

Bleak Like Me

Allen Bramhall

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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Hidden In Sane Candidate

The sky cautious for too much but will for blue. Deep pedestal insight flounces in theory, castigating mere omens for the natural sound of words. When you weren't looking.

No words remain for the excrescence traded to the people, the common people of the trust. Your vote continues a deadlock shade. A piano cannot speak censure like the dark clouds of your strain. We vilify by verifying our neglect with the backhand of our vote. Welcome to the last patch of living, on the other side of your steel eyes.

Their Best Poem Is Determined By Website

Diligence prepares for Donald Trump dressing down Ted Cruz in sparkle sparkle time, wearing rock to sadness.

Diligence says Obama hovering protocol and circumstance of devils, one last time.

Diligence opens Ann Coulter heart valve one last time.

Diligence marches Hillary streaming video pocket full of, one last time.

Diligence resorts to ponds in gardens, gardens in deserts, deserts in season, season in making. Time is a swerving gesture towards a thing that won't become...

Does the reader see a sentence here? Sentence aren't poem anymore, one last time.

iPhone Battery Case Doesn't Measure Up

Angels of Laughing start into the ordinary trees. Pressure causes emblem.

Words equal mask. No language exists in this lack of patience.

The republic smells like the grey fern-like aged sky where lucky raptors cling to oafish clouds. No news of strife is grand enough.

Stonehenge may have been built somewhere, asserts

Donald Trump.

Robert Creeley With The Time To Plant A Rose

If we could satisfy patient interest and moonbeam along exact road not dust trail. Verb will stand as a sense of moment. And then we decide fervid blandishment articulated in collapse, because we think poetry can't work. There was a town called Oddity where we kept our children sad.

We will now donate our stupid to elastic temperance, a form of language. With language, we call. The roof seems unstable, the portico admits nonsense. Presidential hopeful isn't how we breathe.

Robert Creeley's pants began in Arlington, which was a time or so, and grew more in Acton, on the coast of nouns. Most nouns leave home. This is not to say the war will win, only that the stupid of stones vote often with their verbs.

It cannot stop looking, the thing donald trump load. It presents a guess at dynamics by way of slurring speech, even the very noun in which the present of the heart demands a free aorta. Free all aortas, and the quotidian in the day that sends dusk to let us rest. Enough of your stupid mouth donald trump!

And Then We See Video

The town is perfect, it climbs in rate of exchange. It has a city in its dreams, dreams of city seeing. Seeing multitude as a tone, and vision as a plaint, the town is tons by standards.

We are the people pieces of the town that settle to the city, vision as a plaint. The workers, the sleepers, the people fill the streets. Each word they say fills the words they didn't say.

We arrive in plenty looking at the streets. Our plenty fills the streets, filling city with the town. We step our words closer or far, for reasons of the sun.

The city is a perfect climb, perfect plaint, perfect look how we can climb. The town is only people only stopping some, only eating some, only talking some, but city in the day.

Not Donald, dear ones, improbable and zilch. Not that faction filling rivers darkly. Not that lone and speaking vice of secular remaining but what about when we just put hands together? What is a river saying now that it hasn't said before? Only rivers talk, people can't begin.

If The Frame Fits, Wear It

In an elaborate fixture of clouds, softer than comparison, the instant and a child combine for space in the garden. The clouds conclude a typical season, with capital sentences and the best essay. Leaves glow, needing to be remarkable.

Inside, the doorway creaks and yet the breeze conduces a shaft of sunlight thru memory and into the tender arms. You can remember that tidal day as well as any. The garden does not resist.

Symbols resort to words when we are backed in. Menial shouting stamps the ground. This is not a simple book to read but an oceanic rising in the trees. Our together means the most.

