

## Two Poems by Dan Guerra

### Out of many, one

*(Dedicated to the health of Governor Sarah Palin)*

for the ivory tower gods of Olympus!  
for the day laborers who can  
barely speak English!  
for my pint size soul  
fluttering with  
the trash of the streets-  
this offering this fattened calf  
these palm branches  
are for you-  
the widow the deformed  
the veteran with one arm  
the privileged child the abandoned child  
the punk rawker  
the college student who smokes parliaments  
& clings to his/her fixed gear bicycle  
as if her/his life depended on it  
waddling at the stoplights-  
for republicans pelicans  
the elderly!

(and if you can see russia from your  
house I can see japan from my house)  
for democrats vampire bats  
the youth!  
for independents  
miscreants  
and the meek of heart-  
for the peter pan in all of us-  
for dinosaur bones! for the creationists!  
for the Man though  
after the handshake & Hollywood  
smile  
we give him the middle finger  
for America-gawd bless & damn you  
im so close to loving you  
but I hesitate in my tracks  
as you wait across  
the field of wheat, across our  
continent that is  
strewn with Indian bones  
& unfulfilled promises

this is for you

## Sunlight Shimmers on the Waters

Sunlight shimmers on the water

Marinating my

Freckled shoulders

The prodigal whale sprays

SOS I've burned through

My inheritance

People point-

The lifeguard strolls over

Best hide the compromising chemicals-

Slithering along Sunset

BLVD.

Silently jovial

Beneath a sky

That appears to be

Unadulterated fantasy

Tolkien topography

The sprawling lawns-

Let this go down in

The eternal records scribe!

I love Mary & Paul

We

Had a ball gallivanting

Grasping that

The joy of poetry will

Always (& must)

Proceed any sort of

Semblance of comprehension-

Yes I saw

Those Bel-Air mansions

Aren't dreams a cruel

Thing?

The rich are getting richer

The rest of us continue to moan

Give me a piece of that succulent pie!

Oh bollocks! Oh shit!

We are off course

Straying with sinister

Intent-we'll be beached hung up to dry-

I say hypocrite so

Easily because I know

It festers within me

There'll always be

A war spewing its toxic

Fumes as long as

We wage war within the

Crude confines of our  
Minds that wander  
Skid Row at dreary  
Methamphetamine midnight-  
I want the dazzling lights  
To embrace me so fiercely  
That I'm buried in her  
Honey locks the sea-breeze  
Scent of her body heavy  
Pressed up against me-  
I want this wayward lover my  
Los Angeles  
I want it all  
The lion & the lamb  
A lady of society a whore of the back alley  
Los Angeles  
I can be diplomatic  
Lets talk go out to lunch  
I know a lovely Italian place in Santa Monica  
We can artificially tan our skin  
I don't care  
Lets window shop  
Gallop into Malibu waves

Float bellies to the

Sky

Our worries manicured

Tossed aside

*-Dan Guerra*