

**Mignon Ariel King – 2 Poems**

**Broke Love Song**

I have no use for fame  
but wouldn't kick fortune  
out of bed this night.  
Poverty means silence.  
Broken television,  
radio batteries drained,  
lights out at ten p.m.  
Cuz that's how the power  
company says "I love you."  
Wrinkly clothes tomorrow  
should help the ol' job hunt.  
Good thing it's summer.  
Only way to keep warm  
'til fortune comes courting.

**First on the List of Forbidden Topics**

[For Adam A.]

A rock guitarist I know asks me  
to hold his harmonica while he plays  
*Who am I to say 'no'?* And we hope

to spend some time alone, but partyers  
keep milling about, souring the notes  
with chat about crab dip and what spikes

the lemonade on Sooz's back porch. They  
are politically and gastronomically correct,  
so they only drink sulfite-free wine.

I told my friend Bea on the bus home  
last evening that nutmeg before bed time  
was a bad idea, then ignored my own

advice. It's okay, though. There are worse  
places to spend a fantasy than ironing  
a leather jacket while the man who owns

that cobalt, black turtle-shell-seat chopper  
goes upstairs to "make himself presentable"  
for the moon, ripping off a tan tie to reveal

a turquoise thunder bird spirit, sideburns,  
and lungs that bay "Howdy!" through metal.

**Mignon Ariel King** is the author of *The Woods Have Words* (Ibbetson Street Press, 2009), part one of a poetry trilogy about her life-long ventures as an urban womanist language artist in Boston, Massachusetts. An alumna of Simmons College, Ms. King taught college English for a decade. Her blog is *Making Poetry*.