

# Ferocious Solitude

*by* Alan Britt

*Ferocious solitude  
and 58 griefs for breakfast.*

*Hardboiled!*

*If I were down to 2 months,  
what else could I do  
but write poems made  
of switchblades  
dipped in kerosene  
poised to destroy  
the universe as I knew it?*