

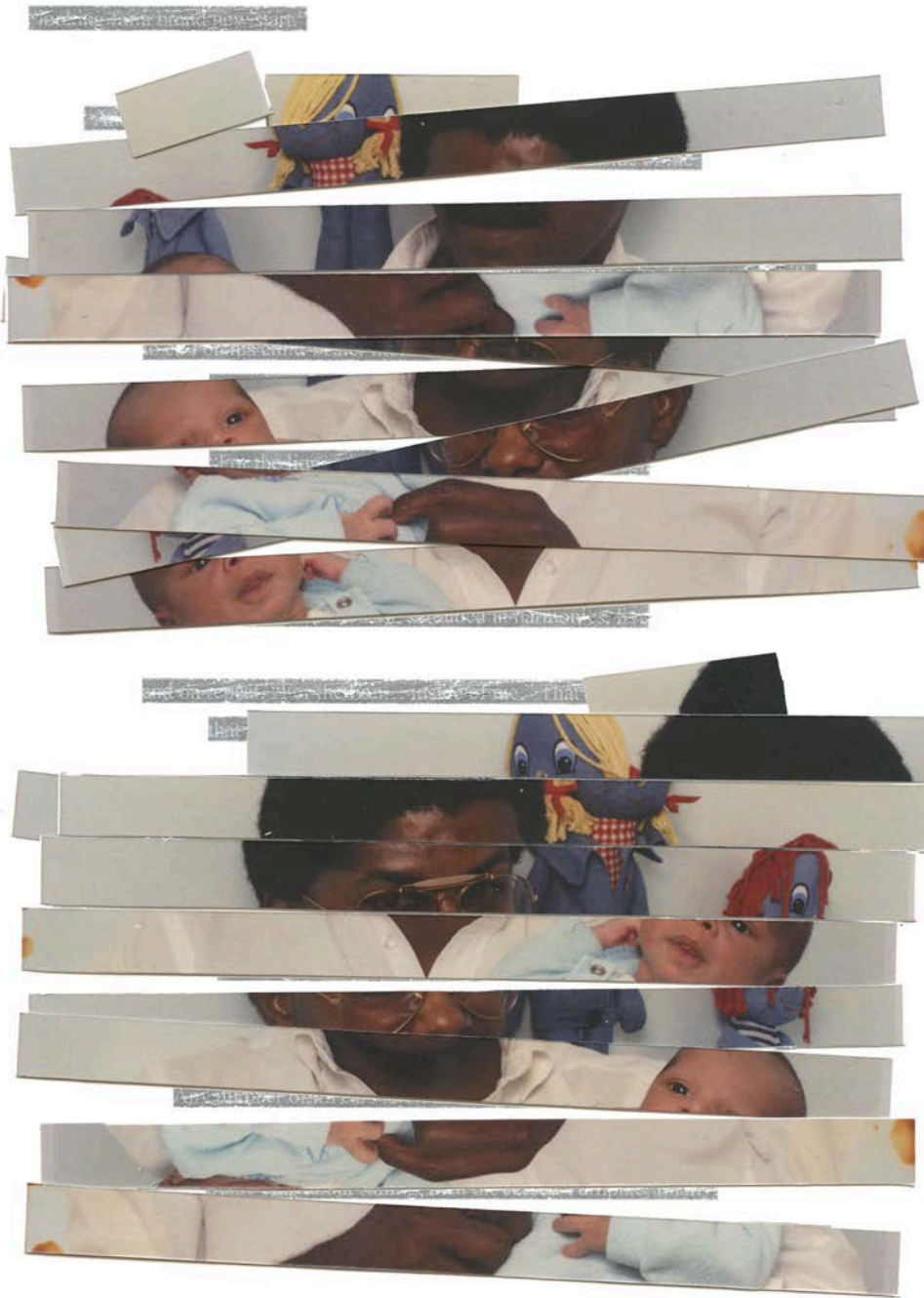
A SAMPLE FROM

Dream of No One but Myself

poems by

David Bradford

A thick, dead, austere, sulfidic, r'lent, the
 2014 (and body) the fizz of CO₂ airing
 or in, regents a bold blood-dot violet, cocoa
 and or, red meaty in the nose, clove cand
 car, too-ripe citrus, and the, the, the
 st through (annins), thick, hard, blue,
 mid (if you'll just head the out), as a great
 filler of foam, windmaker, once ventured, a
 hint, just a faint, faint trace of a savour,
 rustic pulse to its oaky but profuse, the
 something dark but silly. Some of the off
 South Central clowning gone on, it's in
 is acidic, raw milk sting. Like the alkaline
 zing of a hand buzzer? Or just a lash of
 greasy rubber chicken and a mad tongue?
 The funky, salt-chocolate bit of d'axe-off
 and talcum. And the matching flappy shape
 union sweat, a on fat cajoled in a musky
 fo' the day, it is, a dewy, peckerwood
 bratt, strob, it like skin, a kind of
 decaying coil, a us filth, which can't help
 but evoke slat, tar, tar pit, flesh, Pnglacci
 crime and blood-soaked, nit, sw, w, the
 roll-bodied, rid, it is an old st, the or
 hacket, (nut water, (rocksalt))
 owning the red, rose, in, dancing the
 middle passage between the, the, the, the
 harvest. The ring, after, the, the, the, the
 Viognier and Grenache meeting, the, the, the
 cow, in the valley breeze, year round, a
 quartz, crispness, having heard and seen
 something, the, the, the, the, the, the, the
 Almost, the, the, the, the, the, the, the



Jeff's Pretty Meh About That Shit Being Racist

Again palms up
real coins and blue blood Now
no I'll repeat it
He says

I don't
care about your
fucking change you
didn't pay for your

slice you

An [bates breath]

-word not there
like an -word
whistle

The pecorino ATM
the cook watched over
too poor a witness

[...] Like an grana sausage bell

Like tight cut-offs
buffala chamois
fontina acetate
