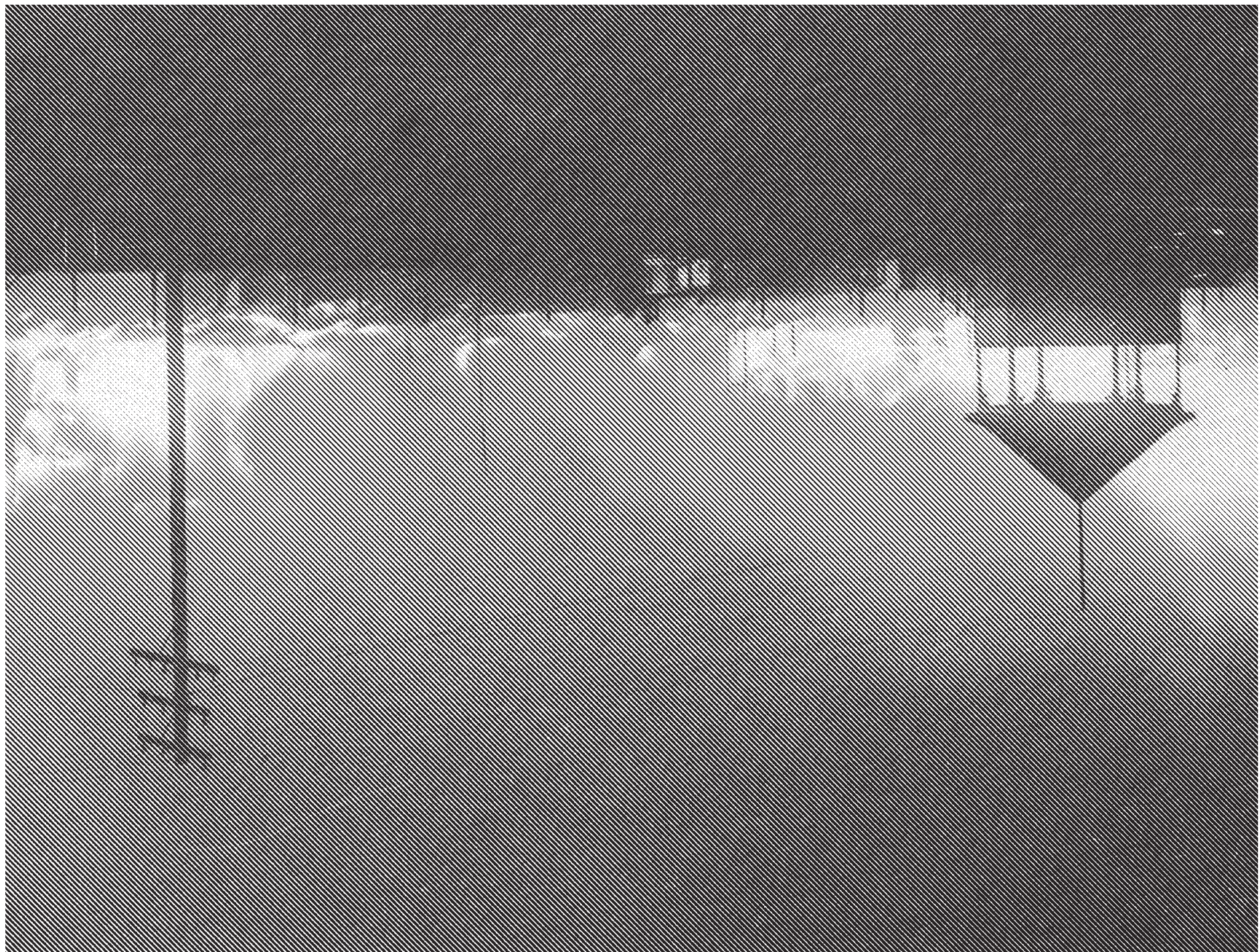


Jed Munson

**Newsflash
Under Fire,
Over the
Shoulder**

Ugly Duckling Presse
Brooklyn, NY
2021



Palette

I translate the issue over over several hints of axes:
I toss it once over a clothesline.
I gave it up one time for the one time
at camp you played me
mournful tuba.

I knew more about suet than sonnets
when I started this I knew less
and less ever since the second
coming second
guessed itself I
claimed a neutral pose that snapped my spine.

