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Poem Ending on a Line by W.C.W. From a Letter to Byron Vazakas

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**POEM ENDING
ON A LINE
BY W.C.W. FROM
A LETTER TO
BYRON VAZAKAS**



**KENT
JOHNSON**

The thing that gets me is the jalopy. The
jalopy and the wireless and the bicycle.
The Frigidaire and the musket. It's falling
down around us, dear. This loss and loss.
Them auroras of fall we shared, Floss,
swamped and gone like by them tsunamis.
Such dust and dust. It breaks my heart in parts
And gives me measure. It breaks my heart and
gives me measure, but I surrender, dear.
Could you pass me the salt. Could you
pass me the salt and the shine and spare me
your whine, cause it's getting over, Floss.
I put a lot of work into that Guggenheim. Yep,
I put a lot of work into that Guggenheim,
you'd think they could do better than an e-mail.
Well, whole stars and worlds get swallowed by
them black holes, you know. I say call me
a no-peckered goat, but that big jet going out both
ways is looking pretty good just about now. Shut
the fuck up with your crying. Shut the fuck up

and, as the salt is said. Though this does not
tastes fine, I won't deny. Fine and microwaved like
them poor Japs, they'll never know what hit 'em.



POEM ENDING
ON A LINE
BY W.C.W. FROM
A LETTER TO
BYRON VAKAKAS

KENT
JOHNSON

The thing that gets me is the jargon. The
jargon and the witless and the beside.
The Psychiatrist and the musker. It's talking
down around us here. This loss and loss.
Their courage of tall we shared, I fear.
swamped and gone like he been damaged
Such dust and dust. It breaks my heart in parts
And gives me measure. It breaks my heart and
gives me measure but I remember. dear
Could you pass me the salt. Could you
pass me the salt and the shins and spare me
your wine. cause it's getting over. I fear.
I put a lot of work into that Guggenheim. You
I put a lot of work into that Guggenheim.
you'd think they could do better than a waste.
Well, whole stars and worlds get swallowed by
them black holes. you know I say. all me
a no-needful god, but that big jet going out both
you is looking pretty good just about now. Still
the look up with your crying. Still the look up