

John Foy

Gollum

You poor son of a bitch,
corroded and ruined in the dark
down there in the deep mines.
You creep out of the caves now
to limp and lurk around the fens
and grab out fish to eat
or lay hold of a few rats.
Big-eyed and blasphemous,
closer now to the amphibian,
you make a mockery of those
who pity you, and letting go
was not a choice you ever had,
your sad story only about
the earth and what was in the earth.
It wasn't peace of mind you sought
or any equilibrium,
and what did comfort mean to you,
who spent five hundred years or more
ruminating underground
on what you did and didn't have?
Who else but you could know so much
about deformity and pain
and what it means to be alone?

Going Mad

I'm cleaning out the crack-house of my mind.
The first to go is "O I love my life,"
since now I only hear a bluto bag
wheezing in the infundibulum,
as though I weren't a citizen at all.
It took a little while, but now I know
it is the planet Pluto that I am,
a dwarf in orbit in the Kuiper Belt,
a coney in the deepest cold and dark.
It's not so bad, although it isn't great,
to be a ball of frozen nitrogen
– I miss my shitty, broken clarinet.
There's nothing left to say except that once
I went about with wits in Witchita.

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The Stinker

Although it's all the rage to question now
a common human nature, let's concede
at least a brotherhood that's based on how
each one conforms—and does the daily deed.
Like everyone, the Democratic Man
assumes that very fundamental pose
ennobled by Rodin, whose Thinking Man
conflates the art of thought and the repose
of one attending nature's dividends.
Hobbled by urges rude and execrable,
the body in allegiance has to bend
but won't forsake the form of the ideal,
a posture of the highest in the base,
that man might lose his load but not his face.