

God Willing
John F. Sherry Jr.

may you be
almost worldly,
sitting dark in a coffeehouse in Ankara,
heat lightning dancing in the distant hills,
nursing a precise future
traced in aromatic saucer silt
cupped in stained ceramic,
parsed by fortune teller
to the slammed staccato
of okey tile
on sticky table top,
styptic tobacco smoke
a gauze around your eyes,
not yearning for
alternate endings

Salvè Minerva
John F. Sherry Jr.

quitting the somber site this dreary afternoon
of St. Augustine's reinterred remains,
his bones no older than my own now feel,

measuring in imagination all those switchbacks
from Carthage to Pavia, from black and white to color,

raising my eyes in time to break the spell
and catch a low dull monumental
glint of golden scrotum
(the horse balls of the Regisole await
another gilding by another horde
of errant scholar painters in their cups)

remembering the holy rhetor's guileless wish –
"Master, make me chaste and celibate,
but not quite yet," the prayer is roughly glossed –

wondering if my own door was drawn tight
before the horse had run unbridled through the world

mourning the gelded apples of the son

Hollow Ground

John F. Sherry Jr.

pro
forma
warnings,
penny rituals
be damned,
between
jimping and choil
I've carved
myself
with every blade
I've ever owned,
every edge
I've ever honed,
on the road
to damascus.

Fashion Week, Milano

John F. Sherry Jr.

stalking,
watching her cradle mobile to ear,
gliding the narrow walkway,
threading the stylish throng,
tracking her eloquent free hand
launching an affable adagio,
ascending an elegant allargando,
growing an amiable allegro,
rising to full on animato,
cleaving corso with kata,
throwing ten hands,
pressing, kihon close to kumite,
stunning

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TGIGD: WTF/DIY (Canticle to Spectacle)

John F. Sherry Jr.

tricked out trucks with
flatscreens flickering,
great gas grill
grates hitched under gates,
revamped vans with
amps cramped tight
in crannies throbbing
techno alma
mater mix and updates,
cars with cantilevered
countertops and canopies
covering canapés and
comfort food contained
in Tupperware as
parti-colored light
fights through
top shelf spirits,
clerestory grace
warming pilgrims
dodging corn hole,
playing beer pong,
inhaling beer bong,
shotgunning spray foam
and trading jello shots
among the chili pots and
mounds of marinated meat,
pulled pork piled
high on platters,
abutting brisket,
bratwurst and baked beans
chafing in dishes to
the jerking joyous press
of thousands who renounce
all fealty to sobriety,

trip stepping through the
broken field of hospitality,
joking, puking, duking
and rebuking any
that resist impress
into the mad dance
and other antics
the fanatics seize on
to enchant the stadium

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