

Cheryl Follon

Sandwiches

That girl is ok if she takes stairs slowly.
She is ok if she moves as if on rollers or casters.
The news bulletin says, 'they sprayed
so much mace into him his eyes started to cook'.
She sits on the couch and thinks about that.
'Japanese man eats 720 hot dogs' says the channel.
She sits there and takes it all in. A mind on rollers—
as clean and polished as a billion dollar satellite—
or up on the hill, taking sandwiches out,
the whole city miles below, its greasy leopard-print
and its vicious catapults.

Mud

The scientists say that everything climbed out
from a big pile of mud—
the lunch menus, the Lamborghini,
the graffiti, the soup kitchen.
The trestle table, too, where someone
is saying love is a three-trick pony,
but just imagine it was a fifteen-trick pony.
The whole load of it climbing right out
from a big clutch of sucking black mud—
edging out bit by bit—polystyrene
cups and orangeade and plates of potato soup
and a fifteen-trick pony
kicking and heading out.