

THREE POEMS BY JESSICA MANNION

OVERHEARD IN A BOX OF CONVERSATION HEARTS

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OH, YOU! TRÈS CHIC CUTIE,
CUTIE PIE!

LET'S KISS ... *FIRST KISS!*

NICE GIRL, DREAM GIRL!
ANGEL ...

ASK ME! I WILL ...ASK ME!!

HI LOVE, MY LOVE!
DEAR ONE: ALL MINE.

I'M YOURS, MY LOVE! LOVE, U R KING!
... ASK ME.

MY LOVE, I WILL! DEAR ONE,
MARRY ME?

I WILL! I DO! I LOVE YOU, I DO!!

ALL MINE ...

... ALL MINE

I'M YOURS!

... I WILL ...

... LOVE YOU ...

... LOVE YOU ...

ONLY YOU ...

... FOREVER!

FOREVER ...

... CUTE KID?

OH DEAR



DOG PAW

I learned about it from my friend Suzanne.

I don't know how she came to find it out,

But dogs' feet smell like corn chips: yes, it's true!

She said, I shook my head and said she'd snapped

And wouldn't sniff the gamely offered paw

Her lazy shit-for-brains old mutt produced.

His tongue lolled, long and wet and pink, he lay

Paws splayed, flat on his back for all the world

To witness his indignity.

That night

I stumbled home, two pints too full of drink.

And in some moon-dark place I found a cur

Who slunk and stank, yet offered me his paw

Which I accepted, sampling its bouquet.

In disbelief I dropped his filthy foot

And scraped my palms clean on the dew-damp grass

He sat, and panting, seemed to smile and say:

“We all do things of which we are ashamed.”

ON LITTLE CAT FEET

Foul beasts, unmetered—Iamb spooked

Spondee—sly Pyrric

did pounce! And baleful

Bacchic bit toothsome

Dactyl, just for fun.

Amphibrach did stalk

for long, dark minutes,

‘til out peeked Trochee—

BAM-SMACK-CRASH!! Then quiet.

Anapest stopped, then stirred,

then circled, curled,

paws beneath, sharp claws sheathed

Hearts beat; the jungle cats sleep.

Jessica Mannion escaped from Alaska and now lives in the wilds of Brooklyn, NY with two cats, one husband, lots of books, and a keyboard. She isn't really sure what she's doing, but she does prefer the Oxford Comma.