

brand

John F. Sherry, Jr.

so long our hearts
did slaver for astonishment
that now the ritual pang,
so sated by the story glut
that petrifies pretenders to its call,
has atrophied, a dull hull,
like aromatic bitters on the tongue,
like ashes and honey

Consumer Verbatim

John F. Sherry, Jr.

Heinz ketchup and French's mustard
always go together.
If you have French's mustard
and Delmonte catsup,
I'm upset.
I don't lose sleep over it,
but they don't go together.
They're mismatched
and disorderly.

I use Bounce fabric softener
and liquid detergent.
I would never use powder-
it doesn't fit in my space.
I would worry
that it was in there,
getting caked up
and taking up space.
Right now, I have liquid fabric
softener on the floor,
instead of Bounce on the dryer,
where it belongs.

You just get used
to seeing things that way.
If I use the other brands,
they stay on the floor.

irrigation system section

John F. Sherry, Jr.

the rig articulates beyond the fence,
spans furrows, bowing yards and yards on wheels.
its spiculate intensity demands a reverent pause
each time I hurtle by, time travelling
to Chicago from the Bend and back.

a huge, half finished insect half installed.
enormous. cantilevered chitin
covering corn and beans.
thoracic repetition of fine spines.
fantastic. a mantis
cloned and overblown and daisy chained.

dragon bones. jurassic skeleton.
some sort of sauropod,
my silent xylophone
sequestered on the plain,
and now blown clear,
ghosting in my mottled windshield,
wind jostling each joint with a vertebral clack

masque

John F. Sherry, Jr.

unbolting slowly from the creosote pole,
the Grain Belt beer sign rasps
a halting epitaph for this sad tavern,
the yaw, a beacon tap no longer,
warning travelers of the bar
beyond the maw of evergreens,
listing, hidden like a haunted lodge.

Fuck You Very Much, Reviewer C

John F. Sherry, Jr.

Of each revision you are leery,
'Though I've answered every query.
All attempts to ground my theory
Meet with mockery and scorn.

Finding fault with my small sample,
Carping over each example,
Basking in the urge to trample
Roughshod over axial code.

Too much theory wrung from data,
Need more field notes, less verbata,
Cites become a hot potato
Tossed among anointed few.

It's too long for what's on offer
To the sacred knowledge coffer,
Parse and pare before you proffer
Gifts at this staid temple door.

The choice of word and turn of phrase
Should not delight entrance, amaze,
But, rather, not divert the gaze
From settling on the simple truth.

Method doesn't suit the journal,
Insight's of the merest kernel,
We don't cater to the vernal,
Better send it somewhere else.

At last the fatal flaw's revealed.
Judgment cannot be appealed.
The author is once more annealed
And takes the story on the road.

This poem is my jpu
Of sour grapes and honeydew.
I offer up a hale 'Fuck You!'
To all of us Reviewer Cs.

CLARENCE CLOBBERS TENDERLY

Edited by Roel Wijland and John F. Sherry, Jr.
Designed and produced by Roel Wijland
Published in 2012 by the
University of St Bathans Press

Terra Humani Cogitatio Est

Triangle Field
St Bathans New Zealand
www.poeticbrandscapes.com

ISBN 978-0-473-22055-6