

## *Five Poems*

Ted Dodson

### **AN ADDITIONAL POEM**

Is this the only alternative disappointment can offer?  
The floor plan is as open as it's ever been,  
And we ideally maintain a cinematic grief  
Outside a paradise swallowing our coordinates in its own wonder.  
The dead don't rise  
But fall from above. I would look away  
Into the room's silent reception  
But as my character recedes I tire of looking at all.  
The world has ended. Your resurrection eyes  
Come across this second to last line—you  
Can be assured I have read this already.

## AN ADDITIONAL POEM

How is use fair within user-determined cruelties?  
The bucket spills out empty,  
And we have shadowed each other  
Unknown to either of us dealing florescence.  
I suddenly understood why I was even standing there  
But the image didn't stick. Someone else might have guessed  
Taking the appropriate channels  
But like we really thought the supersize came with free refills.  
The news comes to life. A rational response  
Would be to quickly identify with your captors—you  
Think better and get up to turn everything off.

## AN ADDITIONAL POEM

What number should you call if you want to reach me?  
The floor plan is as open as it's ever been,  
And we shadow ourselves  
Within the persistent caroling of the reservoir.  
Kindness is too much to suffer  
But there was a lot of repetition. We could watch the preceding  
Hypothetically between two windows  
But even though we get along we never greet each other.  
Yard is the more appropriate term. The trees  
Are in your email just in case—we  
Agree this is farther than you've ever been.

## AN ADDITIONAL POEM

Is it hard to believe or not?  
Domestic languor pays off in its own way,  
And I can't decide if I should wait  
Like a head passing through the provenance of the masses.  
A bit of melodrama is coughed up  
But soon falls from above. I would look away  
Seeing to the appropriate channels  
But it was this kind of optimism that got me here in the first place.  
Laughter averts a total collapse. The legislature  
Is dragging a body across the lawn—I  
Am assured this is definitely heaven.

## AN ADDITIONAL POEM

How is use fair within user-determined cruelties?  
We arrive in the middle of the night,  
And our justifiable sensibilities have atrophied  
Capitalizing off unexpected vacancies IRL.  
A smile floats out of the elevator  
But has since become routine. You know the program  
As a spot in the developing sector  
But history is irrelevant when we arrive in a vehicle of song.  
This must be the end. The soundtrack  
Delights on the remains of invention—you  
Can be sure we've read this already.

