



Image from A Playful Path

Charles Sabukewicz

After the Rejection Slip

Throw me in a bag
and knot me up
 my ego said
Pull the drawstrings tight.

Poor, foolish ego

errant cousin to my better self
this time rash enough
to top it off with a dare:

Real tight so there's no way out.

I did. I tied that knot
as if I was choking it.
I stepped on its neck
and pulled the drawstrings
with all my might.

After I was sure it had
stopped breathing,
I opened a beer and
started to relax.

That's when I heard
a snarky little LOL
in the echo chamber
of my left ear.

The Prince of Weed

"Roger this and that" they call him
because of the four-letter word
he sprinkles through his parables.

Bad-dog lonely, he sits on his bed,
cigar box chalice on his knees,
a time to take communion.

His priestly fingers break the bud,
let fall the little seeds and stems,
let loose the scent of marijuana.

He sklms with a matchbook cover
the seeds into their little corner
and plows the weed into a pile.

High priest to his holy happiness,
he rolls a joint, lights up and takes
into his heart a long-blessed drag

returning to that paradise where

a spider in its windowpane web
is the most amazing work of god.

Charles Sabukewicz 's poems have appeared in such periodicals as *Ibbetson Street*, *The Bryant Literary Review*, and *Points West*. He is author of the collection *In Sleep's Circumference*.