I never heard of the potato gun
made with industrial piping &
hairspray to launch its Idaho mortars
past the grassy smell of earth
over moderate mountain tops &
into green fields of someone else’s poetry.
I never imagined the cruelty
of seagull genocide achieved by
tossing them fizzy antacid tablets
to burst their guts like the hearts
of so many teenage lovers.
To spark a flame from radio batteries &
razor blades, though sound in science,
hadn’t crossed my mind.
Still, I could’ve done without
seeing what damage boiling water &
hair grease inflict on a face: skin raw &
red as the moon entering its eclipse,
one eye opaque as warm milk
stolen from a baby’s bottle. Yes,
men are inventive but, at times,
brutal, ugly beasts: that I knew already,
proved with scars on my fingertips,
white lines & darkened blurs: blood
stains the memory of my hands.