

Three Poems

by Peter Soucy

of art and sand

A car tumbles slowly through the sand
the art store
underground and
underwear scattered, sand-covered
 escalators that don't touch the
 bottom of sarcophagused art

A sparking crank can convince the belt to move.
The escalator lands rust on sand
my family takes it down, brother found
his passion for turning cranks,
art stores, ancient markings.

He spins the crank sparking
snowflake supernovas.
He slips down the track.
The rust breaks
the crank snaps.

school trip

A colossal white van filled with two-hundred people singing carols travels to a movie about magic at a country club. The screen on the left wall, seats facing forward. My friends want to watch a sports game. Want me there. I need to shower at someone else's house with a bathroom full of people. The door is only a curtain. Time rewinds; I shower twice. Love is watching a video of a remote control butterfly on a phone in a car that will never reach the boating festival in Newport that doesn't exist.

don't remember well

we were walking, but it was like
they were
one of our breads came with
flowers even when I knew she I'm
showering and the door

was actually people
because BJ's would cut up our
I was at some weird
come over and watch sports
mom, dad, and uncle the escalator
fruits and cookies and breads We got
these two zombie people
like, "here's your bike" It wasn't
brother riding
city somehow
escalator

There was like a nine foot
attack which was underground
people and monsters didn't all speak

We
prophetic because of it The first
woke up in the home
the way her hand felt in
leaves without saying goodbye
\$1 for a BJ's brand Life Saver
so many smiles
like a gigantic unmarked van

the way that I bought her
the Outer Banks we then saw
an interview he had a caretaker

how cool she was about everything
her soft little voice when she
we just kept driving and walking
boat I flirt with
in front

gun
they kill me