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above a river

of Republican armies

culled Democrats, above trees known

for deem

imprecisely, above gull

known as water,

safety known as

cloud, path known as

sad, then watch, of loose

and stunted

language, you, you

have been a lax
farm, like me, like the period
between geese, like the
egret as a time, like saying
each poem concludes
a community, but then reading
goes straw, and maybe
maybe reeds drinking
smelly water, listen, free
verse, Donald
tromp

Sign Any Paper

If you said the kids were shot, and such patio, and then the dialogue, a bench in the autumning mist, remember an attribute with extended vocabulary. That means to say Wallace Stevens was responsible for language. But what if *if*, the practical guesswork protocol, decided, in the venture of language, that kids should not be shot?

Reclamation of “well” protocol? So, okay, you said Christians like that bastion included in people. *People* are induced by specious logic, clocks on arriving walls.

Should kids or the emphatic anyone be shot as Christian examples of what left behind means? Sturdy details of being shot for being shot, they explain nothing more than the arrival of words into a situation where they were not unbothered.

Stupid Enough To Do It

Donald Trump has spent extensive time in his pants. In the plant system of which he is alpha weed, he places stance in the lexicon for rigid panting. But let us be nice, in dialogue: a wall can say so much. A little friendly flick total despair feasting cultured hair implant says a world about how you can have Miss World, the *whole* Miss World.

We arranged a meeting, my thoughts and the mesh of Donald. We both, including him, were stuffed to think how no poem has a longer winter than the knowledge of Donald Trump. Imagine the immense flux tsunami whelm of the gratulating sound of

it's a war, it's to be expected.

In The Place Of Ann Coulter

Jurisdiction is a rigid template so you yearn for spaces. The Ann Coulter practices space as a definition beyond Ann Coulter control. If the Ann Coulter were alive, the tense of verbs would slowly. That is until the Ann Coulter could speak other sensation.

Poor dark star.

Pour Ann Coulter stadium to union cremation. Line up gasping in present nouns and verbs. Enact an exact tender. We are human before this, like we tell all our friends

Navajo Creation Story In Pictures

Hello Emily Dickinson, The tire iron spoke like the wheel it meant to remove. You have a way with language, going back to words and how they are words, most of the time. They are not tried and in control, they are spurs off the broken, lately, seems like, tracking westward with a rush. The tire speaks of wounded roads, people who are people in roads, and sometimes. The tire iron works in the background as the foreground. Emily, we *get* it. Our president select is a safe house for transportation models that encumber the old gravity. New gravity, the boundless fields of exploitable gone, redeems in fervid fashion. Assonance assists, like any sound in the dark or light. The situation turns into a situation, some place looks okay for now. We have waited for the least word, and got it. Emily, two butterflies disappeared.

Tiny Hands The Day

Intro glass in which. Then far thing, such cloud or horizon thing. This Sunday as magma. Report: grey clouds as absorption.

Possible emphasis on meaning, constitution. A period of exploit associated with Sentence. You are a man or woman or some thing reading. This. It is not a construct.

The clouds huddle grey moisture in the teeming consequence of one more question. Dactyls for Donald, beyond beyond reproach.

Executive Order Patrol

A simple idea or day, program without true forest. The end of timelessness Incorporates with the blasting tolled. Note the empire of small empire presenting constriction as a verse for safety. We are inclined to live after all. If you can remember a plaything in the sum totals, fill your smart glass. This is very emergency!

Shouting Match With A New Yorker

This mattress pad was made by Syria you are fighting. The thing pamphlet includes groundfire, dogs, the possibility of dinner. And you were wonderful with the way of sentient airplane going somewhere somewhere, lodestone. And then a debate which costs the taxpayers 10 into 10 divide by the mystery of 1 ounce reaching the door where sense = subtitle. Laxity as a province, coarse verbs as a sequence.

Today the numerals made sense. We are scattered. Tendencies fall short of arriviste butter.

