

POETRY

DAVID LIVINGSTONE CLINK

My Latest Poem

The VCR is broken
and we don't want to miss our favourite programs
so we have to stay home every night this week.

On Monday I want to tell you that, when I was 7,
I fell off the swings awkwardly and hurt my groin.

On Tuesday I want to tell you how my father,
when he was carving the turkey,
asked, "Are you a breast man or a leg man?"

On Wednesday I want to tell you that
my heroes, when I was in grade 7,
were the Green Lantern, and the Submariner.

On Thursday I want to tell you that, for
my next poem, I will use a bunch of words that John
Stiles will never use in one of his poems, like "windswept,"
"gossamer," "Persephone," "sycamore," and "turgid."

On Friday I want to tell you my three rules about change:

- 1) you can't change your man
- 2) you can't change your woman
- 3) fuck change

Someone in my workshop tells me
to avoid clichés like the plague.

Clichés are bad, unless you can turn them on their head.

My Latest Poem

wants to be finished during a power outage
when we can eat snack foods by candlelight
and worry that the food in the fridge will go bad
and worry that the shut-ins are freezing their balls
and worry that the batteries in the flashlight are near death.

The laundry must get done, and I imagine we
are sitting on a white bleach and I want to put
my arms around you but my hands are Tide™

You are Persephone!

You are the poster child for chips and chocolate
and I want to munch on your windswept hair.
Our clothes are clean thanks to the turgid agitator.
I want to tell you how I feel but I have said it all before,
and I can't decide which lines are worth repeating.

I like the clothes you wear,
and the way you adhere to your 3 rules:

- 1) you have the right to change your mind
- 2) you will not wear white after Labour Day
unless it conflicts with rule #1
- 3) nothing makes you look fat

I look into your gossamer eyes filling with tears
and I know VCRs are made to be broken.

The sycamore makes you look thin.

You are wearing white and changing into something else.

The batteries in the flashlight are going into the light.

The batteries in the flashlight are going into the light.

New batteries are going into the flashlight.

Let us light a candle for the batteries.

Let us remember the batteries, fondly.

Kiss me like there were no supermarkets.

Hold me as if there were no garage sales.

Take me in your arms and tell me

you didn't lose the receipt.

I have to get the VCR fixed.

We must go out.

We must go out tonight.

We must go out to the store and buy chips and chocolate.

I love you.

Maybe that is the only line that bears repeating.

I love you.