

Andrew Payton

Bad Man Die

1.

and with him

his son noosed

to the hitch of a pick up

paraded on Baltimore pavement

his wife's hands pink in hot dishwater

every wild thing

he left loaded with shot

the ginseng he stole from the forest

and sold to the Chinese

to buy smokes

the children he gave his blood

but not his name

and not his paychecks

stale coffee in a coffee pot

2.

picture:

durch den Rhein

17-year-old soldier by the Allied's Rhine

a German girl under each arm

a cigarette in the twist of his smile

Buchenwald

rubble of bodies

ribcage and skeleton face and genitals

liberating the Old World

his family gathers around his table

he passes the horrors clockwise

3.

Addendums:

SON

in a HueyCobra

over the jungle

and when I felled them I pictured you

WIFE

one night

I stood over your bed with a kitchen knife

wanting to sink it into your unfaithful organ

MISTRESS

from you I learned
life is a degenerative disease

BASTARD

I want to tear your eyes out of my face

World Gone of Flames

a piano is disemboweled.

tonight on the news:
millions dead, everywhere,
and more expected.

you go to the kitchen to fix yourself
a drink,
to microwave something
that smells like food.

molecular polarity

is altered.

push pull bang.
restless kinetic energy
that makes your burrito hot.

if this is all there is,
soul of lonely tinder,
world gone of flames.

I am going back to sleep,
back in there.

wake me when the water reaches the stairs.

Andrew Payton's poetry has been published in *The GW Review*, *The Eudaimonia Review*, *Grub Street*, *The Hidden City Quarterly*, and is forthcoming in *dislocate*. Native to Maryland, filmmaker and gardener, he spends most of his time traveling and in odd jobs, hoping to enroll in a MFA program this coming fall. He currently lives in Bowling Green, Ky.

ORCA

asleep by your side again,
an orca crept into the seas of my dreams,
and struck—

(us on forgetful shores:
youth that sun does burn,
earth does rot,
water does drown)—

dissident us,
my ankles in the soft jaws of an elegant monster,
I clawed at the rubbled earth
and you hung your lungs in sonatas;

the sprawling continent
withered into an island, with you
circling its beaches mad

for a stray dorsal fin in the turning
and turning days.