

Note 16

there are neighbors who grow to hate so much
 they build their own fences
 side by side
 with four feet between
 such men often bear a grudge for a lifetime
 and sometimes sit in the same pub
 back to back
 never uttering a single word
 or grunt to one another
 that might mean *excuse me*
 never
 and i too sweetheart
 carry this grizzled prairie thing inside me
 like a tapeworm
 i'm sorry that i now walk upwind from you
 whenever you're near

Note 19

i abandon poetry now
 for an etching needle and old paint brushes
 resting for five years
 too many forms crowd my brain
 and struggle to be freed
 and you love
 will find your place among them
 the way picasso
 murdered every one of his women
 by drowning them in paint
 and the sharp angles
 of hell

Andrew Suknaski
 (From *Suicide Notes, Book II*,
 an abandoned work)