

Glen Armstrong

Golden Age #2

The morning's usual haze
was sometimes

enough.

I would see the fleshy blur
hurry to the pond,
a white erasure

rubbing out a misty world,

her long black hair and shockingly
short black
hairs

like animals she had trained
to keep pace

with her naked body
as it dashed
back and forth.

Oh, glint that duels blink
in the morning's soft focus.

Oh, light like a hollow organ
fluttering.

Under cover of unformed
daylight,

she was gathering
water lilies

and fat-legged frogs
for breakfast.

Side by Side

I am scrolling along.
 Trying to get to my favorite song's.
 Lyrics and download.
 You are in another room.
 Eyes fixed on another screen.
 The purple mountain's majesty.
 Green river's bullfrogs.
 Yellow moon's railroad tracks.
 All lead back to some new beginning.
 Before they end.

I no longer feel elemental.
 And do not remove my shirt.
 At the beach where sea tomato.
 Jellyfish are dying en masse.
 And in public.
 After living such secret lives.
 I'm not so sure this afternoon.
 That I am better off without a wife.
 Some children want to kick the beached.
 Jellyfish but they are still poisonous.

Bruegel Bruegel #2

Under the weather,
 there's a broomstick.

Under the broomstick,
 there's a couple

who have read the great love
 stories and underlined

the saucy parts.
 The apple vender caught them

fucking under his cart.
 It was starting to rain.

The little trenches
 between ecstasy and pain

were filling with water
 that wasn't fit for man

but seemed to refresh
the long-eared donkey.

Year of the Sea Monkey XCII

Finally, my sweetheart comes
out to address the crowd
with the police megaphone

that makes her voice loud
enough but filters out
all of its warmth.

She says that they've managed
an excellent chant.
She is thrilled that they want her.

There will be rooftop concerts
by local rock and roll bands
every third Friday

all summer long,
and a special surprise
that she can't reveal until

the details are worked out.
Our days are about expansion
and having enough water

for any task.
At night, we shrink a bit
and limit our use of electronics.

About the Poet

Glen Armstrong holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has three recent chapbooks: *Set List* (Bitchin Kitsch), *In Stone* and *The Most Awkward Silence of All* (both Cruel Garters Press). His work has appeared in *Poetry Northwest*, *Sonic Boom* and *Queen Mob's Teahouse*.