

## Magnanimous Me

A pharmaceutical company  
invented a patch  
to increase sexual desire  
in women  
especially after hysterectomy  
where ovary removal  
diminishes erotic inclinations  
I suggested my post menopausal  
girlfriend start the treatment posthaste  
I was willing to accept  
the possible side effects  
of blindness  
kidney failure  
respiratory ailments  
and loss of teeth  
I tried to convince her  
the short term benefits  
will outweigh the  
long term risks  
I'd even spring for the  
initial cost of the patches  
and kick in toward her  
health insurance  
payments.

*Joe Speer  
Las Cruces, NM*

## I FINALLY

had a hot night,  
but it was only the weather.

\*

## THOSE BAGS

under my eyes  
are from all the tears  
I haven't cried -  
or vodka.

*Chocolate Waters  
New York, NY*

## Made Me Wonder

I hit rock bottom in an unfurnished single,  
drunk & stoned & fed up.  
43. Here's what \$7 a night buys:  
no window, cracked walls with stains.  
Nights drunks stammer their  
rosaries up & down the hall,  
murderous, looking for trouble.  
Always some cheese-slipped-off-his-cracker at  
the pay phone: "Honey, I'm ready to come home."  
The manager smokes & smokes,  
stares out the streaky window  
& hands out keys with indifference.  
Always whatever woman escaping  
in gold stiletto heels over gravel, & to hell  
with her anyway. The moon splatters above us  
like a bullet hitting sand.  
The thought of death is kissing us  
to sleep every night.  
But who the hell  
is waking us up?

*Don Winter  
Niles, MI*

## IF I SHOULD DIE...

On her 75th birthday we celebrate alone,  
drinking to fifty-two years of marriage.

I float upward on an honest, maudlin high  
after two gin martinis and four olives.

"Don't die before me," I mumble to her.  
"When I do, don't marry some young chick!"

I reply with an open kiss on her hard line lips,  
"Don't you want me to be happy?" I ask.

She flashes a sober glare, another kiss,  
and I know not to pursue the answer.

*John L. Campbell  
Brookfield, WI*

## This is just to say

(for Mary)

I found  
the Pop-tarts®  
that were hidden in the pantry

the ones  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so toasty

*Robert Michael Triplett  
Yellow Springs, OH*

(After William Carlos Williams 1934)

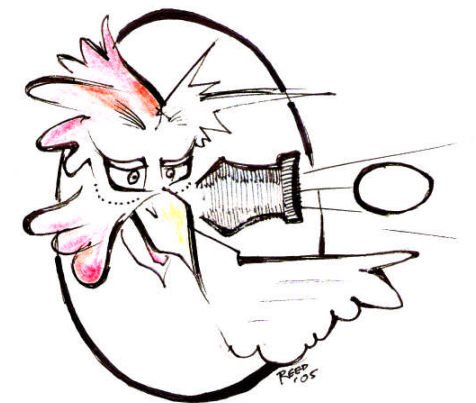
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In memory of Adele Hervey,  
pilot, writer, mother...

Free!

# POULTRY BROADSIDE



Poetry in small doses

## ISSUE NO. 8 APR. 2006

We do, doodily do, doodily do, doodily  
do, what we must, muddily must,  
muddily must, muddily must, muddily  
do, muddily do, muddily do, muddily  
do, until we bust, bodily bust,  
bodily bust, bodily bust.

- Kurt Vonnegut

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## Check-out Chicken

In the check-out  
Unloading her wares  
She dreamily reaches  
For the broasted chicken,

Its golden brown integument  
Tantalizing, the pleasing aroma  
Tempting, calling  
Her growling stomach  
With each sniff

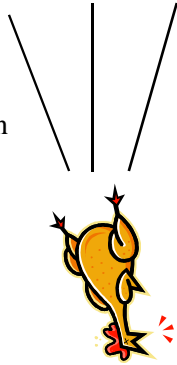
Then, as if alive, the chicken  
flies from the container!

Greasy brown drippings  
Stream to the floor,  
Legs and thighs are caught  
Between the metal posts  
Of her shopping cart

Dangling, tender breasts,  
Now are bruised and exposed  
Wings fly everywhere  
And the neck,  
“Where is the neck?!”

She gently scoops up the remains,  
Returning them  
From whence they came, smiling  
To herself as she licks her greasy fingers,  
And calling to the cashier,  
“Mop-up in check-out three!”

*Monica E. Smith  
West Liberty, OH*



## a few bare poems

i've spent an hour worming thru holes of electrons' chewing  
for poems by sol funaroff, syrian-gene, depression-era,  
amerikan, sickly poet; ain't much in the electricity.

\*\*\*

figures. a man with less than a dime  
becomes a young man murdered by time, not wine,  
not echo -- rexroth finalizes another exclaimed name,

executed names we hear drop  
like fabulous bug-splatter of a swan-dive  
from twin tower roof! waving frantically,

calmly, at fast windows falling where people  
are burning! drenched in jet-fuel & george's  
secrets! don't clap for a communist comedian!

don't read an arab's words. don't listen  
to a man with less than a dime  
who is dying. look this way, george grins,

here, upon my lips a sparkle of flat-screen  
television sit-com realism where all worlds  
are easy, if tough. if sol is somewhere

he isn't bright, he's selling ice-cream  
to workers in india. he's melting  
before their tongues touch chocolate.

sol funaroff, we roll over russians with tanks  
stuffed with ingots of gold; we crush russia  
like dry cake under obese & squirming ass.

sol funaroff, walk away  
from starvation factories where workers  
gather 'round a comrade's new ford truck

with juices frothing from their mouths.  
who has the largest flat-screen hdtv?  
to watch shit drip from the eyes of dan rather?

sol funaroff, stay dead,  
forgotten, ignored in amerika,  
barely a few electrons whirl from bursting

hands  
of human  
history -- that's the way to be.

*Ron Androla  
Erie, PA*

## angered skillet

From  
angered skillet  
sister's  
back swells;  
saying,  
I told you so!  
the enemy  
claiming  
to be her mother.

*James Ray Scott  
Cypress, CA*

## Indiana Morning

lay these strokes down  
thick  
across the gray canvas  
hawks hanging  
against the hard winds  
near Eagle Creek  
Monk and Coltrane riding high  
out of Carnegie Hall 1957  
past the blaze-red bushes

*Robert Schuler  
Menomonie, WI*

## ELVIS

last place i would  
have thought elvis  
would be,  
a jewish deli, no  
more or less,  
but there he sits,  
among the aroma of  
gefilte fish and jewish  
pickles, and corned beef  
smell you never quite get  
away from,  
and he's got pompadour hair,  
sideburns like elvis,  
and is wearing a sequin uniform  
jacket like he's ready to  
perform,  
at a quick glance from where  
i sit at another booth eating  
a bagel with lox and cream cheese  
the rest of him don't look like  
the elvis i saw in las vegas at  
all, before he keeled over  
in his ornate graceland bathroom  
and died from an overdose,  
elvis catches my eye and beckons  
for me to come closer, soon we are  
side by side in the same booth,  
except for his hairdo he don't  
look like elvis much, but he smiles  
and says. i am an impersonator,  
of course, i say, elvis died long ago,  
sure, he agrees, but i sing like elvis,  
he begins to sing HOLD MY HAND in my  
one good ear, and on impulse i pull out  
my small harmonica, and head to head  
he sings and i play for elvis, while  
everyone looks our way like we are two  
nuts, and we end on a low note, and i  
can see the manager heading our way,  
ready to kick us both out.

*Ed Galing  
Hatboro, PA*