

JACOB JONES

HOME IN A COUPON

I drink from a WWII canteen,
and wear clothes from 4th grade.
The older the cheaper.

At the grocery store bartering,
you buy cheap, I take expired.
I rub against pine trees,
to capture the fresh scent.

I don't just count my pennies,
I make investments,
in chicken stock,
and 100 Grand candy bars.

I do hygiene in public bathrooms.
My dentist is a mirror,
floss, some thread.
My toothbrush doubles
on my head.
Lost a job for workers comp.
Had six kids as tax write offs.
Claimed asthma as a handicap,
to get a better parking spot.

I sell sod from others lawns.
And use rubber gloves as condoms
because it's a five for one.

My showers are from the rain,
my baths from the lake.

I check couch cushions for change,
at every local waiting room.
After I've fished a nickel from the urinal,
I call people with smoke signals.

They ask me what I'm doing,
and I explain in smoky language.
"I'm no *recycler*,
but a *never stop user*"

I wash all my plastic baggies,
get 2nd opinions from the pharmacy
"Hey Pharmacist, am I cheap?"
"I don't know you've never paid me"

I light up a cigarette butt
and wonder if all the cancer
has been sucked out.
Figure I should
cheap out on death
while I'm at it,
to even out my investment.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY SOUTH BEND CREATIVE WRITING AWARD
2nd Place - Poetry: Home in A Coupon - by Jacob Jones