

Travel Guide to Nowhere

All the trees look like broccoli. So come on over.

Across the street, an 18-wheeler, makes a U-
turn at 2 mph. The driver is laughing
with Cheetos in his mouth—tears
like face paint trickle like sunshine.

Overhead, the clouds break apart,
like former lovers parting for the last time,
leaving the sky more beautiful than before.

In the church, the pastor is known
for his unique hand gestures,
which he uses to reenact Biblical plagues
and Mary's virginity. I prefer church
when no one is in it, so that my thoughts
have full use of the acoustics.

Next to the church, lives a guy that mows
the same square of grass all day
like a 1990s computer screensaver. His life
has been boxed in by his own making, and I
don't think he leaves to pee.

The grass is plastic, by the way.

The poor lady across the street
has had this same view for years; yet, she
has never bought blind nor curtain.

Do you know that the mayor hasn't been elected
or reelected in seventeen years?

That the bookkeeper remembers people's garbage, not books?

Failure is the option everyone underappreciates,
but not here.

Over there, a dog buries a backyard with his bones.
And there, a man is saying he loved himself in his despair,
as he walks on the water, fish underneath
eating dead skin off his feet.

The rumor is that the founder of this town virtually never stopped talking
and did not need sleep, reportedly even in death.