



## Three Poems

by Tom Pescatore

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### Trinities

Hey, Walt I think of your voice  
in that wax cylinder  
long ago  
what were you thinking about, well  
if you ask me, I think  
you were thinking--  
could it work?  
ah, out under your stars

the civil wars, the campfires--

And, Jack what kept you  
going really, after seven years  
and nothing to show?  
falling apart in Mexico  
and California and all that  
shit and Allen losing  
what was left of  
his reality,

taking several phrases from you--

Fuck, Hem, when it got to  
the end and it was lost--  
the dream, was it black under the  
Florida haze when you showed us the way  
it's eventually got to be,  
our hands and the rifle  
and our life's work  
moldy on the shelf,  
dusty jackets and illustrations  
we didn't okay, thrown away,  
asking god because we can't  
remember ourselves--

did we ever get that shark?

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### Fluoride for the road

I'll drink from the water  
fountain fluoride dispensers  
and corrode my  
pineal gland because my  
dreams are already dead

best not to think too much  
or you'll think

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of a way out  
or of someplace you should be  
rather be  
supposed to be

I'll shower in it  
so it rots everything else  
preserving only itself--

I hope it kills my vision  
and I have nothing but black  
empty nothingness to sleep in

I can't live if there's anything left  
to wish for

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## End the World

She's got a ringtone whistle  
eating day-glo cake on the sidewalk  
mistletoe street, the cats are all  
backed up in the alley counting fish bone  
soup tickets, skin stickin' to their little ribs,

nearby the greyhound bus is flying  
pink flags for the pirates on I-95  
who won't pull the colors over because  
everyone on the bailout sheet is sure  
they've got bigger rigs to fry,

catch that bum Bodhisattva crossin' the highway  
facing oncoming traffic both ways,  
with the checkered bag and picnic memories  
canned beans and anachronisms,  
no money and homeless outside or within  
city limits peppered limits limits of the void  
ball machine chaotic glitter thunderstorm swelling,

a dimensional rift has opened out  
toward Pennsylvania and 17th  
on a grey old day like other old gray days  
before, behold the godhead apocalypse in the  
guise of falling lambs delicately painted by  
fluorescent crayon wax descending,  
listen up it's the nothingness abyss that'll suck us all in,  
not the hooded pantry snakes and dreaded jungle gyms,

these are just the signs I've imagined from  
my windowed seat.

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