JOHN COLASACCO
Nice of Winter

1.

we live here. at least it feels like it.

health class penis

dads die

mechanical hollow lion filled with arms and legs bit off
people who weren’t brave enough

brave of the dark but scared of the light

>>

what are your favorite shoes

air-proof

wall-proof

nice of winter

nice of the light
2.

grow up and be beautiful human beings
that reminds me I used to get these terrible headaches
a dead mind
god is here when you speak
I don’t think I want to write cursive anymore
we’re not friends
i need to ask you something
is it always more fun to break than play?
i was raised to think i was supposed to have 11 toes
it’s ok to kiss me
bright sides
weird grins
you are not anything

>>

calendars had pictures
of snow in december
it was awful being her

>>
she don’t know how to ice skate
my vocabulary
do you love her?

68
he’s a sad man
I like strangers

people are evolving larger eyes
I would do a “however” there
why do you always sound like a little girl?

I’m running a carnival;
I’m saying everything backwards.

how come kids have to take history class?
they’ll figure it out from all the non-blues.
basket of dead staplers and spent tape dispensers.
their mothers look just alike.

where is he today?
(the cat died in his arms)

you’re a boy
I have to tell you a story.

the girls make each other
laugh without talking
don’t push too hard
you rode on a plane
what’s her name?

>>

Did you draw this?
No.
(laughter)
I don’t take credit for no drawings in this place.

>>

Did you fight her?
Yeah.
Why did you do that?
Because I do.

>>

well, anyways . . .

(a long stare.)

I’m
in the middle of the moon.

>>

He spends the night
inside a shoelace
He spends the night
inside a sandbox
and eats sand all night long

>>
I know you’re lying.
(how?)
Cause you’re a grown man.

what do you call a baby without a diaper?
what are you doing to get everything you want in life?
what do you worry about, miss Nicole?

I take it back.
I thought you’d just keep quiet.
I can't keep them from being killed in a car crash.
I like night.

what is the opposite of snow?
a poem for a teenager.
her whole family agreed: white meat was best.

a cold room
and a fire room
and a lying-down room

I could go days without hearing a song
who are they looking for?
I want to take a picture of myself

(he he)
she’s gone

you make me mad
don’t leave me

shut it off slowly

I have a perfect poem

something was just touching my hair
don’t look at me

paint one for cancer
could you write a million “I am nots”?

Mister he took all the lipstick off my lips!

you talk too much
I’m about to cry
am I sexy?

she about to kill you

>>

I got accused

>>

what if I forget where I live?

>>

when I grow up

I need some water

that’s a lady move

>>

she’s the only woman in the whole wide world

>>

I’m scared to go to the bathroom

>>

fire
cuddle pictures
that should have been me

he was embarrassed to do that with you

petroleum jelly

>>

a little bit churchy
(don’t write your church self)

is it something i really want
or something the world is enticing me to do?

I hate water
I have a coach

childlike

that’s why it’s so big

(it is from God)

I wonder if he may be apologizing to all of us because of me.

no we aren’t here to be condemned

what if I waste my money?

do you see my fear?

grab onto your father

you are
exchanging your life

>>

why do we have love?

>>

lost taste
lost
how to talk

downstairs
is all about fear

>>

it’s not genetic

the first cell to divide is a nerve cell

busy comes under the sickness yoke

>>

it’s better
stepping into dream

>>

“defend me against my dream”

“god is not that kind of god”

“whatever I decide . . . it
comes out of my mouth”

>>

“can you forgive me?”
straight men wanting to get fucked by streams of gasoline
i realize you can’t remember me any more than you do now
is it true you haven’t had a drink in 18 years?

rahmeer is not a poet
I’ll slap you and make you grow hair

I speak for those who have eaten too much

teach me how to read

a straight-line activity
taken from other places
you aren’t going to get it

where is your lust?
“living in a rabbit warren”

i could tell he says this often

there’s no such thing as interesting.
what do you think inside your body smells like?

hold on I need to clean the bottom of my shoes.

let’s not worry about the bottoms of our shoes!

I can be God.

It’s dangerous.

maybe I dreamed it, but I remember us thinking “this is in danger of getting lost” so I put it aside somewhere to keep it safe

and I don’t know if you’ve ever put something aside to keep it safe but that’s when I tend to lose everything

and so every time work crossed my mind

it bothered me

he cupped the lit cigarette with the hot side facing in

you’re going to live a long time
palm reader
left-turner who won’t enter the intersection
interested in the details of men

>>

my uncle’s heart stopped over the weekend

>>
somebody made this for me

>>

people always say things
like,
“aren’t you going to be late?”

and,
“no, I have to be there at 3:30.”

>>

school, somebody else’s job
your parents

you wanna work
sell rice on the street

cute I think
those is beautiful

you in all the classes

that’s where half the people get they clothes

>>

you don’t time
people communicate somebody
with her

>>

all the evil that happens when I live