

KLECKO & FINLEY
A POX
UPON YOUR BLESSINGS



A POX UPON YOUR BLESSINGS

Items by Danny Klecko & Mike Finley

KRAKEN PRESS

St. Paul, Minnesota

© 2013 by Danny Klecko & Mike Finley

Blessings & Curses

Millions Demand America's Purest Silver Dollar.....	6
The Night I Baked a Bundt Cake on PBS.....	7
Jar of Old Pens.....	8
Here Comes The Moon.....	9
Irish Bundt Cake.....	10
The Dogs.....	11
Defending Saint Paul.....	12
What Chef Joan Ida Told Me	13
Bunny.....	14
Trophies of Conquest.....	15
Tumbling Tumbleweed.....	16
While God Sits in Heaven.....	17
New Tires.....	18
Capital City Soda Bread.....	19
The Effects of Splenda on Puerto Rican Ants.....	20
My First Tool Box.....	21
The Little Airplane With Loads Of Spunk.....	22
The Betrayal of Danny McGleno.....	23
The Addict	24
Not to Knock the Grand Canyon But	25
Eleven-Year-Olds Discussing Death.....	26
Bouquets of Tribute.....	27
The Clan MacGregor.....	28
Lucy Poem.....	29

Leaving St Paul To Return To A College In Iowa.....	30
Migration of the Harriers.....	31
Teaching Daniele to Drive.....	32
Compassion for the Tall.....	33
My Mother and My Father.....	34
Carol Connolly.....	35
Success	38
Like Insurance, Only Sweeter.....	39
We Irish.....	40
The Saint Mary's Benevolence Council.....	41
Making a Hookah from a Stethoscope	42
Cocktails with the Priest.....	43
A Flag.....	44
Don't Be Like The Moon.....	45
Merciful.....	46
Absence of White.....	47
Sister Rosalind Gefre / On Hamline Avenue.....	48
'Beautiful Creatures,' by Bruce Cockburn.....	49
My Huckleberry Friend.....	50

Millions Demand America's Purest Silver Dollar

Ad by New York Mint, 2013

These legal tender U.S. silver dollars feature a nearly 100-year-old design of Lady Liberty striding confidently forward while draped in a U.S. flag, while the other side depicts a majestic U.S. eagle, thirteen stars, and an American shield.

But the clock is ticking. Timing is everything.
Our advice to you – keep this to yourself.
Tear out the page if you have to, because the more people know about this offer, the worse it is for you.
Supplies are limited and there is a strict limit of 40 per household.
It's a coin flip you can't afford to lose.

The Night I Baked a Bundt Cake on PBS

Swear to God
They picked me up in a minivan
Painted in the likeness of Big Bird
In haste, we headed back to the studio
Prior to our arrival
The producer urged me to be concise
On script,
Economic in language
Finally, the camera guy counted down
Three, two, one ...
As the light flashed, and before the host spoke
It just kind of slipped out
“Grandpa loves you Madison Rose
More than anybody else”
My comment surprised the crew
I wondered if it annoyed them
After brief reflection
I realized it didn’t matter
These people would forget me within the hour
But my granddaughter,
She would remember that moment
The rest of her life

Jar of Old Pens

It's not that the pens are crap, although many are –
who has nice pens any more?

It's not that I wrote so much with them, and bled out
all the ink that coursed through them.

It's that they are old, twenty, thirty years
lying in the drawer with the rusty clips
and shredded rubber bands,
whatever dreams they might have dreamed
turning to scab in their sleeves.

Here Comes The Moon

Because vampires keep me awake
With their chronic complaints
Let's drive tonight
Because you ally with darkness
I'll close my eyes and point to the map
Let's drive tonight
Because a California vacation would be too predictable
Fate might choose De Soto, Iowa
Realizing that even though it's the birthplace
Of John Wayne, nowhere is further from civilization
And when we get there, with nothing to do
We should drink red wine in a parking lot
Distracting ourselves with the kind of conversation
You only have sitting on the world's sidelines
And if we should stay awake
Until the moment the sun begins to rise
Maybe you could let me know
What life has planned for me

Irish Bundt Cake

Ingredients

- 1 cup Guinness
- 8 ounces canola oil
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cocoa powder
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp baking soda
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp Salt
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup apple sauce

Glaze

- 6 ounces semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 6 tbsp heavy cream
- 1 tbsp Bailey's Irish Cream
- 1 tbsp Jameson whiskey

The Dogs

On their sides in the warm grass after running,
tongues swollen, ribs heaving,
eyes focused not on anything around them
but on the fact of having run,
the joy of a workout.
There is no death, there never was.
Everything is perfect now.