In the second act of the World
Wars
the sun stops
at the peacock's apparition. The lowered guard a curtainfall
of rifles. A sudden space is made for ditches, then, for
negative snow, snowing. It would like to do something
there, where the light won't

In the final scene my mother gathers
chestnuts in a yard she doesn't know
the house of. We pan
fry on the stove where she boils
her rag a simulacrum
of roast: *an open fire.*
My sister bails
smoke, insistent
on that thing in each of us
from which the issue was never
far.

Mulberry Swine

Don't button your top
Lip until you know you've
Sewed it on the bright side
Of reason.

East of Eden: a bird
Eyeing view of pond reflections:
Clouds surfacing turtle for vapor
Near beneath me hovering Spirit
Over lording over stars. Snaking
Grasses underfoot the BoR

You turned my outward nature in
For crimes against itself.

In each cigarette a mouthing hand

Profess, Pillow
why are you moving the coolness
of the Way
other order—?

These days,
 Preachers out
Of pocket
 Mutter local news
on global weather.

That War

I woke up to paint
The masterpiece in mind.
Only rivers met my gaze, even
Horseflies eschewed the principal
Formulas. The question quickly became
Is it right to cast

 Lines out
 Onto unsuspecting watersheds
 When the lioness
 Trememelos, de\de\lays these pages
 Watermarked in rage from years ago.

/
Who/o is Bubber? I want to know him well.
I want to sink my canines
in the river lest they starve
I saw them ribs gaunt as never
before is nowing near the creekbed |

The missing wonder of the world Found
 hiding under Barbara's porch the spittle
 in her beard not one of them, her scowl
 as she watches The Hummingbirds lose
 nectar to wasps not one of them neither.

Bulletin

i.

The creatures of the forest won't accept me
for my accent. We make dewettes on smaller
pensions than the birds God's
not starved. O ye
of little tolerance for the CD-rom antics
in my briefcase,
remember. I measure power in the yards
it took to cut

ii.

A hair fracture growing without regard
for the sun
that feeds it is an axed hand crawling
through some version of Paris
towards imagined countenance. Old
age wanders off (the Papacy aside)
point again.
Let that kind of thing go for once
across gabled rooftops

iii.

The bluer the sky, the more uninterrupted
my floaters. I yell logic
at the kids on the chat piles. We go home
to our dreams and our social
studies
assignments: gangsters
in nature, cowboys on the bus,
marbling mothers enthroned. O quarantined in the steppe
wrote of walking
to the lake and down by it,
that she might do that today, the spirit willing

iv.

Your silhouette a minor miracle I wait for
at the apex, at the fourth
corner
store. Down each street a cat goes—figures
and curls away
into bushes where from a twig dangles alas
my once wallet. Once
the aura forms color takes
at the rims, and grows
a flowering eclipse
hours-later pain

v.

You confuse the population
of buffalos remaining with the herd in
Buffalo, NY if you like me
can't keep up a buzzcutcut, a woodchuckchucked
or just
googled it comparatively. By which kiwi do you mean my
hair resembles? Once the tripwire exists it does so
excellently everywhere. It develops
certain knacks
in the hospice of meaning

Notes

"Palette" reforms an image from Bein's song "The Peacock" (2011).

"Say" references Consuelo Velázquez's song "Besame Mucho" (1940).

