

Two Poems by Anthony Sawicki

Foreign Policy

Fire a missile
everywhere that scares us,
make this place abysmal.

You can hear the remains sizzle
but can't see through the dust.

Fire a missile

and call it a mere dismissal.

The action appeals to our lust.

Make this place abysmal;

this notion seems quizzical,

but few think as such.

Fire a missile

is all that remains after the fizzle,

but now we've reached the cusp.

Make this place abysmal

seems quite dismal

We no longer must

fire a missile,

make this place abysmal.

-Anthony Sawicki

Five-Course Meal

I am withheld inside the state insane
asylum. A padded room and straightjacket prevents
me from my study. The walls are white except
the smears. Wiping my nose was hard to do
before I found my method. The walls are soft
like tissue; I lick what's left behind. At first
they washed the walls, but now they leave the smears.

Every other week I spoke with Sloan.

He said I am engrossing. I disagree

I only wish to study, but

They studied me. I don't know why they did.

I am a great eater of beef and I

believe that does harm to my wit¹

I tried to prove to Sloan Shakespeare's worthy
of more study. His works capture human

¹ Shakespeare, William. *Twelfth Night*. 1.3.84-85

nature. No one comes close to Shakespeare, but
I know that I'm no Shakespeare.

Some time ago I killed a man because
he looked bizarre. He wore a suede blazer
in the hazy sun and ate in a
Café. He was chubby, sweaty, and walked
Slowly. I followed him one day. Along
the way I took a rock and bashed his skull
and ate the rest of his remains. I wish
to know humanity, just like Shakespeare;
this seems to be the only way.

I don't see Sloan anymore. I'm locked
perdurably. He said I'd kill again
because, *the art of our necessities*
*is strange, and can make vile things precious.*²

I miss talking with Sloan; he fancied Shakespeare.
-Anthony Sawicki

² Shakespeare, William. *King Lear*. 3.2.70-71