Defending Saint Paul

In a stadium parking lot
After the Twin Cities championship
I waited for my son
After an unusually long absence
He hopped in
Apologizing for the delay
"Sorry Pops, Coach decided to make a speech
He said when he runs into us five years from now
This better not be the greatest night of our life
If it is, he'd be more than disappointed."

I didn't want to undermine
Realizing it takes a village
But at the end of the day
Fathers are accountable to their sons
"Your coach is a dumb ass
You get to go to your grave
Knowing that during your watch
In your final high school football game
You made Minneapolis your bitch
Trust me kid, it just doesn't get any better than that."
Highland Scots 20, Washburn Millers 12

What Chef Joan Ida Told Me

I thought of you recently
When I was in Rome
Gathering inspiration for a new menu
I was in my hotel room
Feeling kind of lonely
Then I heard a loud noise overhead
It sounded as if something
Was about to land on the roof
I became curious, and peeked through the curtains
To my surprise I saw the Pope
Riding shotgun in a helicopter
And when he noticed me, he waved
Later I was told
These flights are not uncommon
He enjoys praying for the Holy City from above
The whole event was so startling
Did I mention , I waved back
As he flew away, I wish you could have been there

Bunny

Before dawn, walking by the railroad tracks in the dark,
Lucy and I come upon a young bunny,
perhaps 15 feet ahead of us.

The dog freezes, as that is her hunting style,
to wait until the other creature moves,
then give chase.

Seconds pass, no one moves.

The bunny knows we are standing there in the dark,
and it is weighing its alternatives.

Two entire minutes pass, the three of us paralyzed.

Suddenly the bunny breaks –
not away from us, as all logic dictates it should go,
but directly toward the two of us,
like a bowling ball headed for the 5-10 split.

Lucy, who had been psyching herself up that long wait
for a moment of glory following
a thousand fruitless, pointless chases,
freaks out and dives between my booted feet
for safety, for protection from
this agile, quick-thinking thing,
which has long since veered away from us,
skedaddling like a furry spirit
through the chinks of the chain link fence.

Trophies of Conquest

Knowing how I disliked Garrison Keillor
Without provocation
The pastry chef entered my office smirking
Because she had received
A secondhand invite to a gala
Taking place at the man's home
That very night

"Steal the bastard's salt and pepper shakers"
I demanded, "We'll put them in the break room"
My request offered no purpose
Yet the pastry chef called it genius
Promising to fulfill my bidding

The following morning
During a postmortem of the party
The pastry chef rolled her eyes
While explaining how his cookbooks were shit
As she handed me a package
With contents I'm not at liberty to discuss

Tumbling Tumbleweed

Bounding softly across the indigo prairie at night,
the tumbleweed stop at the mighty Missouri,
their momentum stalled by a cyclone fence.

Sure, these animated plantforms looked forward
To a lit-up world of sights and stimulation,
they had dreams of a tumbling, bumbling sort.

But now they're stuck in Chamberlain, forever,
somewhat like us, but not exactly.

While God Sits in Heaven

The angels hoard his compassion
While those of us beneath the clouds
Agree that hope is futile
If humans figured out
They were on their own
Healing could be as simple as
Putting a female president in the Oval Office
Declaring a Pope from Dublin City
Or letting M.P.R. greet us each morning
With a poem
From Ethna McKiernan¹

1 2012 winner of the KPV Kerouac Award for Lifetime Achievement in Rebel Poetry

New Tires

"The blister was inside the tire, big as a football," the mechanic said.

"My God," I said, picturing myself hanging upside-down
from a seatbelt, wheels spinning above me, tongue hanging akimbo –
"I could have been killed."

But now, I am riding high on new blackwalls,
the view of the road obscured by my altitude,
eight cylinders pounding in rippling sequence.

"I can change," I proclaim to the open road, aloud.

"I *will* change."