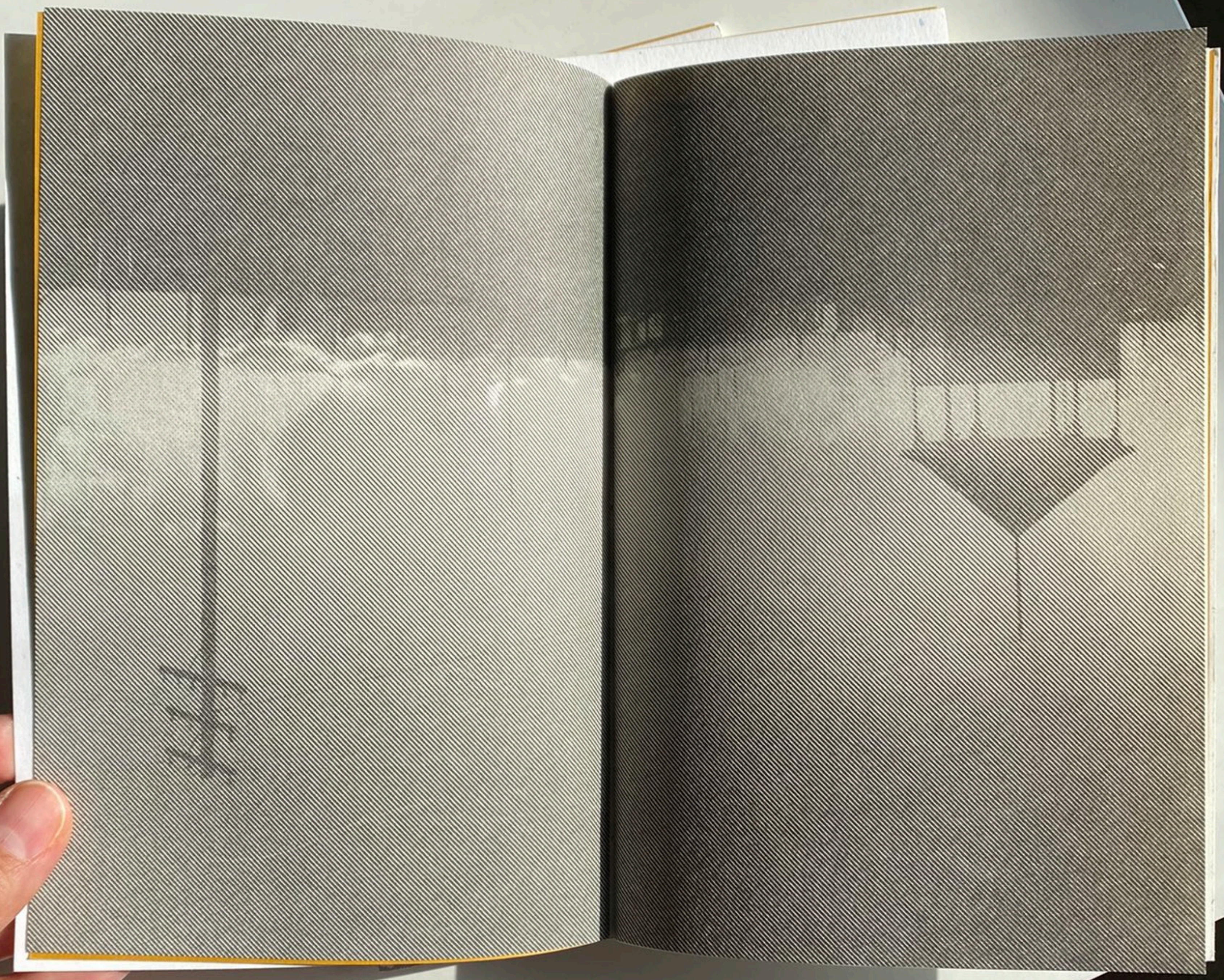
"Fire, Fury, and Frankly, Power" is a phrase from a statement Donald Trump made on August 8, 2017 in response to North Korean missile testing. The poem also includes an allusion to Kenneth Lonergan's film "Manchester By the Sea" (2016).

"That War" references Bibber, a character from Carson McCuller's novel The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1940).

"Bulletin" alludes to Jérémy Clapin's film "I Lost My Body" (J'ai perdu mon corps) (2019).

"Juvenilia" references Flo Rida's song "Low" (2007).

"Newsflash Under Fire, Over the Shoulder" appeared in Enclave (February 2021) as part of their #final poems series.



Notes

"Palette" reforms an image from Beirut's song "The Peacock" (2011).

"Say" references Consuelo Velázquez's song "Besame Mucho" (1940).

"Fire, Fury, and Frankly, Power" is a phrase from a statement Donald Trump made on August 8, 2017 in response to North Korean missile testing. The poem also includes an allusion to Kenneth Lonergan's film "Manchester by the Sea" (2016).

"That War" references Bubber, a character from Carson McCuller's novel The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1940).

"Bulletin" alludes to Jérémy Clapin's film "I Lost My Body" ("J'ai perdu mon corps") (2019).

"venilia" references