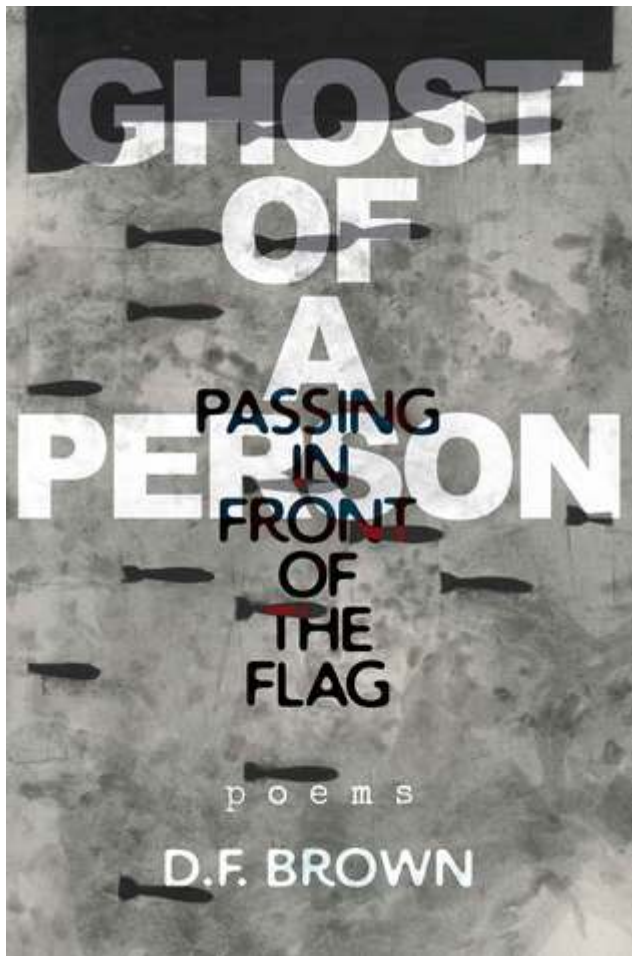


# New Poetry from D.F. Brown



## *So, Who Wants to Walk Slack?*

Because we have no home in language  
We keep memories there  
As if the past were true  
And grinning in a grainy b/w  
Teenagers posing johnwayned  
Twisted into facts  
Jungle-wise who knows  
What grows there deep  
All night knotted in your heart  
Form mangles with content  
Hear clouds scrape dark  
Clutch the claymore clacker like  
Life depends on blasting 1000 pellets  
Across the muddy path below

Meaning in its meat  
As if out there  
Our ass sad little war  
Had not ended  
Is never ever over and  
Because it's history we hold on  
And keep sending our children.

### **Every Meal is a Happy Meal**

Let us see the evening as raw meat  
Finest Grade A Prime  
Spitted ready for the burning

Charred and bloody rare  
Leaking on the platter white  
As we find our way into this scene

A table offered up with places  
And take our portions of the gore  
With salt and wines and candle flicker

Let us eat these products  
Over faces of the hungry  
From the heart range of this continent

The cowboy bounty of hard work  
Slice and savor the marbled meats  
And rub our full bellies round

And sense ourselves deserving  
These cuts and servings  
As if it were duty to an economy

That can no longer afford our appetites

***Floating Jack's Fork of the Current River,***

***Shannon County, Missouri, August 2010***

I try to pretend but the wind  
gets in my way, night enters and  
shadows crawl along the gravel shoals

into the tree line across the water.  
At any other campfire they would be  
memories called up and spat  
into the flames, sizzle for a second  
and rise as smoke unto the stars.  
But in this dark they crawl

over old sandbags to my heart—  
great slobbering ghosts from Viet Nam,  
and set their altars

dig out dog tags, cartridges,  
belt buckle, buttons  
canteen and rations—

ashes, ashes, old bones of heat.

Houston/2018

To read more from D.F. Brown buy *Ghost of a Person: Passing in Front of the Flag* at [Bloomsday Literary](#).