

3 Poems by Misti Rainwater-Lites

O Come All Ye Zombies

eat this snack
have some prolific poet brain
even though you are dead
you will be shitting
razor blades
cockroaches
rusty nails
dollar store receipts
all across the graveyard
scaring away whatever might be
lurking in the shadows
with your anal fissure screams

This Won't Save Us

my hero
working two customer service jobs
maintaining a positive attitude
cooking for me
putting things together
loving me despite my anxiety/bitchery/melancholy/ineptitude
my husband my giver
of unconditional love/loyalty/laughter/miracles
this baby I am carrying
is a miracle
this life I am living
mostly safe from the world
but never from myself
is your gift to me
I don't have many gifts for you
I'm a trainwreck attempting to transform into a shiny new car
with a working air conditioner and cd player
thinking of the mileage exhausts me
my darling man
my heart is a screaming child
there is never enough candy
my weary warrior
the feathers have been plucked from my spirit
I cannot make you
a fluffy pillow
I've got bags of rags and dog chewed bones
I've got salt in my eyes and lead in my shoes
but you love me
a steadfast tin soldier
asking for no reward
so I stand behind you
attempting grace and beauty
like a good ballerina

Show Some Class, Shit For Brains

too much ass in your poems
well, that and a few other things people
aren't in the market for
when reading poems
ass. cock. cunt. shit. piss. vomit.

give them their goddamn hummingbirds
kitty cats
puppy dogs
rainbows
oceans
melodious metaphors & ivory tower winks
drop the usual names
employ greek gods and goddesses
suck some t.s. eliot cock
lick some sylvia plath clit

that's the classy way
the new yorker way
the sure to be widely published and celebrated
on several continents way
who the fuck are you
to throw bricks at the stained glass windows
of The Church of Established Poetry?