

Three Poems

Zan de Parry

INFINITE TAPS

You have a desire to achieve something - you go to study

Study well - you have a job

Dream of becoming even better - study further

You learn well - you have a very good job

You have a job and a head on your shoulders - you go to different measures

You go to the event - you meet people who distribute survey ads
under the ploys

You don't listen to your friend who tells you not to drag it all home

You drag it all home

When you drag everything home - do not open the door

Some of you are proud - and that shakes me

PATHETICUS

for Poachers

PATHETICUS, let's calm down a little bit, stop the game.

I'll get you the chaplain, she'll bring you some cognac...

What? Why would I...

I'll give you her number.

What! Why would you?

PATHETICUS...

Think about the kid's dinky one-watt light bulb.

The only reason the light is on is because we keep pressing the button.

Where does the light go?

Into the kid's heart, into a mass of parasympathetic fibres.

That's the source of the light. That's the computer.

Nothing inside the bulb. Nothing under it.

When you step onto the concrete platform

squeeze-in tight between the cables

and breathe into the mask. Your mother will pull the lever,

and the platform will slowly drop into the hole.

Not really. I'm a servant at the palace. For the King!

PATHETICUS...

Your first words came out the moment you were born.

You said, "My life is in your hands."

EVAN & EVE

If they ask me to eat this peacock
I will say eat, yes
And all the luck it was prepared with
But my mother gave birth in a field
And it isn't possible to make money this way
Of course, my pseudonymous comrade
No one should climb up another's neck
To make suggestions
But the strong eat the weak
The weak become cunning or poisonous and eat the strong
And the slow, the slow grow horns
Hooves, shells and eat grass
The grass has spikes and poisonous juice
The juice stings my fingers
It is not the juice I want to put in my body
Lush-colored blossom of life
Cross on my yellow jacket, oil stains, aggressive dogs
There ain't enough pitfall stones in the loner's belly
Will have to not only work
But work without its star
Someone laid well-beyond the collar...
Who is going to blow his head off now? (The whimper)
What kind of half-fool calls me? Ah
Rum-laced mints
Cardboard box of big, panting winners
Well, it's simple
A net for the dewing
To get everything outside the window into your hands
And as much you can
Don't cry, don't cry
You're absolutely right
Fried in oil is spelled with three *P*s
Well done, sit down
Here's a penny
Get yourself some fish
Some boiled rice
God forbid you starve

