Hey there. How the hell ya doin?
Oh, me, I’m just fine. The knee’s been acting up again. But the tonic flows down with gin.

Do hear that rubbish that’s called pop music? It’s not being played at factories, construction sites, or at national parks. Forever crashed, a footnote tucked away.

What was the last thing that was done?
Hangout with those familiar enemies that were once friends. Chinese checkered life hopping over each other.

Searching for opinions,
formaldehyde brain theatre meltdown,
a sleep gyration,
a stapled crown.

The virgin parade promptly cycled past the bank, the cathedrals, the soybeans only to revel in tomorrow’s crusted-over weight,

the way hell follows society’s sneaking shadow.
Where’s yours? Swerving along like a snake on a skateboard, a wobbling sword in its sheath.

Chad Forbregd

Novelty of the Midwest

It has me sucking dirt out of a pipe, licking at the sides of a rusty bucket,
dyeing my hands as I try to pull away.

Like the taste of expired milk,
I linger.

Someone says: “You know, you can equal parts whiskey and water as medicine.” No one asks what for

“Jim or Jack, hell even Makers will do the trick. Half and half,” they say.

A child in another room spills something and cries.

The ignorant Father, the messy chili
Interest is lost and minds wander

to images of the West, a camera zooming out of focus. A young actress pumps

full of pills that blur reality more than
hopes and dreams.

A tide breaks in the distance, someone

A fifteen year old drunk on the beach stares at the girl draped in white...

The boy repeats over and over...
“Don’t play your violins, just feed me...”