

Spring Break, The Unnamed Key, 1998

We took the boat and loaded it up with tents and beer and sleeping gear. We made our way through manateed canals and maintained channels to an unnamed key. We fished and caught and cleaned and cooked our dinners on a Coleman stove in our little cove surrounded by the mangrove. We lit a bonfire set the tents and drank the brews beneath the stars. We piled high the empty spents cans and bottles too and out came the cigars.

Good Cuban fare

tightly rolled and strong. It wasn't long before the drunk and tobacco high sent us rolling through complex thoughts and left us spinning on our cots in sleeping bags. The next morning rose with the thump of coconuts and the heaves of hangovers and the day proceeded as the day before. Fresh food cold beer good discussions on our lone seashore island away from everyday due dates and tests.

Indian Summer

My face pressed against the luke-warm eastern window-- a red crescent grows
Waning red crescent finally falling away-- elusive green flash
black and gray September day a backyard pool sulks leaves begin to drown

Oblique Sun

Some nights the sun still shines and dark curtains create gray ghosts on the wall. Those shadows streak even in the dim demesnes of closed closets and underbeds and give illumination to the ill-lit. While the midnight light meanders across the evening sky, eking out enough luminescence to keep toddlers from turning in to torpor, their terrors still tormenting pooped parents that long for lusty days before breeding. Now they rely on relatives or tell tales of the demons that dwell in dark bedroom abodes and beneath beds in order to steal intimate seconds alone. But on these evenings of leaden light when the sun shines sideways casting the specters of silver, each exhausted figure treads the last nerve of each other and curses the crooked glow of oblique sun.

Recent Poems
by
Cameron Mount

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In the Future

In the future I'll still be couch-bound still be jacked in to the web still take offense when someone mentions it I'll still weigh too much and eat the wrong things

In the future

GPS will drive my car to work while I read
GPS will monitor my children and parent them for me
I will track my every step and send that to the IRS
I will bill me for monthly usage fees

In the future

I will still be addicted to poetry
I will still be addicted to movies
I will still be addicted to procrastination

In the future

The future won't seem like the future
The future will seem just like the present
The present will idle and stall, accelerate and crash
The past will be erased in an electromagnetic clusterfuck

In the future