

2018

A Very Serious Poem

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Recommended Citation

Yacos, Spencer (2018) "A Very Serious Poem," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2018 : Iss. 1 , Article 44.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2018/iss1/44>

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A Very Serious Bar Poem // Spencer Yacos

I may be a lens

But very little in my life is clear:

I couldn't make it as part of a camera

Or as a telescope for any astronomer

My wife left me and she took our son

And I'm behind in my rent payments

So I went to the bar to think

Because if there's one thing we lenses are good at

It's focusing.

I quickly start to drown my sorrows

Couple drinks later

And everything's become a lot fuzzier

I spot this other lens across the room

Now he's downing his drink

And dare I say he's looking back at me

Polycarbonate convex

With a focal length of, like, 60 mm

A real hotshot.

I walk up to him, he goes to me

And we start arguing

I forget about what – something stupid.

Lo and behold we start yelling

And fighting, grapple back and forth

Then we're on the ground

Two lenses, banded together

The bartender leans over and yells

"Hey you two! Stop making spectacles of yourselves!"

To Extinguish a Sunset // Lillie Izo

I wonder what we all may see
When night grows darker suddenly,
And water ripples halt at once
From whistled vows at timberline fronts.

Soft caresses fold in air
Breathed out by former lovers there.
It reeks of sorry, smoldering ash
Once gone, now blooms, so unabashed.

A tinder holding by a thread,
All precious cargo hanging red,
While trying hard for one more spark
The sunsets kiss us in the dark.

*

The sunsets kiss us in the dark
While trying hard for one more spark.
All precious cargo hanging red,
A tender holding (by a thread)

Now gone; once bloomed so unabashed.
It reeks of sorry: smoldering ash
Breathed out by former lovers. Their
Soft caresses fold in air

From whistled vows. At timberline fronts
And water, ripples halt at once.
When night grows darker suddenly,
I wonder what we all may see.