

BRAD BUCHANAN
TWO POEMS

ANAGRAM (GATEWAY TO)

gateway to
maturity
that rash
attraction
man to woman
nothing
mattering
but the splay
of longing
the humbling
honesty
that lingers
in unwritten
letters
the saccharine
somethings
we never say
but leave to
music
those tunes
so classic
you enter into
matrimony
through
their arch
familiar
phrases
contain us
so we need
not stay

aloof
and free
and yet
those who
hate to
control
themselves
can't wait
to get away

ANAGRAM (REGALLY)

regally
I refuse to breathe
until that peon
pollen
is gone
the rebels wave
their little pistils
in the air
take aim at me
the usual back-channels
in the castle
where I ordinarily
flee
are now congested
with ruffraff traffic
the seas are mucus
in mutiny
it's the season
for revulsion
in the membrane
the countryside
is fomenting
its own foamy
airborne growth
commando spree
to break

the system's impunity
long overdue
inflamed resentment
in the flesh
this
allergy