

**A Big Fat Whopper**

It is too easy  
this writing  
it is crapolla  
on the  
line

It is not  
alive & it  
is not  
hard,  
does not move  
anything  
anywhere  
at all

One hand  
behind  
my back  
stuff

When really it  
sometimes  
feels  
cut  
off

by the wheels

Lies beside  
me  
a big fat  
whopper  
filled with  
idle  
shuck  
& jive

Oh no,  
he said

What else  
*would*  
he say

that  
whopper

## The Whole Thing

*We are a coastal people, there is nothing  
but ocean beyond us*

Jack Spicer

I wait for you  
under a tree  
in the park

write this  
little thing  
will steal  
up to me

around  
its uneven  
length

The other  
side

lies the  
ocean

we both  
need

beyond  
us

frames  
us

holds  
us

makes a  
whole

each, &  
together

like that

it likes  
that

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