

New Poetry from Tyler Vaughn Hayes: “They even pipe it into the bookstore,” “His first time: flight by ropes,” “The edict,” “Rappel annuel”



WAX-LADEN DAY / *image by Amalie Flynn*

They even pipe it into the bookstore

It's never quite silent, though
there's no lowing, not from God
nor his gluttoned blind bovine. Only

the thudding of shuffling ungues
on stereos hemmed, hidden
in the high grass—muzak

piercing through, prodding each
tagged ear. Far better this way—
now they needn't contemplate

the cacophony in BARN 8, the strain
of strings tucked tight to necks, jammed
trumpets jutting through guts, and

the flutes flushed fast with blood.
No, much better this way.
Bow, hark, try not to think.

His first time: flight by ropes

(for Corbin Vaughn)

it's fleeting

the rebuff
of a flutter
fleecing
the sway
in his wee
depleted eyes

exhausted
the college
girls of August
ferry a whole
life on the neck
heaving TVs
sleeping late
they flit
from mom
then return

we can't split
a pendulum
a heavy head
tightened white
like a fading grip
on the tethers
just out of reach

give it up already.

The edict

There is, without question,
a tendency to beg for
those things we have
already.

For instance, I once
commanded God: turn me

into a poet, else I'll pretend to
be a walrus.

Bruggghllff!

Rappel Annuel

I
(for one and once)
intend to celebrate
a soothing din
the cleansing mess
fresh from the wet
wax-laden day.
Hip hip