Rhythms 2008

Spoon River Addendum
by J. Ogle

-Homer Rekynonamous-

She was younger than I
I want therefore I am
I wanted her
Lust is life. Pecuniary emulation.
But it as welfare consequentialism
The niece of my blood-brother
Old soliders from the war so just
She so wanted to invest in futures
But I hadn't got the seed money
And few raises
But then the children came and my words they sold
And out profits flush
But I saw the mark so deep and dark
The purple and black and I knew
The violence the beast had done
And that long silence killed me
When she made me weak
I made dean but the coronary took it all
So now that painful silence and us apart

-Angela Rekynonamous-

I loved him so
So bookish and sincere
We talked it all
We talked the truth to each other.
Out belts were tight but our spirits high
But his work drew him away
On he dueled his thought his sword and his armor of faith
And on and on his rapier coated in inky ichor
Whilst I undressed
We could not connect
And all I wanted was a family
And the preacher’s boy a mere mechanic
Fixed it all
My man he grew so cold
Out talk became static
He swole up his growing girth
Gave the lie for he was empty
And then the system crash.
I dream of orphans.

- Mike Mckennima-

My father the learned priest
And I a mere mechanic
To survive the war and die
At the hands of some drunken kid
So I fixed up that smoking wreck
(He had given up the ghost)
And plied myself to make the most
Of mine own
The Greek’s wife so chaste at the funeral
Some wild wolf she bore my pups
But that night! I spilled the wine
And as I tried to brush out the stain
Left indelible grease on her hem
The Greek he gave me the eye
Bt said not a word
He raised my kids
While in Asia I fixed the planes
And I fixed them well!
But it was our own ordinance that did me in
He and I side by side
And she left to sob
And throw herself under the bus at last.