

Hog Creek Review

[KEATS'S LAST LETTER]

My [redacted] Brown,

[redacted] stomach
 [redacted] was in quarantine [redacted] afraid to encounter
 [redacted] England. [redacted] feeling
 [redacted] a posthumous [redacted] God
 [redacted] writing
 [redacted] on the river [redacted] my star
 [redacted] followed
 [redacted] Rome
 [redacted] handwriting
 [redacted] my [redacted] quarantine,
 [redacted] I have
 [redacted] knowledge of [redacted] light and shade
 [redacted] great enemies
 [redacted] torture [redacted] philoso-
 phy
 [redacted] to live
 [redacted] my lungs
 [redacted] hearing
 [redacted] neglectful
 [redacted] sickness [redacted] my faults
 [redacted] leads
 friends
 [redacted] so low in body and mind.
 [redacted] tell him
 [redacted] about [redacted] imagination [redacted] a ghost
 [redacted] I can scarcely

[redacted] bless [redacted]!
John Keats.

The Salsa

She groans as her body implodes
 Steel bones and concrete skin
 Falling around me as I stand inside her
 Her heart sings my lashes
 A dominatrix in a snare

I move to the beat of cracking pavement
 Watch with an electronic eye
 Red and blistering is my skin
 Split and seeping

The Man with a Hoe

(A Reply to Edwin Markham's & John Vance Chaney's "The Man with a Hoe")

He stands erect by the prize many have handled.
 Body slim as a 12 year old boy,
 Sniffing tracks of Meth trains.
 Rounded top and single flat foot.
 Lube waterfalling, intermingling in the gazing pool of sweat.
 Ramming,
 Fertile,
 To the shaft,
 Wondering if the planted tree will grow.

The Post-Modern Prometheus: The Coronation of Prince Albert

The ice floated around the room on a gentle breeze; devoid of light. No warming rays to caress the nude body lying on the slab. He entered, snapping the rubber gloves, eyes focusing on the alloys of medical devices. The skinhead crouching and hiding like a turtle head poking out of his shell. The body began to speak, not eloquent phrases, but the short cockney sentences of

