<u>Home</u>

<u>Autumn 2006</u>

Summer 2006

Spring 2006

Winter 2006

Fall 2005

Summer 2005

Spring 2005

Winter 2005

Editor's Note

Guidelines

SNR's Writers

<u>Mail</u>



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Painter's Tape

I stood there limp

From the blast of fume spent

The can you had opened Was liquid cement

The phone ringing, I cross the room

You tell me you're filming birds In the garden But we don't have a garden

Why did you call me on the phone?

We could have spoken

Yes, but the painter's tape rule Would have been broken

Hitler Rapes Mary Poppins_

How you managed to trick The bull mastiff into a filmatic feat The Yorkie looked stunned

Your brother was still sleeping When you filmed the whole thing in his room

You got several barks from the dogs, And I think _That Touch of Mink_ Served its purpose

But how that Doris Day film was your inspiration I missed in my critique

I wasn't thinking about liberation I was thinking about _Animal Farm_ Even William Wegman

Your title proved my undoing An allegory, I tried to pursue it Where was the German shepherd? My wrong-headed question
a truck full of ready-made windows
darting like a sick bird cloud
dainty dandelion breeze
in fickle sunshine
plate glass scattered across the road
you were my last romance the whole wide world

Jeff Crouch is a writer in Grand Prairie, Texas. His writing has appeared in Above Ground Testing, Canopic Jar, The Cerebral Catalyst, Cordite, The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature, The Dream People, Lunatic Chameleon, My Favorite Bullet, saucy vox, semantikon, Subterranean Quarterly, Underground Window, Venue--A Southern Forum, Static Movement, The Rose and Thorn, Spent Meat, tre_a_tro, Unlikely Stories, MG Version 2, and Wire Sandwich with more forthcoming in SN Review and Laika Poetry Review.

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