Home

Winter/Spring 2011

Three Poems

by Kyle Baudour

Post-Marxism and Post-Coital

Autumn/Winter 2011	
2011	Every time you make love you
Summer 2010	Cover your body with torn dark pages Marx covering our left breast
Spring 2010	Engels covering your right Kant lies below your waist so
Winter 2010	Every time I lay my hands on you I am told we are all humans I am told we are all rational
Autumn 2009	
Summer 2009	This is the most beautiful thing about you Not the way your hair is perfectly blonde Like vapour being born off gold
Spring 2009	Like light bending to reach Venus But the way you dress your self with
Autumn 2008	The books I once called sacred in The blindness of my youth
Summer 2008	The folly of my intellectual days
Spring/Summer 2008	Could you ever forgive me for thinking that?
Winter/Spring 2008	It was fine now that it is the future
Editor's Note	He gave me a hug then sold the store
Guidelines	Lew Maybin's Arduous Task
Contact	I knew a man named Maybin who called clouds
	Accidents waiting to fall He would watch his head on overcast days
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	He would watch his head on overcast days Bought a store on Saturday
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	He would watch his head on overcast days Bought a store on Saturday It was petite but centrally located Cozy next to an old bar I went in once through a solid red door Drunk off porter, stout & more To ask him with tingling inquisition Are you still afraid of clouds?

& I apologized admitting my Perplexity towards the skylights

Kyle Baudour has published a few small chapbooks in his time at San Diego State University where he studied English and was involved in the publication of a number of different small zines through the university and friends. Self-publishing was interrupted when he began living on an educational tour bus for ten months out of the year. He plays a number of different instruments and self releases his music for free via the Internet.

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