

Forces

Volume 2009

Article 85

5-1-2009

If Poems Were Children

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Recommended Citation

Fullman, Philip (2009) "If Poems Were Children," *Forces*: Vol. 2009 , Article 85.

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**DURING LECTURE
A DOG GETS HER HEAD STUCK
IN A CHEETOS CONTAINER**

R. Scott Yarbrough

During lecture, I can see out the window;
The students can't. Today a dog has found
a plastic, see-through, Sam's-sized canister
of Cheeto balls with two meshed inseparably,
sugared with the last of a Coke and a sticky
Jolly Rancher, apple I would guess.

Between Antigone defying Creon, the dog just
managed to get her head stuffed like a pimento
into the clear, Sam's-sized plastic olive. After
lapping up the Cheetos she
found her head stuck. For minutes she spun around; Antigone
said she had heard Creon's decree. Then she galloped;
Ismene reminded Creon that Haemon was betrothed
to Antigone. Then in desperation, she wagged her head
like growling a towel; Antigone tells the Chorus
she'd rather not have to die to be a martyr. She finally lay
in defeat, head in plastic globe, beginning to fog over
from her wet breath, the heat turning her soul fluid.

Antigone hanged herself; Haemon spat on his father and killed
himself rather half-to-the-hilt and Creon's wife, Eurydice,
quite fed up with it all, leaned on a knife at the alter.

I dismissed class; Blaine stood and immediately felt the
authority to noun and name the mutt's predicament
saying she looked Sandy Cheeks on Sponge Bob.

I watched as the students swam outside
and soaped Sandy's neck and set her free. Then they
were off to conquer land problems: Sponge Bobs
and Patricks off to the Crusty Crab to
solve the dark problems of the sea where cartoons talk
and girl squirrels can live in harmony and can pester
my Squigward muse to understand such brilliant foolishness.

IF POEMS

WERE CHILDREN

Philip Fullman

If poems were children
I'd lose custody of mine
Be hauled off to jail
My picture in the paper
Mug shot on TV

Horrible things said about me
That's him
He's the one
He ignores them
Poor things

All of it true
How I dote on the youngest
How smart and witty she is
I just love the way she strings her
words together and paints the most
wonderful pictures

Not like my oldest
The way they ramble
and lack meaning
jumping around from thought
to thought

I'm ashamed of them
They aren't mine

No
This one
this one is my smartest
funniest

My best yet
Of this one am I most proud

Until I write something new