



Rick Lupert – Five Poems

Our Daily Bread

In Paris a boy puts
the end of a baguette in his mouth
like it's candy.

In Los Angeles
all food seems
like a travesty.

I am hungry
and dreaming
of baguettes.

One Rooster Maximum

Los Angeles municipal code specifies
You may have a maximum of one live rooster

In your house. They do not specify a minimum
however, so it is unclear, living in a rooster-free home

whether I'm required to go out and get one.
A rooster in every house I think a president said once.

They do also specify a maximum of four cats
according to a posting on the veterinarian's wall

which means for several months in 2012
I was maintaining a den of criminality.

I think that may be why Cleopatra got sick
and lives in the ground now. I miss her

with every absent purr on my lap,
with the memory of every cranky meow.

She would have have taken good care of that rooster.
The one I'm allowed to have.

But probably never will.

Airplane Money

for Amber Tamblyn and Jeffrey McDaniel

If I were the kind of man who could fly anywhere
I'd come to your reading in New York City.

Page meets stage. Both of you have the chops so
I'm not sure which is which.

I'd come to your reading, but all of my
airplane money goes into my child's mouth.

Instead I'll sit in my house in Van Nuys
with my blow-up poetry dolls

and make believe. Which one of you
wants to be the girl?

In Front of the Cryptozoology Museum

We arrive at the cryptozoology museum
ten minutes before they open at 11 am.

A woman gets out of her nearby car and tells us
the museum opens at 11 am.

This confirms what we read on the door and
what was mentioned earlier.

She just needs to count her money
she tells us, unlocking the door with

a plastic bag of bread pieces in hand.
We tell her we'll look for mythological creatures

on the streets until she opens. She says
Oh honey you'll find some.

The sounds of seagulls are ever present.
I want to tell them about the bread.

Sasquatch waits inside.

Mother

My mother makes her own cigarettes now
It's cheaper she says

The new cigarette tax forcing the initiative
that was never around when it was time

to find a job
pay the rent

feed her high school boy lunch
It's alright

I've been feeding myself for years
She delicately rolls another

*Killing her softly
with her hands*

Rick Lupert has been involved with L.A. poetry since 1990. He is the recipient of the 2014 Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center Distinguished Service Award and was a co-director of the Valley Contemporary Poets for 2 years. He created the Poetry Super Highway (<http://poetrysuperhighway.com/>) and hosted the weekly Cobalt Cafe reading for almost 21 years. He's authored 17 collections of poetry, including *Making Love to the 50 Foot Woman* (Rothco Press, May 2015), *The Gettysburg Undress* and *Nothing in New England is New*. Lupert also edited the anthologies *Ekphrastia Gone Wild*, *A Poet's Haggadah* and the noir anthology *The Night Goes on All Night*. He also writes and draws (with Brendan Constantine) the daily web comic "Cat and Banana." He is regularly featured at poetry venues throughout Southern California. His websites include: <http://poetrysuperhighway.com/>
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