

Joan Payne Kincaid

LIKE DEAD FRIENDS II

Who could have been and sometimes were concert artists At the end she realized it had all been a waste of time They don't even want to be listed in Zagat's The birds are flocking He likes to eat at the bar I want to live in my life she said arriving someplace that isn't there anymore I wish people would stop planting bombs she said You can be

another pleasant piece of human furniture F a power generator that put out 200 watts during the flyby playing the piano in an ancient photograph Hard to believe he's gone He got his hashish flying around the world not in a back alley It was the grand finale to a weekend purity retreat In a place where the skyline is in a constant state of re-invention

looking for a Silk Road Most of us live in the middle range it's the way big money moves around the internet It's all about mass Our system treats you as if you are rich and guilty I will live and die alone the bride once wrote Her bipolar disorder was well medicated My weekends after the divorce stretched out empty and treacherous as a

chasm Watching the wind and the tide coming in on the shady deck eating steamers Let's play recordings of extinct birds for these gatekeepers fit was not a match Ride the wave not the board the instructor yelled through the open door are comic book faces in the trees or are they people I've known He always starts with a change-up grip in the

glove flinging a space craft to a rendezvous at the edge of the solar system, talks often of his childhood endearing and rambling stories We are here in late stage capitalism for jobs involving complex decisions and creativity more diverse groups outperform less diverse ones They own a twenty two room Fifth Avenue apartment Don't similar

people work better together? What we need is a dark leather rucksack for a thousand dollars always decisions They're putting into action a series of unpredictable conclusions discussing storms predicted for their flight to Florida We are in a collective of cycle events we collect we love we display I want to affix labels under things a black

POETRY

Lamborghini the fastest ever trip out of earth's neighborhood the dos and don'ts of a situation there was an abduction and a ransom in a dream state They live in the comfort of clutter and net worth of two hundred million watch the toxic algae blooms and resultant dead whales the attack was a blow to unity The patrons all seem to fit- in They

all walked up two flights of stairs with women in bare feet Even the Beatles can't save this film She insists she's not a diva she said she knew heaven would be air conditioned Nobody cares who you are or what you do She always sits with a high fashion bag in her lap "my close-knit family in the Niger Delta Let's go to a sleepy seventy-six square mile speck off the coast of Estonia opportunities for sex in the name of employee fun.