tortoise shit

still

too middle brackish to
play off this [hands up
and down this penny-bun skin] still
grainy as whole wheat

My [sighs]

first fucking time
in here and you
give me this shit

[...] Maybe you
shouldn't come

Fight Calendar

Fruit of the ocean month. Fight about the library. Feculents. Closing soon. Asking about the computer. Ecreamed milk. Explosion. Fight about seeing each other. Herring, mackerel, and salmon. Only 30 minutes. Fight about language. Sardines and melon. Fight about badminton. Dill shrimp. David not understanding the thing about badminton. Fight about the garbage. The bed of rice, low-fat feta, cantaloupe wedges. *Chicane* (fight) about chocolate. Spicy French toast. The school's funding drive. Let rest. Fight about *Liar, Liar*. Grams of fat. At Video Plus. Fight in front of Eaton's. Grease holder, parcoured distance. About her not wanting to wait 45 minutes until it opens. A little extra. Fight about David's homework. Pie plate. David's sleeping bag. Thick tranches. About David asking how to save a file. Blank tuna. About his school bag, vegetables, etc. Zest, vanilla and *muscade*. Night fights about his apple (heart). Broccoli quiche *sans pâte*. About yelling. Little bouquets. Fights about mentioning there's snow again. The night before. And about snow on the ground, surprise, in the morning. A fine paste. Fight about the gas. Margarine. Fight about parquet for the office. A half-moon of Boston. And cheapness. Fight about blaming. Real parmesan cheese. David and language. Three-herb. All our problems. The walking away. The folding. Fight about the chicken again.¹¹

¹¹ About a year removed from him, sunk into the decades-old, formless sofa, in front of *Dawson's Creek* with my mother, outcast but by design, I tell her what it is and I beg for meds. I tell her there's nothing else I can do right now. Just TV and French YA crap. She can't imagine it won't pass.