



*The Bombers Mole in Hinsherech*

*the Combat of the de Prima in Hinsherech*

Ryan Peeters

## What the Omniscient Narrator Would Say to the Reporter Regarding the Fight at 1372 N. Main

Both Bill and Barry took strong drink.  
They were both of humankind.  
The alcohol did then pre-shrink  
each man's brain will he was stone-blind.  
The employee who tests will soon find  
that violence is, indeed, crowned  
on top of the hot daily grind.  
Both Bill and Barry heard profound  
belligerent cries out in Puget Sound

like some thought balloon colored pink  
that sets red chakras unaligned  
like Femo clay or Shrinkydink  
mismolded in a pile behind  
a microwaved orange rind  
or by drinking tea made with horehound.  
For this particular bout each signed  
his name to no contract, nor found  
out prior to contact both were bound

by some caucasoidal misthink  
which guides some macho men inclined  
to violence. They think ratfink  
who dares to jostle them unkind-  
ly is a cactus, well-spined  
in its own defense all-around  
by sharp attacks, which also bind  
each man to act the muscle-bound  
mean tyrant and declare it a battleground

on the land he stands, then the cross-link  
between Barry and Bill did spark, steamlined  
as it was by their hormones, skink-  
like: each sprang to the fight. In kind,  
did each man rain blows to spellbind  
all those who watched and wraparound  
their eyes? and make their necks unwind  
in that direction? They turned around  
quick as they could and did surround

the players. Even ones in mink.

All took to noise and demanded: rewind  
each blow and land it afresh! a blink  
and I missed it! Get them confined  
and study them in double-blind  
and scientific ways! Eastbound.  
A quiet person, master of mind,  
became aware of the fairground  
where the fight proceeded. He could expound

to these poor cretins: levels sink  
to speak on somewhat common mind  
waves, but there would be a large wink  
in the great cosmic eye. Unbind  
as many as he can: fork-tined  
as each man is by torque's foot-pound  
and karmic pressure: hoodman-blind  
is each man to good God's foreground.  
Resplendent glory overshadows us: Newshound.

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Ryan Peeters reads his poetry regularly at "Back to the Grind" in Riverside, California.  
His first chapbook, *Screaming Wet Mammals*, was released in 2007 by Petroglyph Books.  
His work has appeared in *Plainsongs*, *Digress*, *Wednesday*, *Black Book Press*, and  
elsewhere.

Print: Boxing - Bare Knuckle Fight, by John Bowles, after Hemskerk.