

A SAMPLE FROM

# Dream of No One but Myself

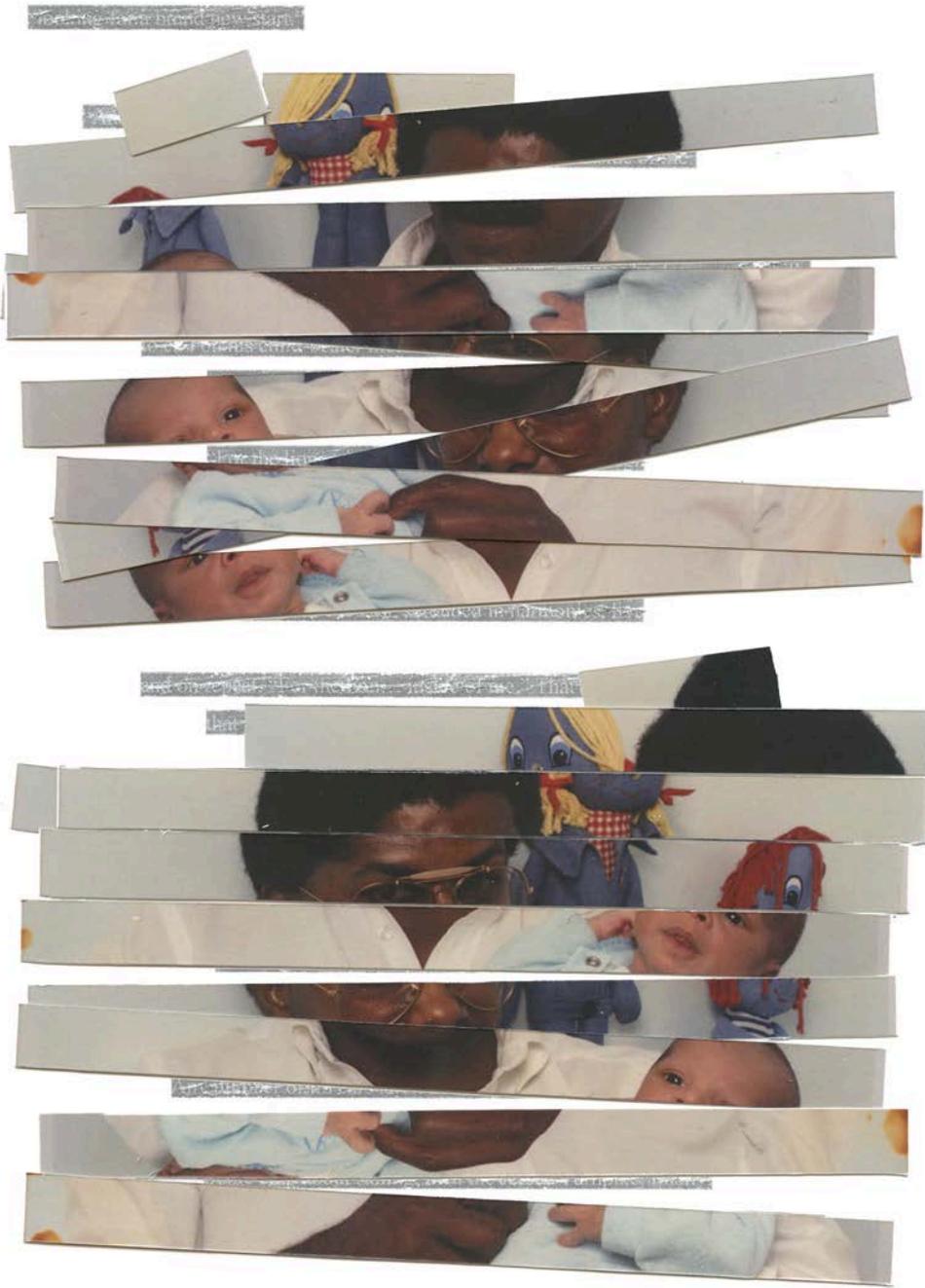
*poems by*

David Bradford

## Good Pleat

whose child combed  
way The  
nowhere headed from  
Who heard  
start to pay for it  
a  
Gab better  
Dragging on  
bargain  
freckled hook-nose  
*Whose* I own





## 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.<sup>11</sup>

---

<sup>11</sup> 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.