

## Two Poems by James Maughn

### Depression Lullaby

Here's to your bit part, oh map

your legacy of Xs your legacy assets

here's to a leg up and add

a piece of meat to your diet

Oh map, oh, regime, O hello, how's

your Dow fluctuating your

here be and drag on oh, Cursor

make your invectives matter make'em

machete oh but do not go, oh gentile

into that dark country

lined with pitch and pitchforks

keep your eyes on the prised

oh my leveraged babies, oh my DIY

derivatives this is your lullaby

your wake-up-call your drop-your-

and-grab-your stocks oh my

pump and dump silver lining oh my

my bullish prospects oh

map oh small and liquid holdings

chart a course to an inland

empire Oh Oak Island

economy oh my asset-backed security

*-James Maughn*

***“In American Pants, the Machine is so Real”***

*-for Nora Madden*

stitch the flag into the lining

of the esophagus

a burgeoning steel

and steam driven enterprise

we all line up in sensible foot

wear floor's wired

electric- denim's

the color of my true love's air

bolt the button fly doctor

the table's etherized

everything we did

we learned from our patients.

*-James Maughn*