

## Ten Poems

Louis Bury

### M15 to the Holiday Cocktail Lounge, 2/23/07

the local

moves

like a dinosaur

in

a tarpit

which is to say

not much

or

at best

in ponderous

molasses

lunges

of prehensile

foot

advancing

determinedly

towards

extinction.

**M66 home from John Jay College, 3/12/07**

Alice Tully Hall

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church

Central Park

Central Park

Giorgio Armani

Godiva *Chocolatier*

Hunter College

Trump Palace

Talent Unlimited High School

Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center

**M30 to JJ, 3/14/07**

Liberty Travel

Super Runner's Shop

The Manhattan Ballet School

Ralph Lauren

Central Park

Central Park

Bergdorf Goodman

GNC

The Vitamin Shoppe

Ameritania Hotel

**M30 to JJ, 4/30/07**

sprinting for the bus  
arriving panting  
only to be greeted by a candidate  
for State Assembly  
**\*\*Micah Kellner\*\***  
pale, young  
two potatoes for cheeks  
he offers a limp greeting  
and a perfunctory handshake  
as if to acknowledge  
none of us commuters  
give a fig for his desires.  
I very much want to vote for this man.

## **6 to the Bowery Poetry Club, 4/21/07**

man with enlarged pores

dude with dragon shirt

demure woman with flowing dress

man with dirty chin hair

lobotomy patient

*tattooed* rebellion

sleeping child

YANKEES fan

diva accessories

weekend dad

Playwright

French intellectual

Abercrombie chick

**M66 home from JJ, 5/21/07**

far be it from me to deprive the driver of what pleasure he can  
though it indicates, clearly enough

Please Do Not Talk To Operator While Bus Is In Motion

it slows us all down        your shapely breasts  
the way he keeps glancing at them, laughing  
talking about what a great pianist his daughter is

**6 home from the Graduate Center, 4/20/07**

Before my *Bahamavention*,

I used to soak myself in castor oil  
to maintain a glossy, orange sheen.

Now I no longer suffer  
from constipation of the soul.

**6 to Bruce's (his b-day), 4/22/07**

Maybe people like Jameson  
because its ads are drunk  
on the chilled white wine of rationality  
a sober, velvety green  
framing the regal bottle  
like dreams do our waking hours.

**M30 to JJ, 4/23/07**

	OTB	OTB	f
		OTB	i
OTB		OTB	n
		OTB	i
OTB	OTB		s
		OTB	h

In the grandstands, the gamblers stand, contented.

## **6 home from the GC, 1/29/07**

rush hour again  
and I feel, as always  
not a part of this strange species  
fedoras, earphones & blotchy skin  
this lonely huddle we call herd

**M66 home from JJ, 3/14/07**

poetry time again:

afternoon

s t r e t c h

arms

agape

touch

vocabulary

in the belly

of routine

the

toes