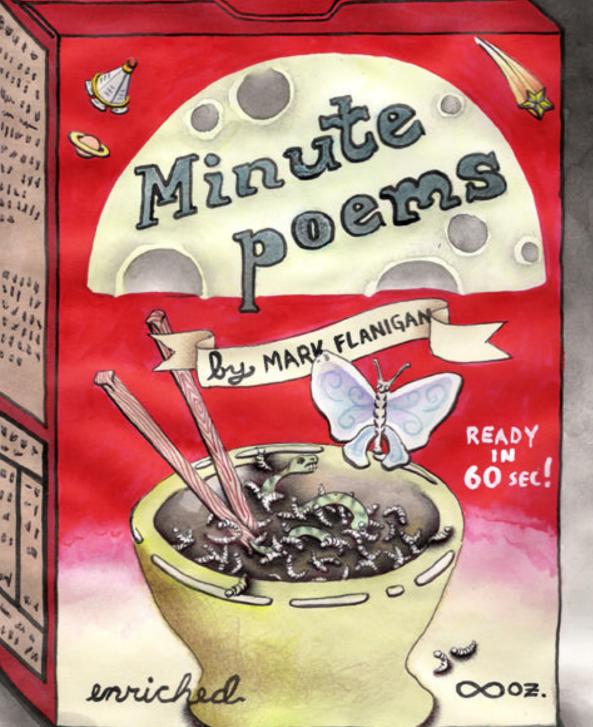
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Mark Flanigan Minute Poems



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"Even though a poem be a thousand, but made up of sense man hears, he becomes quiet."	eless words, one word of a poem is better, which if a
	The Dhammapada

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Step 1. Boil water.

Acknowledgments

I need nothing now, never have, and having this, you have yet to harm me.

see: here
you do not exist,
never have,
if only because I have lied
beautifully.

I Got This On Good Authority

live every day like you got cancer

'cause you probably do.

Enlightenment At The Buddhist Temple

nine Buddhist monks dead.

the newsman says nothing was taken, nor were there any signs of a struggle.

Codeine Dream

I feel nothing but the pain.

Breakdown #9:09

nothing to live for, tonight,

and only a microwave to prove it.

Life-Story

isn't it enough to know I used to be optimistic once, I used to think every morning brought with it absolution a new beginning an unforeseeable end; but now I'm just waiting to die, viewing second-run films culled from my only memories, memories marred by the imperfect, morning sun.

More From The Living Dead

the human body can sleep indefinitely.

look at all the proof.

all the faces

looking for one I don't recognize

impossible in a painting this familiar

In A Blue Mirror

some mornings everything seems so clear.

these are the most frightening.

An Explanation

there isn't much happiness contained in these lines

so I'd like
to assure
you
that there are times,
like this,
after a wave
of something
has just warmed me over,
that I feel quite
content.

it's just that contentment seems so dangerous right now. Step 2. Open baggy. Empty contents.

Friday Night, Bus Stop

silk underwear

lying at my feet upon the sidewalk like a puddle

how is it you came to be here? who is your neglectful master?

can I buy you a drink?

My New Roommate Offers Me A Hundred Bucks For Rent

do me a favor:

don't burn the place down and we'll call it even.

Obviously

if by chance I die too much tonight

then this, this is my last Poem.

so you know.

Marijuana Poem #3

now, where was I?

The Healing Meditation

for Aundré

a can of chili in a dying ocean-side fire

not a soul for tens of miles

so we may now listen to our own

rolling lazily against these rocks

which shall one day become grains of sand.

While We're Looking Away

I just thought you might use this as your next diversion.

Dogs

she's teaching my dog tricks

'cause that's all she knows.

A Poem While Waiting

I turn off the light and pull tight the covers,

hopeful my comfort might quicken her return.

The Night Watchmen

only we are aware
of that murmur in the distance;
only our thin, blue hands
rest
upon the cover
of that old-leather scroll;
only we, with the sun
at our back, are pale as Nosferatu,
yet far from being
one of the dead.

They Were Just Playing Our Song

I didn't realize that the music had ceased and so I continued to dance, my arm outstretched and strangely empty. Step 3. Stir with spoon.

Letter To The Editors Of The American Poetry Review

just a word or two about myself: I'm eating a cheese sandwich.

For Heidi

this is not a love letter, that as you well know would be stupid.... just imagine me a mirror: a mirror which might read "this is not a love letter, that as you well know would be stupid...."

Apostrophe

I could speak of my concerns but that would be betraying myself.

In Museums My Favorite Works Are Those That Move

surrounded by Monet's lilies a sea of calm and a silly mantra, "so many fish in the sea so many fish in the sea so many fish in the sea...."

but then a small woman passes by.

Autobiography, Epilogue Included

I don't care why I don't care.

Here

you can travel all your life and still never get

to where you are.

Unsuspected Phone-Sex Poem

time flies
in accord with
the heart's pace. and after
we have laid it on the line,
then hung it up,
I sit back, wipe away
what remains;
smoke then,
a cigarette in waiting
to be reconnected.

Cross-Country Car Poem

popping pills like there's no tomorrow, and why?

Untitled

whisper to a stone your strength and

suddenly

your shoulders are heavy

What Happens When Friends Try To Quote You

"tell a friend your burden and carry the rock?" Step 4. Let sit.

Personal Ad

I'll do anything once, and everything twice.

Not A Pop Song Poem

dying for someone or something is the easy exit.

we won't even mention the other possibility.

The Revolution Is Complete

now we've all earned the right to be assholes.

Amerikoans

short cuts to a crucifiction

you mean to tell me if there weren't a picture of a woman eating shit selling like hotcakes on every corner of town that you wouldn't buy one too?

prove it.

I walked on water before he did. I am America.

the gig is up.

high court the one most watched and that's a talk show.

the last now first.

you don't deserve me.

excuse me but I have to do my laundry.

now.

I had it all figured out.

but then woke up.

couldn't find a working pen for the life in me....

A Note On The Author: M. Flanigan

for Lance

the fucker just makes too few appearances.

One Day

he just walked away
with no real sense of desperation
he just walked away
without fanfare, without sunset
he just walked away

And To Think All That Time I Thought My Heart Here

sittin' wondering if the perfect moment's been pissed on

when all the while

the moment's been me pissing.

Step 5. Order a goddamn pizza.

About Mark Flanigan

Writer/performer Mark Flanigan, a Cincinnati native, has been publishing for more than a decade. His column "Exiled on Main Street" appearing first in X-ray and later online at semantikon.com, he is also well known for his live performances in places as varied as the Northside Tavern and CAC, the latter for the 2005 Cincinnati Fringe Festival. Mark's column, "Exiled *from* Main Street," now appears monthly at semantikon.com, while he also continues to record his first album with musician Steven Proctor. His collection, Not Necessarily God Stories, is presently available at oneleggedcowpress.org.

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