Capital City Soda Bread

Ingredients

4 cups all-purpose flour

1 tsp baking soda

1 ½ tsp salt

1 pinch of caraway seed

2 cups buttermilk

The Effects of Splenda on Puerto Rican Ants

The apartment in Yocaibo was crawling with ants.
They ate everything, tortillas, jam, bacon grease, rice.
Before Rachel and I left for four days
we cleaned out the kitchen, emptied the cabinets,
got rid of every scrap of food.
When we returned, the counters and tables and floor
were speckled with dead ants,
on their backs, bellies up, tiny tildes scrunched into a ball,
beside an open jar of Splenda.
I'm not eating that stuff any more, said Rachel,
and she has since kept her word.
Me, I am fascinated by adventure,
and I stir my tea and smile at her.

My First Tool Box

One might suggest it was the result
Of growing up without a father
Others have offered
It's merely genetic disposition
Either way
I've come to terms with it
I lack mechanical aptitude
I'll never forget the time my grandfather
Stopped by my apartment
How his eyes sparkled as he spotted
A Craftsman toolbox on my kitchen table
Like a child placed before a toy-box
He opened it without permission
But just as the examination started
His enthusiasm waned
The contents were cake plungers
Fondant molds and pastry tips
He didn't seem to mind the brioche tins
Until I told him they were "fluted"
Though the moment was awkward
I remained secure in my masculinity
But when he picked up my text book
Wilton's Course in Flowers and Cake Design
What I wouldn't have given
To have had an ample place to hide

The Little Airplane With Loads Of Spunk

In honor of the 2013 Disney picture

Little plane crashes on the runway.
The parked planes edge closer to examine the wreckage.
Damaged plane comes to, says,
Hello, my friends.
This mishap doesn't discourage me in the least.
I will fly back up there,
I will fly higher and higher,
looping the loops,
to show the strength of my resolve.
Say, how bad does it look back there?
Promise us, the old Cessna 310R says to the smoldering plane,
you'll wait here till the foam truck arrives

The Betrayal of Danny McGleno

James Devaney thought to murder me
And place me in a box
Because when he drank whiskey
I ordered vodka on the rocks

His eyes were soon to quiver
His voice grew loud and hoarse
Screaming what a pity I was
Straying from our natural course

The Addict

In the clinic waiting room.

A guy enters on his mother's arm.

She is the sick one, but he looks bad –
hollow-eyed, hostile, multiple tattoos –
you can see the bullets under his skin.

While he stares emptily at the furniture
she keeps nudging him and making funny remarks.

At one point she says, "I've got a good idea,"
leans over and whispers something in his ear.

The man blushes and smiles,
and turns to look at his mother
with unimaginable softness.

Not to Knock the Grand Canyon But

A postcard from a friend on vacation arrived.

“Mike, you have not seen anything until you have gazed across the Grand Canyon,” it said.

I have gazed across it, so I knew what he was saying.

But a part of me wanted to take him by the lapels, long distance, and say,

It's wonderful indeed, what with all those colors and such

But have you ever looked the other way,

from your own back porch,

and seen cumulus form and billow, light and dark,

as large as a canyon, but grander, and flying, that's right,

flying in the sky and continuously morphing,

lamb airplane gryphon clover vacuum cleaner bunny-face fire-hat Christmas tree pineapple –

and they're not waiting for erosion to do its slow work

but they are transforming on their own, in a minute,

writhing and whispering and booming and blown?

Compared to which, this thing you're so excited about

is basically a ditch that we ruined

when we choked off the Colorado for irrigation.

No, my friend, you enjoy your remarkable but desiccated gouge in the ground,

but for me the direction to look into is up.

Eleven-Year-Olds Discussing Death

Four on the front porch, tossing a ball back and forth.

"I sure don't want to get sucked into quicksand," says one, because he just saw a movie with that.

"Get hit by a truck," the little one says. "One boom, you're gone."

All agreed that cancer's the worst. "It takes forever, and you might get your feet sawed off, and the whole while you know you're a goner."

"Maybe a disease that gets you in a week, but doesn't hurt that much," says the third.

"You get to say goodbye to people, and then your vision gets blurry and your head goes sideways and that's it."

"Yeah, it's like you're watching the TV and someone changes the channel."

Soon they're tossing in the yard again.

"Hey quicksand," says sawed-off feet, "go long."

