

John Sweet

man w/ the broken fist speaks from inside a windowless room

and this is the year i will no longer hate,
and there is no one i would vote for in this
nation of fools, and in the end i can see
no difference between getting stoned
and finding god

in the end, i will buy a gun
and lock all my doors

will turn my mirror to the wall

it was never us against them, you see,
it was always me against you

was always hatred on a personal level

the taste of gasoline and the feel of rust
where it punctures the skin and
enters the blood

the pathetic elation of hitting the
bridge abutment at eighty miles an hour

the desperate joy

i want no part of anything anymore

dorothea, without max

what i remember
more than anything is your
polite smile as you shut
the door in my face

what i remember are the
names i've
never heard before

the streets deserted and the
sidewalks piled high with
dirty snow and what i have done
here in this silence of 20 years
in this endless stream of dead
grey afternoons is make
emptiness my drug and
despair my religion

what i've done is surrender

it's easy

walk away from everything
you can touch and then
there will be
nothing left that can
touch you

consider it an improvement
over what you have now

tuneless lament

your love of money or his love of war or
even the endless hours I waste waiting for
the deaths of such ordinary assholes

cities built with
damp cardboard and blood

lover's mouth thick with
the taste of ashes

i get lost here

am never certain if i'm the
bleeding horse or the king of crows but
she has always been my angel of thirst

we have always lived on the
edges of same vast grey desert
and the doctor says the
baby never had a chance

says some loss of faith
is to be expected

self-inflicted wound

the act of
not writing
says everything

the silence of
the house
at two a.m.

january and
five
below zero

nothing but fear
keeping the
blood pumping
through yr
veins

drown it out

it's the edge of nothing or it's
the age of sorrow, and we
fuck because she hates her husband

we fuck because
the silence is a weight

because the days are too short to
have any real meaning
and the sunlight too harsh
and when i drive her back to her car
we have nothing else to say

when the phone rings at
three in the morning
i bury my head beneath the pillow

i wait for
a story worth telling

john sweet, b 1968, still numbered among the living. A believer in writing as catharsis. An optimistic pessimist. Opposed to all organized religion and political parties. Avoids zealots and social media whenever possible. His latest collections include *Approximate Wilderness* (2016 Flutter Press) and *Bastard Faith* (2017 Scars Publications). All pertinent facts about his life are buried somewhere in his writing.