

GLASS CEILING GALA

The final policy stipulation in *Johnny Come Lately* noted that judiciousness was feared—a warm egg placed delicately in a mouth.

Banks ran elsewhere. The Euro Zone was plagued by kindergarten-like work environments. Your office remained a toy train. Climb a ladder

and get a lemon. Whimsy can step aside to let production lead. Happy and ladylike. Smart little win-win.

OF UTMOST PRIORITY

To trespass against a building's code. The lawn yawned unmowed. The picnic sprawled without the usual

brand of wholesomeness. When did the daily deprivations begin? The afternoon

will never author a plan for you. Unravel it yourself. Take the weed harvest and make a proper roof of it.

In time there will be strength and cash. It leans out of row house doorways. The block is full of points

of reflection, chunks of glass. Picking up where you left off last too easily ends in dryness, something

prone to flame. Meanwhile, the dogs have their plot—collecting refuse, staying alert.

Defending the thinner windows is of utmost priority. An education in long-term, a universal win.

FUNNY NOT FUNNY

You are my best idea.
I never have time for laundry.
Dog feces, cat—

he's sick. Liberty excess
troubles the bank. When are you ever
said the blog, I mean ever—

Around the roundtable, a collection of /'s,
of carnival eye wear. Where is your stack
of cash cards? Do you

cuddle flourishes much? Evacuate
is an imperative mindset
not always made on time.

Never does one hear of them,
those pet divorces.
Take this seriously.

Take it in a way
that tells me how
to remake it all second-hand.

HYSTERICAL HERMENEUTICS

It all starts at the end where the pubic hair curls
back to recover its source. Attachment

to what? Detachment from the miraculous. Some
creature. To cross this island, you must scale

a volcano, a cragged eruption of smoke and fang-like
glass. Swing backward and the rusted chain snaps. You land

in your neighbor's lawn, the wind knocked out of you.
Across one distance you see what you want. A little closer,

what you're clutching—a bat for smashing the communion wafer.
Home is a filing cabinet. Hands are dirty probes. The nearness

of a paper bag dropped and trampled causes it to sound
like an explosion, like those gunshots loosed only blocks away.

Push that brown lock behind your ear, put the bat down.
Gather the leftovers later. If I told you what I'm thinking,

would you remain still? And then, if I asked more questions,
would water be poured and my education commence?

COMMON SENSE

I want a president with no place to start.

I want a lover for president.

I want for president a person with no place to lay down.

I want a vice that isn't lost in therapy.

I want a fag with no health insurance and who respects mistakes as a boss.

I want everyone to read Thoreau's "On Civil Disobedience."

I didn't want a president but I got one.

I grew saturated with choice and lost every committed line.

I want someone for president I met in a hospital.

I lay in air-conditioning and want someone who is a clown.

I lay in tombs and want someone who is a thief.

I want a dyke in place of a lover who sees love as obedience.

I want some place that has survived with no presidents.

I waste time dying to be president.

I want insurance for this mistake.

I want
I want I want I want I want I want.

I want rest from want.

I want a lesser evil.

I want less to burn.

I am always caught.

I want for president no one who knew.

Other books by Jessica Baran

Equivalents, 2013 (Lost Roads Press)

Late and Soon, Getting and Spending, 2011 (chapbook, All Along Press)

Remains to Be Used, 2010 (Apostrophe Books)

Other Lost Roads books

Participant by Linda Russo

Hick Poetics Edited by Abraham Smith and Shelly Taylor

Temper and Felicity are Lovers by kathryn l. pringle

Equivalents by Jessica Baran

Trench Town Rock by Kamau Brathwaite

Run Through Rock by Besmilr Brigham

Conditions Uncertain and Likely To Pass Away by Frank Stanford

The Battlefield Where The Moon Says I Love You by Frank Stanford

The Singing Knives by Frank Stanford

You by Frank Stanfrod

Standing Wave by John Taggart