



pop music

ryan walker

RW

FITS

lately I've been freezing
my eyelashes in the ice cubes
don't worry I pluck them out first

most people are too lazy
to create their own
narcissistic fantasy world

I LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE WHO ARE YOUNGER
THAN ME COMMENT ON MY AFFECT

I have really good eyes
I can see a wingless fly
in a snowstorm in antarctica
even if I'm buried in lead pellets
and the fly is made of glass
even if it's made of ice
and encased in ice
and it's the middle of the night
during a total eclipse
during the dark ages
under the covers
in a coffin
in an illegal basement.



Even if it's made of melted ice
and isn't even where I'm looking.
I could be distracted by the most
amazing thing, the stars turn into
hot lava monsters
and the planets
turn into sea monsters
and they take off their clothes and start fighting.
And the evaporated flies,
vapor in the breath of ghosts
in the dreams of computer animated dogs,
even if you unplugged all the computers
and took everything out
and drew little mustaches
on the electrons

POP MUSIC

There has been my life
there has been pop music

Two circles barely touching
each stupendous in its way

And though betimes each may form
a vehicle of the other

Distinct and governed by
different sets of rules

And each year the seasons
they go round

each replacing another

If you're a termite
you don't eat cardboard

If you're a jungle rodent
you smell in stereo

We have a nice poet for you tonight
always kind
a bit miserly
overaffectionate at parties

Something that works over and over again
a favorite pale
or cart

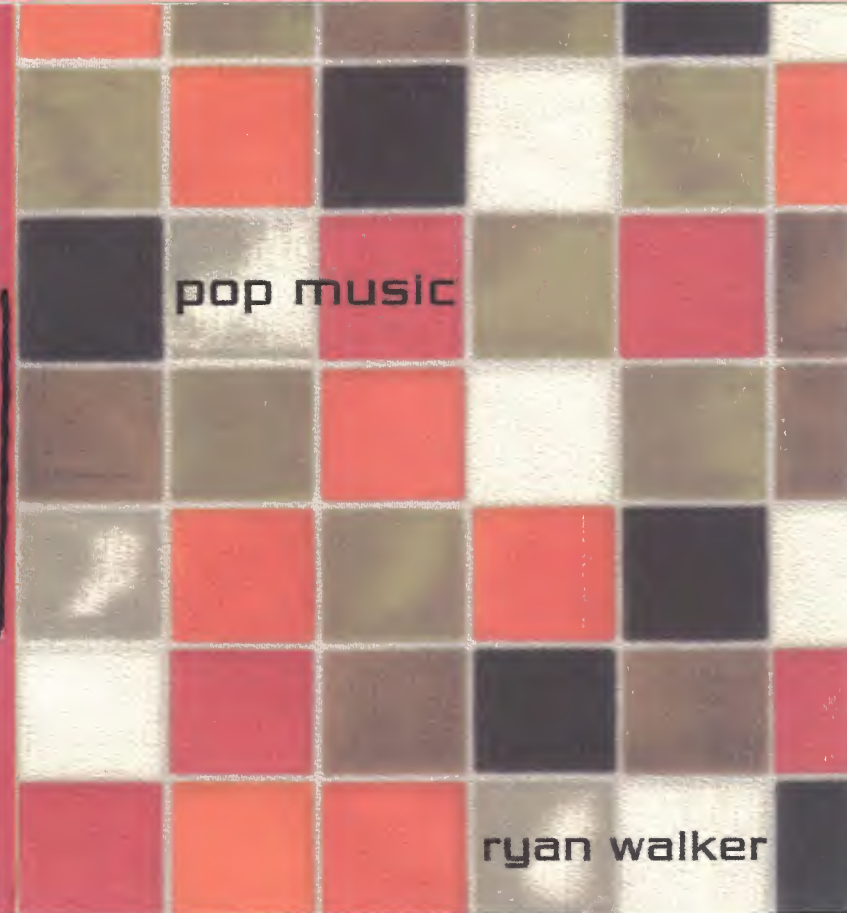
AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Ryan Walker experiences pop music in Washington, DC. He has a poetry chapbook, *Enjoy Potion* (The Interrupting Cow). Daily he puts it out there at www.bathybius.com

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