SASHA GREY AND MEGAN FOX

have similar jobs, right?
The media insists
we act like they're different.

I don't mean to talk shit
about either of them, the allure
of pretty raven haired women
bending over is obvious.

There is just so much bending
over and boob grabbing
that I'm exhausted
from pretending they make money
for different reasons.

Neither of these broads are reciting
Shakespeare. I'm not complaining.
I've spent many hours hiding
in bathrooms from Shakespeare
professors. Anyway, I'm just saying
that Fox and Grey have similar
bodies of work and that Shakespeare
professors can be really creepy.

ROBERT FROST'S 115TH DREAM

Because the diverged murky paths
were moonlit by a sanguine yellow,
I thought of my mother.
Then a shark appeared
and asked me to make it
tomato soup, a request
for which
I had no contest.

Maybe I should've asked it
Who sent you or maybe, better yet,
Do you take basil in your soup?

The shark stood and stared,
glaring its teeth. I knew it wanted to ask me
a question, one to which I could not
acquiesce. So instead, we settled
our differences over a pot of pink mint tea
and talked politics.

I asked the shark
about its horizontal family,
to whom it was most immediately
related—the shark answered me
in the most obsequious fashion:

John F. Kennedy and Engelbert Humperdinck.
His two most famous lawyers.

I sat, indignant, realizing
I was talking to a shark
who was trying to convince me
that Nazis weren't evil, but rather
misinformed.

Well, as an American, I could only offer him
eagle feathers,
corn pudding,
and the location of the Seventh Direction.