

THREE POEMS BY GREG SIMISON

“in most relationships”

I feel like an animal pinned in a trap
willing to gnaw through my hind leg for freedom
but that's ridiculous she protests
I'd never hold you like that
and she probably means well
it's just
that she's yet to notice
my almost imperceptible limp

Long-Weekend

delayed by a red light at her left nipple
his lips took the opportunity
to reply
that they didn't give a damn
about her reputation for being “easy”
before roaring off
along the southbound lane
hoping to gain a little leeway
on the heavy traffic
closing in behind

Rookie

I command the sawdust army now
from the uppermost shelf my steady glare
reviews the squads of stuffed toys
standing duty in every corner of her bedroom
my frozen smirk reserved for her latest addition;
still mobile,
dragging his thickening body
from the bed every morning,
he stares in the bathroom mirror
at eyes that daily grow more teddy-bearish,
mutters at the snagging razor
struggling through a bristly growth of new blue fur
while I patiently await conscription day
when his final comprehending protest
is muffled by the toothbrush
hopelessly entangled in his freshly stitched-on smile