READER’S DIGEST

My mother always

told me to fumigate

the soft, tawdry remains

of indie rock’s authenticity,

but I never listened to Mom.

Now I’m in a band

and miserable. But even that’s

a lie. I’m not in a band.

I just read websites.

And make money for a living.

SAD MOVIE SPEC

(after J.A.)

*ACT I:*

He was a lazy father who made

documentary films. “I hope you never

have to do anything for money,”

he said to his children. “I have a one-man

show coming up next month,” he said.

*ACT II:*

Three people buy a dog and laugh

with it on their way home.

*ACT III:*

If you learn anything in life,

then you’ve been lied to.

Said the tree.

*(Camera should zoom in on children’s mouths, brows.)*

20 UNUSUAL DEATHS

He kissed his moonlight reflection on the river, and drowned.

He was covered in shit, eaten alive by dogs.

He gorged on mercury.

He roasted alive on a grill. “Turn me over,” he said, “I’m done on this side.”

He had a horn pushed into his anus.

He was sewn into his bed.

He held his urine at the dinner table.

He laughed.

He ate a 14-course dinner.

He was punched in the stomach.

He was there when his equipment broke.

He was hit by a stray fire extinguisher.

He wouldn’t eat anything that wasn’t cooked by his wife.

He walked into a helicopter.

He stood too close to cacti.

He exploded.

He was wrong about the glass.

He was trampled by hay.

He was impaled by a statue.

He was cooking something that was still alive.