Nature Of the Explosion Explained

Priest or door mat, revered minister, perfect rabbi, this sort of thing. Then wanting to know more, and equaling that more with anything, producing an addendum calling for further study, which is an underline process in the wild. So that, viz., paint on something that formerly went unpainted. This inspires diction, the main coast to which we roll on hearty, knowing waves. Political priest, solon, sour taste, all that. The map mentions places but not the peopling. People people the earth, you know. You read that too, while in line, listening to latestness. This outlasts that, and always will.

This Is About Last Friday

The gods move from green to red to unred. That moon last night meant something We waited as gods were distinct, apparent, and worth there. Words happened then, left over there. Yellow leaves and red ones left fall. Fall left the angry Friday. Only in the graph becomes the next sentence. Rigged moon map, pack ice as angry machine. The angry framework plus loss living here entitled reveals the basic need squirm melting pack ice. Soon the open winter door.

Explain everything backwards now, so anyone can see. Your autism map needs sharing, Donald.

When Friedrich Nietzsche Crouched Over A Gopher

Friedrich Nietzsche was a pinpoint of desultory light. In words he whirled something something time. Richard Wagner was a scathing flack with anti-Semitic shoes. The roof over each of his operas smelled of lumps.

These salients start to sound like pigment. There exists a manner of inquiry in which the word becomes a blow dart stuck in a cactus. Neither blow dart nor cactus exists, but the word remains. It must be anti-Semitic to be so enduring.

The people of light, who wish they were dandruff on Newt Gingrich's flaky head, decide to speak more words. Ponds of words. More words daily, like porridge, like tribunal, like slavery as a mask for penance.

Choice of cambric remarks upon the detail by which we enumerate the placement of yet another word instills a sense of document. Every word finds a pinpoint of light. Humans discover ways to share their dismay.

Thanks

The simple flag stands
next to the less simple
flag. All flags are
difficult, they
are simple. Simple is
the lap of luxury.

It Is Black Or Grey In Colour

The edges of every vowel intercede when any storm. Even with the breath dislocated in the space of a town, the any town develops a vowel.

Spy found in locked gym bag ruled 'accident'. Young people now care about privacy.

Justin Bieber apologizes for peeing incident. It's the peeing incidents that bring the storms. It's the peeing incidents that say vowels thru the winds of words that hang.

Now care about privacy.

Care about shards of sand in the eyes of wind.

Care about tons of wending towards the bottom, fining the human scape.

Care about the settling of earth with its people.

Care about temples of water washing over uncouth laboratories of land.

Care about the word between action and succour.

Care about the frame and insistence.

Care about the immediate beat, or cousins, driven.

Care about the emery of wind on the anything that water leaves behind.

You had a telephone call earlier.

Maybe Donald's Sad

The class inside the moral rage up on mountaintop sounding. Liquid with the verb sounds, all sent by groggy nouns. Message in the falling.

Which exact state refuses that animal? The drum inside the drum, the tower in the power. All is replaced by scansion as we repeat the funny look at something else. Touchy sentences once again. Separate but equal, mineral content intact. Why Are Scientists Happy?

This is the time when the way of the leaf. The thing of turning, in a tree lifetime and with words, works for better days and this is just to stay. Kind regards and never leave. Or if you leave, be in forever ever. Or if the trees lose leaves, let the sunlight hold the tree. The tree will instant, all in good time.

All time, all good, all tree.

And if singing is a guide or poems made of marsh, then let the sound of filling fill. A moment is grand to taste. We have to be as we have. These trees are singular and moment. A hand is made to hold.

For Beth In This Time Of Life

After the night, only the one night, house sparrows are trees. Small trees, bush and shrub entities, roots and branch alive. After that night, the reflected world, the house of sparrow dream. In the flick of seed or what on the expansive ground, levee breaks or night is only then. In the day of autumn, the one day, the only day, and house sparrow tribe is in tree or floor of earth in the sky of god's image. The splay of slide guitar in the town of music, in the breath of time or space (we don't count a lot). No death exists in the house of sparrow.

Locofo Chaps

2017

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Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

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Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

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Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

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