

Ian Ganassi

Silver Bullet

Something noxious is knocking on the tip of my tongue.

I wonder who death thinks he is,
Coming around and spoiling all our fun.

Moist towelettes poised to clean up the mess.

The windsock had a predisposition to blow west.

Over what was left of the marshes the jumbo jet boomed.

Things never go as planned in love or war,
So take the battle plans and throw them on the floor.

If we could read the signs we might know what's coming,
But they're illegible by design.

Every bullet has a silver lining, in theory at least.

He rose from his grave and took off running.

Things are never what we intend
When push comes to shove or worse to worst.

A wooden stake is a good thing to have on hand.

To avoid a void get busy.

Gravity was an eccentric force,
Boiling the top down to its wobbly essence.

Ian Ganassi's poetry, prose, and translations have appeared in more than 100 literary magazines, including, *New American Writing*, *The Yale Review*, and *First Literary Review-East*. Recent news includes poems forthcoming in *Amp*, *Poetry Pacific*, and *Bending Genres*. Ganassi's poetry collection *Mean Numbers* was published in 2016. His new collection, *True for the Moment*, is forthcoming from MadHat Press. Selections from an ongoing collaboration with a painter can be found at www.thecorpses.com.