

John Tustin – Two Poems

Reading Neruda After Pounding ‘Em Down

Reading Neruda after pounding ‘em down,
one beer after another,
the stifle of July, body sticky soaked,
rivulets of sweat stream down my bellyfat

And the night is too sleepy to even
whisper condolence, the hairs on my arms stand
on end, my nipples hard as pebbles,
my tears cold as coins

As Pablo talks of love and innocence,
Mermaids and loss
and the petulant sea that has obviously
taken you from me.

You Sprained My Thumb

You sprained my thumb.
You almost broke my eyeglasses.
You turned my poems into an effigy,
And then a bonfire.
You will steal my kids.
They are pawns in your game.
My eyes glaze.
I sleep on an unforgiving floor.

Now is the time
To drink beer after beer,
Gagging on the foam,
Reading the poetry of Charles Bukowski
As the heat of June melts the remainder
Of my resolve
And my sanity.

Goodnight,
You demon
From an unfathomably ugly
World.

When I wake up poisoned,
My back in pain and splinters,
I promise
I will think only of you.

John Tustin is the divorced father of two perfect children and started to write poetry again seven years ago after a ten year hiatus. Since then he has been published many times and continues to write. fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry is a link to his poetry online.