



John McKernan

The Voice of Andy Warhol

You can hear fifteen centuries
Chewing Transylvanian rye bread

You can hear Pittsburgh vowels
Sound like silver dollars dropped
On the roofs of speeding Volvos

You can hear his consonants
Open around a pair of scissors
And slide a new \$1000 bill
Around a thick roll of slick ones

*One purpose of art
Is to smear little dabs
Of being on your nerve cells
Pardon me please while I blind both
My eyes with this violet magenta sunset*

John McKernan has published poems in *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Guernica*, *Field*, and many other publications. His most recent book is *Resurrection of the Dust*. He lives in West Virginia.