Bouquets of Tribute

Boys should buy girls flowers
To declare their love

To express those words
That often evade conversation

Boys should buy girls flowers
At the most random moments

Letting the target of their affection
Realize their intentions are sincere

When boys tell me girls
Don't like when they waste money on flowers

I secretly laugh at their ignorance

Boys should buy girls flowers
Often

The Clan MacGregor

It was one of the last years Scottish Fair took place
at Macalester
One of the last times the Clan MacGregor assembled
Most of them were large in stature
All had ruddy complexions
As the campus geared up for the parade
An ocean of plaid provided comfort to all
As the MacGregors formed their line numbering over 100
A woman surfaced to join them
Her skin, black as coal

For the briefest of moments
The marchers were swept up by a spirit of confusion
Until the clan's matriarch, stepped forward, smiling
Dear woman, would you be so kind to do us the honor
Of taking the front of the line, and leading us as we march?

The offer was accepted
And I have it on good authority
You could hear the MacGregors chanting
ROYAL IS OUR RACE
As far away as University Avenue

Lucy Poem

Failing again to make the New York Times Bestsellers list,
I walk my dog Lucy in the park.
She is the kind of dog who never strays from me.
And when I speak to her
I tell her what a good dog she is,
and how glad I am that she stays off the streets.
When I lay my hands on her,
rubbing her soft ears and scratching her shaggy throat,
and stroke her rounded, nearly hairless tummy,
she lets me know I am the greatest
poet who ever lived.

Leaving St Paul To Return To A College In Iowa

With two hours to kill
Before his ride came to collect him
My son sat in front of the TV, eating Jimmy John's
I wasn't even supposed to be there
But I had an appointment close by
So I stopped in real quick to annoy him
The curtains were drawn, the living room dark
And the look on his face reminded me how hard 22 can be
Maybe something was bothering him
Or maybe he was just tired
Either way I wanted to send him off with hope
But without time to evaluate, I wasn't sure how
So I pulled out my wallet
And handed him five twenties
A gesture unfamiliar at our house
So just to be certain
He asked in an awkward voice
Why was I giving him cash?
I told him to invest it in narcotics or women
This produced the biggest smile since his arrival
As I headed for the door
He told me I was a STRAIGHT UP KILLA
Possibly the greatest compliment
A son can bestow upon his father

Migration of the Harriers

In November the sky grows dark at their approach,
the harriers, seeking nourishment.

Wingspreads reaching eighteen feet across
blot out the lights, as jagged shadows race across cornfields,
skittish cattle form impromptu stampedes,
fearful of the great birds snatching their young
for a snack en route to Texas.

The harriers take what they want, when they want it.
A convenience store in Claiborne, Missouri, videotaped
a band of a dozen shattering the plate glass and rampaging
through the aisles, tearing open cans of tuna and olives
with razor beaks and wrenching talons,
heedless of the proprietor huddled behind the cash register.
“I’d of pulled out the shotgun but shooting one’s a federal
crime,” the store manager told the reporter.

In Texas the birds weigh down the phone lines
and bully other birds.

They will not take lip from a flamingo.

They steal from shrimpers' nets and maraud picnic areas even
on holidays.

People to the north have misgivings about winter's end
because it also means the harriers are returning.

Teaching Daniele to Drive

Because she was phobic, it took us six years.
She was afraid of oncoming cars,
so afraid she put her hands up when they passed.
I had to find places where she felt safe,
so I chose cemetery roads,
with their strange curves,
and the mourners making their way back to their cars,
white kleenex against black clothing.
We graduated to suburban lanes, practicing every Saturday,
month after month, until I let her drive us back into the city
the length of South Lyndale Avenue.
Three times she failed her exam,
and each time I encouraged her.
Everyone fails a couple of times, I said.
You'll get it.
But I was shaking the fourth time out,
exiting the car and fretting over how she would take
a fourth failure.
After the exam she sat in the car with the instructor
for what seemed like an hour.
When she stepped out, she walked across the blacktop
toward me, a grin slowly forming on her face,
and I broke down blubbing,
tears running into my mouth,
thinking, This might change everything.

Compassion for the Tall

Many admire these long drinks of water.

Women like gazing into their misty mountaintops,
wondering about the wildlife leaping about up there.

They feel their blouses are always being peered down through.

Other men imagine everything is proportional –

Big feet, big hearts.

The tall one must always be older and wiser,

But obviously that can't be true.

I have looked myself into the eye of the tall,
and found them to be intelligent and even empathic,

like sorrowful giants in certain fairy tales,

but never quite accepted by the populace

and always swoony for love, any love.

These treelike beings were babes just like us,

and babies they remain, but wailing from the clouds

at the impositions life heaps upon them

and them unable to find a place to hide.

