I love to write.

*So, there's affection for the past,
enough to crystalize the present?*

Where'd you say you're from? Around here
we don't talk like that.

But, your latest book, Sir Alan . . . ?

My latest book is forever in progress,
& guess what . . . you're in it!

TIME = WHATEVER SHE TOLD YOU

Allegory's raccoon nose nudges egg cartons.

Submarine sandwich waxed paper with basketball symbols branded smack in the middle of an argument over obscure philosophy often benefits the very fools who despise it.

So much for allegories.

Like ashes attached to wings that caress waves oozing rough rocks one barnacle at a time, salty gulls circle bonfires on deserted beaches

THE PEN REMAINS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

I'm 54,
but I feel 52!

My primary yardstick
for success.

12:12 as good as any
neon Timex numerals tumbling
like atomic bowling balls
from here to eternity.

In my basement cocoon
I'm reminded
that blood cultivates
while I'm busy
making other plans.

But you knew that.

I bet you also know
that symbolic pens
fell asleep long before our brains,
causing the downfall
of the Roman Empire,
thereby, outlawing public
bathhouses forever.