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Four Poems

ST. RITA

Sometimes my mother
reminds us that she
would have been
a nun
were it not for her
motherfucking
husband
and beautiful children,
goddammit.

JOHN F. KENNEDY STREET, BEIRUT

Behold these boulevards in May
they remind you of
men who turned lira into
franc
just footsteps from
water and wine.

HOW I BECAME A TERRORIST

In your political imaginary, I mean.
My peach fuzz was a little darker than
Sheldon's when it happened so I made
sure to shave it before the smoke cleared.
It only grew back thicker. Have you ever
seen a sixth grader with a full
grown beard?

NOTHING BUT HAUTE COUTURE FOR MIRNA

She spends her first paycheck on
that Rodarte cause Anna and
Stephano tell her to
wear it to spam and
eggs breakfast where dad
opts for another shot of gasoline.
She can have nice things too.
Nice things look nicer
south of Figueroa.