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“Nigiri and Maki”

Ones and zeros
March across a green plain,
Melt in my mouth.

“Thai”

An hour of life
Consumed shuffling dead trees creates one dead lincoln.

I receive a reflected smile from the waitress.
In the promise of two dead lincolns,
She returns bearing a boiling sea in which three dead prawns swim
Lazily
I sip at the spicy broth
Greedy thankful for the life
I take from these aquatic unfortunates
(inhaling life out of them sip by sip,
or exhaling life into them by the very appropriation?)

“Mind”

working its sprouts through the cracks of my skull like the
gentle growth that destroys
city sidewalks
sprouts divorce into branches, branches, branches and branches,
roses bloom, thorns proliferate, will any doves *dare* to nest
in me?

Jared Campbell