

Matt's Beard

-for Matt Sedillo's beard

By Eric Allen Yankee

Matt's beard always wakes up
Before the rest of him.
Matt's beard has nightmares
About being hunted by Gillette.
Matt's beard sells books of poems
about the dangers of smooth skin.
Matt's beard captures invaders
As they storm the shaggy peak.
Matt's beard has the best trees
Nature seekers can see in East L.A.
Matt's beard brings out the ladies
Who all love to kiss the poet's fur.
Matt's beard found BigFoot
Hiding out behind a strand.
Matt's beard must stay
Or Paul Ryan will have his way.
That old devil Capitalism will win
If Matt shaves off his beard.
Please, Matt. Don't ever
Shave off your beard.
Thank you.

Cat

By Eric Allen Yankee

Why do you try
& snuggle with me?
You just tried to kill me
Thirty seconds ago!
Where are you going,
Swirl eyed madam?
I can hear you
Tearing my life to shreds.
Why don't you pee
On the wedding photos?
She left me, cat!
She left me, and now
all I've got is
You. Or do I?

Lightning Rod

By Eric Allen Yankee

I.

Millions of drops
struggling to find their way
like millions of babies screaming
because they can't find their mothers.
All promise fades into a puddle
and all air fills with fog.

I stay below the deck
and feel every wave in my stomach.
You stay above the deck
and steer the tiny boat.

I hear each moist connection
as it touches our ship.
My fever begins to abandon me
as the droplets seep out of my skin
and I start to regain my sense of self.
But you're still not with me.

II.

If I held up a lightning rod
would all my hair stand
up and an adrenaline rush
make me forget that no one
was at the wretched wheel?

I climb upwards
rising out of the lake.
The air has gone dry
and a scent of minty fresh
finds its way inside of me.
It smells like grass
after nature's cleansing.

Writing Raw

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I think about the process.
Water vapor condenses in
the atmosphere and forms a cloud.
When the clouds lose themselves,
we are the ones who
must hold each other together.

Now I stand on the firmer ground
of this crowded highway, and I watch
as the light and the water
combine to create a ballet
of color across the exhausted asphalt
and the worn out synapses of my brain.

Nerd Girl

By Eric Allen Yankee

She's on the train.
I want to take the ride with her.
She's wearing a jean jacket.
Her dress looks like a painting,
But it also looks like it was printed
On a dot matrix printer.
She's got glasses. Of course she does.
She's out-of-this-world.

She sneezes.
I want to wrap my arm
Around her shoulders
And ask if she's okay.
She's out-of-this-world.

She stays on track.
I want to be
The big eyed black cat
Counting the seconds for her
On her psychedelic watch.
She's out-of-this-world.

She gets off.
I want to turn emo
For not letting her know
She's out-of-this-world.

Eric Allen Yankee bio: Eric Allen Yankee is a member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of Chicago. His work is published/forthcoming in The People's Tribune, Crab Fat, CC&D, The Miscreant, Sweet Wolverine, Overthrowing Capitalism Volume 2.