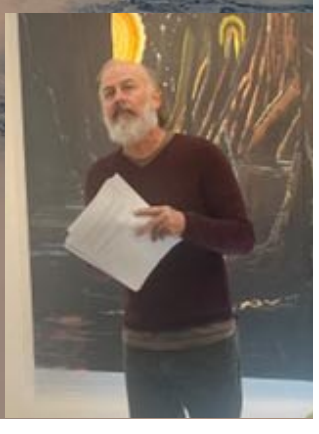
NOT DROWNING BUT WAVING

to wolf man
green arrow
and venus
on the woozy walk
to wonderland
schooled not dying
father not feather
tortured on the tender
wall packed high
with pearl
deaf to shrieking
kings rode as horses
embarrassed by the reckless
fearful wrong of way—
once a squirrel
dropped an acorn
on my shining mind
as we passed under
and the children
and a mother laughed
as the seed became a tree
fed into a gruesome
chipper while a ghost
directed traffic—
she used to fall
when she was younger
but now she's
a bleeding hole
beside her brother—
not failed but
striving not wise
a dult a larking
never legally parking
just saying hi.

JASON MORPHEW

Jason Morphew's second full-length collection of poems, Eject City, is forthcoming from Poets Wear Prada. His writing has appeared in The Daily Beast, Bellevue Literary Review, and Lana Turner, among other places. He teaches at Stanford Online High School and lives with his family in Los Angeles.



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