

## No One Cares

By Michael Lee Johnson

No one cares  
I sit in my 2001 Chevy S10 truck drunk on smoked salmon vodka,  
writing this poem on Subway sandwich napkins.  
No one cares my life insurance policy is a carburetor  
full of fumes, worn filters, filled casket.  
No one cares Nikki my cat; 19-year-old veteran, no bills, no veterinarian visits.  
Jesus is a stray cat and a life of His own.  
No one cares no one has adequate health care deductibles clauses, debt.  
No one cares Mr. Skunk travels nightly with his tail up passing  
steam by my balcony window 3 A.M. farting gas both sides of his glands, anus.  
No one cares I still have Microcassette recorders, old, obsolete,  
mini cassettes not found any more Wal-Mart, Target stores.  
No one cares poetry-writing compounds saints, sinners, nightmares,  
thoughts, twists insanity inward a lonely bitch curls.  
No one cares lines of life too long, house of David.  
History is vampire drunk on innocent blood, cheap Skol's  
shacks overload detail, house of horrors-  
antique images, draft dodgers, war hero memories passed out.  
I clutch high school 1965 Memory Book \$25 paid  
between years past, many hearts gone-  
I face thrombosis bulging encore in my right leg.  
I failed English. I slept through business class next to Tommy James  
rock star, neither us attended drama classes.  
No one cares I nearly flunked high school,  
rode around 35 mph in John Hibbard's candy apple red Mercury Cougar.  
Even in high school, there were stoplights, cheap gas.  
No one cares John's parents, both, hated me.  
I see shadows, days as old memories, unjust wars, antique Studebaker Larks.  
Life is a worn out tread tire, rusted rims, steel now in junkyards.  
Niles High School, August 15 2015, 50th reunion sees you all there-memories,  
faces most forgotten.  
Revising this poem now back, confused with the tenses, no one cares,  
I site in my 2001 Chevy S10 truck  
drunk again smoked salmon vodka.  
I have always hated the rules.  
Little penis travels in the dark.

## Jesus in the Snow

By Michael Lee Johnson

I find your footprints here in snow, fresh and broken.  
Will your lawyer fragment me, talk to Jesus private tonight.  
Will belief set me out of chains, battery acid, free?  
Life here is a urinal.  
Search moon-eye in lonely sea feel swim of exile, sandpaper spots on skin, do  
not torture me.  
Even devil in hell has his standard, private harvest, his jukebox baby.  
Jesus suffers with the poor feels lonely in distant planets shares visions of the  
moon.  
Let me drive you home truck tracks, then you left footprints in snow.  
Do you hear sounds on the radio, jukebox baby?  
I copy over, print remains, over footprints in snow.

## Lilly, Lonely Trailer Prostitute

By Michael Lee Johnson

Paint your face with cosmetic smiles.  
Toss your breast around with synthetic plastic.  
Don't leak single secrets to strangers-  
locked in your trailer 8 foot wide by 50 foot long  
with twisted carrots, cucumbers, weak batteries,  
and colorful dildos-you've even give them names:  
Adams's pleasure skin, big Ben on the raise, Rasputin:  
the Mad Monk-oh no, no, no.  
Your legs hang with the signed signatures  
of playboys and drifters ink.  
The lot rent went up again this year.  
Paint your face with cosmetic smiles.

## The Drifter

By Michael Lee Johnson

The drifter in the room is a stranger,  
he is crazy, is Bigfoot with deer moccasins on—  
monster of condominium rooms and dreams.  
The drifter in this room used to be my friend.  
He spoke straight sentences, they did not sound like poetry  
reverberated like a narrative, special lines good a few bad,  
or stories being unwound by the tongue of a gentleman,  
lip service, juggler of simple words to children.  
The night is a dark believer in drifters,  
they sound sober, affairs with the wind,  
the 3 A.M. honking of the Metro trains.  
Everything sleeps with a love, a nightmare at night.  
The drifter.

**Michael Lee Johnson bio:** Michael Lee Johnson lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era: now known as the Illinois poet, from Itasca, IL. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, photographer who experiments with poetography (blending poetry with photography), and small business owner in Itasca, Illinois, who has been published in more than 875 small press magazines in 27 countries, he edits 10 poetry sites. Michael is the author of *The Lost American: "From Exile to Freedom"*, several chapbooks of poetry, including *"From Which Place the Morning Rises"* and *"Challenge of Night and Day"*, and *"Chicago Poems"*. He also has over 76 poetry videos on YouTube.