Tim Barzditis

Blades of Grass

Arachnid pizzicato treads
carefully on eights
needlepoint legs
across each individual hair
of my colossus body

With my god-finger,
I turn animated exoskeleton
to stains of recycled
Whitman white pages,
finally resolving to pluck grass.

The sky's solar spotlight
illuminates, burns
through the stained
glass leaves and
splintered branches.

A pigeon overhead
purges a varicose veined
purple egg from within,
distracting me from the chomping
of my own flaking nails.

Painfully, each blade is
exhumed from the
bitter skin, one by one
until the landscape is
perfect: motionless and barren.

Brogan Franklin

The Museum of Conspiracy Theories

There is an IMAX theater that loops
the Zapruder film for six hours straight
before switching to the 9/11 attacks.
There is a sculpture of Martin Luther King, Jr.
standing on a hotel balcony in Memphis.
There is a stage where the holograms of 2Pac, Kurt Cobain,
Bob Marley, and John Lennon perform live.
There is a mock Oval Office where a wax
version of Al Gore sits behind the Resolute desk.
There is a ceremony that honors Pat Tillman by raising
his bullet-ridden, blood-stained Army fatigues to the rafters like a retired jersey.
There is a laboratory that shows how AIDS was engineered
and how its Magic cure was created.
There is a gift shop that sells crack pipes engraved with the phrase "Just Say
No."
There is a lounge, but the only drinks are New Coke
and bottled flood water from Hurricane Katrina
infused with aspartame and high-fructose corn syrup.
There is a long line in front of the last exhibit.
There is an open casket in the middle of a counterfeit cave.
There is a skeleton inside.
There is a sign above the bones that says, *Jesus of Nazareth*.
There is nothing left to see, so I walk outside.
There is a full moon overhead.
There is a microphone on the nearest streetlight that records me saying,
That was Kubrick's best film.
There is always someone listening, even when
there isn't anyone around.