

Poems by Mark Antony Rossi

Assault of the Blessed Brain

Without memory

There is no identity

There is no history

There is theft by technology

There is rape by theocracy

Neuro disease

Should be a matter of national security

Lest we lose our liberty

To the healthy instigators

Living in our midst.

Map of My Accidental Malice

Why does my lover

Badly sing old torch songs
Casting last rites and last wrongs

I laugh I lie I love
Such are lessons I am not above

Maxim Unlearned

The peddlers
Of mediocrity

Are slaves
To insecurity

Mortal Coil of My Republic

Yes

I may lose

My republic

If I cannot

Control my borders

Or my bowels

This flood

Of foreign blood

We cannot afford

This is not the bible

One loaf

Won't feed millions.

Nickelbag Ninja

Gino was a good local kid with a belly full of Bruce Lee movies and World War 2 battles. He was forever karate chopping planks of abandoned wood left in a nearby park. He broke stacked bricks with his bare hands. He spoke about dreams of fighting four bad guys simultaneously and winning. It was good natured enthusiasm and nobody stood in the way.

We liked Gino but found it difficult to take him seriously when he started to spend more time with marijuana than martial arts. Eventually he was given the nickname "Nickelbag Ninja." In the city everyone had a colorful moniker so this was nothing new. But Gino's built-in BS detector was broken and he actually believed he could smoke dope and adopt a philosophy of total discipline.

His grades began to suck and the friendships of a lifetime started drifting away like so many hits from a rock concert bong. Decent people do not beat up on a dreamer but a basic line needs to be drawn? For a dream has to be attainable; not a fantasy flushing away our fixed hours on Earth. And Gino became a waste and squandered his health and our good will ---until all that was left was a skinny shell of a former friend.