

Glimpses

Poems

Raud Kennedy

Also by Raud Kennedy

Mad Rabbits
Sex on the Beach
Stick Out Your Tongue
Top of the World
Streaking Venus
Twice Dead
Black Oak

On the Radio

A salesman for God
Blames the tidal wave
On Muslim sinners.
He says, "8 out of 10 tidal waves
Crash on Muslim shores."
I change the station.

In the Alley

Chipped teeth litter his face,
bruised lips smear his complexion,
salty blood trickles from his nostrils,
but he still stands, hands clenched
as fists at his sides, knuckles cut,
as he looks down at his opponent
stretched out moaning in the sluice
running in the alley's gutter. His boss,
his wife, his father, his life.

Phone Rage

All these jackasses
who walk around
talking
into their cell phones
like the person
on the other end
is hard of hearing,
like everyone else
in line,
wants to hear them
go on and on
about their troubles
picking out a color
for the living room.
Paint it with feces,
I say, just hang up
the damn phone
and shut the fuck up!

Generations

The rusted cyclone fence
surrounds the boarded up house,
yellow, underneath the willow tree.
Fresh smoke rises from the black chimney.
The new owners have arrived.
Young, in love, anticipating
the future in their dream home.
It's good they don't know
the memories their house holds
for another couple, now old,
but once young, in love
and ...

Convictions

I met a guy once
who claimed he never said,
“Goodbye.”
That there were no endings,
just beginnings.
He would say,
“Hello,”
only once, when he met you,
And after that it was,
“Hey,”
or,
“Hi.”
His banter was a running toilet.
Jiggle the handle
and more came out.
Soon after meeting him,
I taught him about,
“Goodbye.”

On the Corner of Vista and Minton

Let the skinny ones
stay skinny
standing,
thinks
the fat man
sitting
in the middle
of the bus shelter bench,
not wanting
to share
as he watches
the two dogs
on the corner
across the street.
The big dog sniffs
the little dog's butt.
The little dog
spins around
and snarls,
then presents
her butt again
for smelling.