

## Sunday Morning

By Joe Quinn

they say the city is sick  
sigh and diagnose a cancer of the brick  
and all the kids in their lab coats of virgin skin  
seem to agree  
graffiti is chemotherapy

there are angel wings  
in back of the warehouse across the way  
to the right of where she's running  
like a stray cat  
past the staccato of trash cans

I wish I could have told you  
you trail your shadow behind you  
like a sparkler  
I wish I could have asked you  
if you were born on the Fourth of July

## Wallflowers for the Firing Squad

By Joe Quinn

you do the best you can  
with your hands  
tied behind your back  
stare straight ahead  
and grit your teeth  
around a cigarette

(outsiders  
bi-polar  
two lonely places  
never human  
we just alternate  
between being ghosts  
and angels)

## The Implicit Submissiveness of the Passenger Seat

By Joe Quinn

I don't know what it is he sees  
doesn't look at the road  
doesn't look at her (watching listlessly)

the waving trees  
a funeral parade  
a death to envy  
the coming fall and all the colors  
are rust and dust and  
must we listen to this?

the radio is religious  
station to station  
otherwise this silence

hands at her sides  
and the hem of her skirt  
rugged as bitten nails  
(and all the dogs are at her heels)

it wasn't a good day to smile  
it pulled the tape from her lips

## Sugar in the Raw

By Joe Quinn

it was just another time  
I tasted metal in my mouth  
but I guess it's blood  
guess this time I got it all figured out  
that the heart isn't working  
quite as good as it used to

lost the last of the silver lining  
the last thing you could trust  
feel the flakes like butterflies  
as the outside starts to rust  
from the sweat of the handshakes  
and the sweat of the fucks  
the last screw  
the last nail  
the last time I held her  
and smelled her  
hair scented like summer

and I remember your smile  
at no particular time  
and I remember when I was yours  
but never when you were mine  
and that's fine sometimes  
but not now  
not here  
and not forever

**Joe Quinn bio:** Joe Quinn is a 35 year old American Poet. He has been published 60+ times in over 30 publications around the world including Burning Word, The Delinquent UK, The Alarmist and Digital Papercuts . His newest collection, "the mascara massacre" is available for purchase for \$10 at [lulu.com/spotlight/welcomehomeironlung](http://lulu.com/spotlight/welcomehomeironlung) and he can be followed at [@joequinnpoetry](https://twitter.com/joequinnpoetry) on twitter or at [facebook.com/joequinnpoetry](https://facebook.com/joequinnpoetry)