My Mother and My Father

Long before they divorced,
our parents divided us two boys between them,
Pat, because he was older, went with my dad to ball games
and at night they played chess together.
Which means my mother got me,
and I accompanied her on trips to the store,
driving exams, and making spaghetti from scratch.
My most instructive recollection of my mom
was making scrambled eggs.
I crack them today, dump the goop into the pan,
and toss the shells in the garbage.
She cracked them very purposefully,
and then squeegeed each cup of the shell
with her index finger, unwilling to waste
even a molecule of protein.
Raised in the depression, unsure when hard times
might stand in the doorway again,
she kept to this habit the rest of her years.

Carol Connolly

Rumor had it
Her convalescence would be lengthy
So the baker stopped by the recovery room
With a package and an announcement
"Hospital food will kill you
So I baked these myself"
Then he displayed butter croissants
Blueberry scones
And an enormous slice of banana bread
The baker continued
"You can hoard these for yourself
Or – share them with the staff"
To which the Poet Laureate of the City of St. Paul responded
"OR NOT" –
It was at this point
Everyone in the room
Knew Carol would be fine

Picnic Island

This was the scene of some terrible battle.

A deer was cornered by wolves here
in the shadow of the Mendota Bridge
and the wolves ripped its body to bits.

Our dogs got in on the act, too, throwing themselves
into the bones and skin and remaining goo,
excited about making off with some smell.

A year later, I see it differently.

The spot where the deer died, and it is just a spot now,
a flattened place in the grass,
is just twenty feet from a column of the great arch bridge,
one hundred feet above.

Wolves didn't kill that creature.

She died where she landed, from a fall for the ages.

I picture her browsing up by the highway,
and making a wrong turn
onto the concrete span.

Confused, she continues, until the high beams
of a semi light her up,
and she does what deer have successfully done
for millions of years,
leap over the steel railing to safety,
and dance away into sky.

Fish Naked

In the third floor clinic in the Wangenstein Building at the university, a woman with Parkinson's is raising her foot a few inches and slamming it down, over and over, into the pedal of her wheelchair. It is clear the foot is doing it, not her. She is about 80, and sick, and in her sickness she spins the chair around and topples a large oxygen cylinder onto its side, and it rolls away across the waiting room corridor, snapping breathing tubes loose and dragging them after it.

A man with spiky black hair who had been sitting near her goes to help. It's clear he is a stranger, just another patient in the waiting room. He is wearing a burnoose, like Little Steven, and he has an aggressive air about him. If I saw him on the street, I think I would avoid him.

He stops the gas tank from tripping nurses and patients and drags it back to the woman in the chair. He mumbles to her about getting fixed right up. She mumbles back, but beats him on the wrist with her fist to tell him thank you.

He tries to reattach the oversized tank but it just doesn't match up to the chair. A nurse arrives with a portable pack which loops neatly over the back of the chair. The man kneels by the woman, and says, "I'm right here if you need help."

He stands and returns to his seat, the eyes in her shaking head fixed upon him. When he sits I can read his t-shirt. It says FISH NAKED.

Success

I always looked at prospective girlfriends
and asked – Is this one going to last?
And if she lasts, what will happen to her?
I noticed the adults in our town were not so great-looking.
And even though the girls I knew all looked terrific
at the moment, I knew that that might change.
So I was on the lookout for a girl who would not crumble or
fade, a girl who would not go soft in the firm nice places,
or go firm in the nice soft ones.

Then I met Rachel, who had the sturdy nature
I had been searching for, it is a joke of ours,
when first we lay together, that I said to her,
"I find density pleasing."
She scoffed. You scoff. Everyone likes to scoff.
But I tell you, when we check into a hotel,
the clerk will make a point of asking her,
"Will you be needing a separate bed for your father?"

Like Insurance, Only Sweeter

The old songs are overrated, a friend tells me,
they don't tell the truth about the thing they were about,
that thing being love.

He said this proudly, as if he came to this insight
by denying himself great pleasure.
And by saying nothing in response,
I betrayed the gifts I received in my youth,
the Beatles and Stones, Temptations and Who,
who gave their lives for us or lived in madness
so our lives could be richer for their music.

Little Anthony spoke to every breaking heart I knew
and there were plenty.
I'll bet lots of girls said no to Anthony,
him being so small and sp dark and falsetto.
But that little man gave us everything he had,
even waiting 23 years after eligibility
to be named to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

*Let me tell you that it hurts so bad
To see you again*

Except we can bear the pain better,
because sweet Anthony let us know:
It happens to everyone.
It binds us to one another,
like insurance, only sweeter.

