A SAMPLE FROM

Dream of No One but Myself

poems by

David Bradford
Good Pleat

whose child combed

way The

nowhere headed from

Who heard

start to pay for it

a

Gab a better

Dragging on

bargain freckled hook-nose

Whose I own
It's Too Late to Stop Now
The Bat
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**


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\(^1\) 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.