

Colin James poems

Some of these poems appeared in *Drunken Llama*, *Apparent Magnitude* and *Streetwrite*..

THE VINDICATION OF THE V NECK

A car has stopped in front of
our flattest stucco ranch.
Theoretical men in Prince Valiant wigs
make no effort to pacify
the serious snarling dogs.
They choose the meridian door,
knock the brass out of kilter.
The drugs should arrive
with much less fanfare.

THE LASCIVIOUS LABYRINTHS OF CONSIDERATE RIVALS

A vacation so opportunistic
they're are ashtrays,
and at night the view
is practically doctored.
Your seats are safe.
The event is free
just make your way to Vancouver.
Ask directions of the first
Satyr you meet
ignoring the stench
of porcelain and
your altruism may transcend
even antiquity.

AUTEUR

We all know one.
Herculean beard like a showgirl's nest,
his very large shadow until light intersects
coughing extemporaneous fits within
these aquamarine white willed walls.
Breakfast tent squats, stripped
the great man is up.
His wife, a countess, shops in the market.
Bountiful baskets of olives, dates, grapes.
Today their lunch guest is a cat.
A telegram announcing apologies.
The Iranian prince incapacitated while water skiing.
Loves the script, but regrets.....

CARTWHEELS OF THE CARTE BLANCHE

The overhang of cabin No. 4
is like a tree's ego,
it needs to be stroked.
A child could manage
this Motel.
It resembles a purse
stuck in a car door.
Open persuasively
then run as if euphoric.
We are just over here.

A PREDISPOSITION FOR EUPHEMISM

Making love is not unlike
a restful vacation.
Somewhere there are church bells,
flowers of practical impartiality.
Grass cuttings spread like promises
around the vaguest of garden borders.
To sit for how long on this stone bench?
Best to time your shadow's defense
before airlifting casualness.
The shade is only partially inclusive now so
what's the use of begging you to leave me?

HE THREE HEADED ARE LESS LIKELY TO ARGUE

I hope you brought an ice chest,
mine is a bit withered.
Although, fresco tabernacles theoretically
have their hands in the florist's
roof top kitsch.
Now, perspectively this isn't reasonable
nor even humanest.
If we are still summoned
to sloppy thirds
thanks, I'll be in your debt.

THAT WHICH IS

The tour guide was specific.
"Keep your thingy's inside the lines,
old world meets the new in less than five."
Seemed like a fun way to spend the afternoon.
We wandered on accounting for ourselves
several times within the hour.
Our leader administrated facts pointing
with both hands sometimes simultaneously.
I learned the correct posture for puking.
People still spill things when they eat.
It's one of the many attributes
indicative of humanism.

THE CURSE OF A HOLLOW LEG

To satisfy a tendency
and protect it from discomfort,
requires a finger to the wind.
Your hamper may overflow its boundary
and friends frequent this excess,
their observations as acute as small talk.
Should their concentration drift
away from the task at hand
remind them, their duty is to indulge.