We Irish

It is said we hate the body
and it's true.

It is said we punish
with silence
and we do.

Slow to anger, slow to judge,
good thing we never
hold a grudge.

The Saint Mary's Benevolence Council

The Widow Lindahl was always their first stop

When they gave her money

She looked down in shame

When they gave her groceries

She smiled quietly

When they put bottles of wine

Inside her kitchen cupboards

She winked while thanking them

For completing God's will

Making a Hookah from a Stethoscope

It made sense to Donnie because the black rubber piping
that you snip from the instrument
is reminiscent of the puffing hoses of a water pipe.

And so he made the initial incision,
setting aside that you can buy a bubble-pipe
at any head shop for twenty bucks

Whereas my wife's stethoscope cost her three hundred dollars
and you do not have to go to the emergency room afterward
for treatment for burning rubber smoke inhalation.

Cocktails with the Priest

Father Barr blessed atheists
So their mothers wouldn't worry
Despised the Holy Spirit but loved the Holy Ghost
Made sure Mass was over in time for opening kick-off
Stared at pretty women in a way that let us know
That he was human
Reached for his wallet at the pub
And even though our fathers never let him buy
They appreciated the gesture

A Flag

is what we should be like
in a stiff cold wind,
every fiber stretched taut,
buffeted until
we come apart,
every moment
ripping at our seams.

Don't Be Like The Moon

Don't be like the moon, your face all scars,
dismayed by your bombardment.

Because if that is your choice,
To be like the moon,
The night is what you will be relegated to,
a lantern hanging in the darkness.

The world must carry the moon on its shoulder
like a child borne to the grave in a box.

Do not be bewildered like the moon
Do not gaze open-mouthed into space
Do not dwell on memories gone bad

Be like the earth you were plucked out of,
The one that lives, that bleats and sighs
Deny your losses, shed your skin,

Pack the dead away so they cannot be seen
Make roses grow between the rows
Be like the blooming earth and forget

Merciful

I was raised to believe
That forgiveness was dispensed
By a god and a messiah
Both of whom were men

But as I think of my children's upbringing
And as I recall my own past
Virtue was never dispensed by a father

When hearts get scuffed
It was only natural for the afflicted
To run to their mother
The only source for healing

Absence of White

When a bride stepped out of Saint Mary's
Wearing a black wedding gown
The women of the parish
Could be seen
Seething on the stoop

In the parking lot
Stood the men
Most of which were smoking
But all of them were in agreement
What they wouldn't have given
To be the groom this night

Sister Rosalind Gefre / On Hamline Avenue

The Archdioceses rewarded her with a house
Best described as a brick cottage
And every night for many years
A baker passed by with his four dogs

On one particular evening
For no particular reason
The nun poked her head out the window and asked
Do you know why you spend so much time with those hounds?

Not knowing if this was some kind of nun trick question
The baker stood still and remained silent
Sister Rosalind smiled, eventually answering her own question

We are all the same
But we are also very different
I believe this is your natural way of praying

Then she came out of her house and hugged the baker
Who returned home with gratitude in his heart

'Beautiful Creatures,' by Bruce Cockburn

The song starts slow, then something happens at the bridge.
Cockburn starts to intone the phrase “beautiful creatures,”
and his voice begins to rise until the phrase is like a chimney
sending sparks high into the sky.

And what Cockburn is saying –
the beautiful creatures are going away.

His voice goes where no folk or pop singer's voice goes.
It is like a mournful klaxon, a shooting flame of sadness
for the species that are going extinct in our time,
the time that the world was ours to run.

The beautiful creatures are going away.
Their beautiful eyes, their beautiful cries,
the tree frog, the antelope, the beautiful butterflies,
the clarity of their hunger,
the fierceness of their love,
and we will be unable to stop them from going,
because other things mattered more to us.

Going away to a different place,
by leg, by wing, on their wonderful bellies,
they are taking their beauty away from us,
they are taking our treasure
and not coming back.

My Huckleberry Friend

This is my new religion ...
drifting down the river
with a friend who cannot save us,
who cannot stop the war,
who cannot set us free.
All we have is one another
heads in our hands
staring up at the stars.

Contact Danny and Mike at [**liefmag@gmail.com**](mailto:liefmag@gmail.com)

Or visit us on Facebook.



9781628909012

A NEW KIND
OF COOL

\$5