

Rus Bowden

Rus Bowden is a 46-year-old proud and single father of four (two grown and two teens) who sells cars in his hometown of Lowell, Massachusetts. Driving laws and safe sex being what they are nowadays, he stays home every night and writes poetry instead of getting drunk and womanizing. He is a summa cum laude graduate of Rivier college and has been writing poetry for going on four years.

in sideout side

inside its cage a tiger stalks junglebeasts
a bird flies the sky to a farwood perch
stairs cascade from dreamroom
drawers to my study i exitthrough a whitepage door door door

put
a
key
in
a
knob

a hairpin will
do
a hair pinwill

outside
an afghan ghostwoman
(thrown through a lookwindow comedeth shatterglass
by an apoplectic liarcalling taxcollector legally)
stilllooks for her husband's hidmoney
still to thisday this veryday no oneknows his stashaway way

i'll take thetiger you take the bird
i'll take the tiger you take thebird
your hubby's selfasylumated
haven't you heard

it's alwhite alwhite now

it was all astral projectionlike stormyweather anyway
stormy weathereyes
freedom spaciousskies
do you have an extra hair pin for a poor still-liver

turn around
a
minute flybird

i'm
going back and forth to the junglebeasts
there's no placelike home noplacelikehome noplay

Breakfast for Wahoos

It is a heated dawn, a few hearty neighbors have left
for an early start to beach houses or to beat traffic to work.

It is quiet for stirring the sugar cube plopped in my coffee.
It occurs to me, astronomers figure an asteroid, a chunk

of some cosmic explosion, containing the miracle element,
oxygen, crashed here hundreds of millions of years ago,

to evolve into oceans, atmosphere, wilderness and now
these thoughts. The religious believe it was the Almighty

casting prideful Satan down from heaven, a place to wander.
So a shaman must be like a detached grain of sugar,

diving through the earth's crust, swimming in the bitter.
I take the hot, sweet spoon into my mouth and lick it.

Sun shines through the open window, but never reaches
the bottom of the cup nor the ocean floor, where volcanic

black smokers spew up bits of earth's fireball interior
and where gardens of white crabs and tube worms colonize,

fed by microbes feeding bacteria, the source of animal life,
drifting like frozen pollen through a sneezy June wind at night.

My coffee is getting cold. I cannot stay here all day, a solo
octopus scavenging submerged sand. I must get into my car,

shoot past mulling fish, take one last gulp and, God help me,
leap like the magnificent wahoo I am for the nebula where I belong.