

Curse at Your Smoking Gun

by Bud Smith

things I don't
understand might
kiss my eyelids
while I sleep
way I
kiss hers

yesterday
saw a balloon
full of drugs
sail out a van
while a squad car
full of cops
fired missing
shots

if you or someone you love
errs to the unknown
please step forward
with your mouth
wide open tongue
wagging out

tuesday, home
hope to get
high with my
wife if that
balloon touches
down in our yard

marks from
zipping bullets
rubblings of
renegade clouds
still indented

did I ever tell you
her hair
smells like
coconuts
and so does
her eyebrows

and the van
is still
parked
beside
the overpass.

