

# Paul Lopez

## *THE YEARNING FEED #6*

If you were a snail,  
I would've kicked seven of you

off my front porch this week.

Please don't be angry with me--

the bastards attacked my flowerpots  
like a battalion of Sherman tanks.

I'm glad neither of us is a snail.  
And I'm glad you're not me.

Because this week I brought death  
to things that only insisted on  
living quietly.

## *A MODEST STIPULATION*

Maybe if the top of your head had six long fingers attached to it,  
and they were Satie's fingers, or Julia Child's fingers,  
a handful of proficient fingers sprouting from the top of your head that  
painted like an ink splattered squid wrestling a wedding gown,  
would I *then* consider marrying you.

*SHADOW BOXES*

It's been reported that Manuel Pablo López and Joseph Cornell were both spotted rummaging through old images archived in New York's Central Library on 5th Ave at 42nd Street. For one fragmentary moment their eyes met when someone in the room blasted a two-week-old-cold-cough that detached them from their endless tinkering. Their eyes locked, and both men recycled each other.

*THE STONERS*

Divine intervention  
arrived in the form  
of a 5'1" abuelita,  
two nuns from the Our Lady of Guadalupe,  
and a crowbar,  
who together, in a holy triumvirate,  
battle-rammed  
Jerry's bedroom door armed  
with Bibles,  
prayers,  
rosary beads,  
and a vial of holy water  
collected from the Red Sea.

The women entered,  
and each, in a coordinated effort,  
ripped heavy metal posters  
from Jerry's bedroom walls.  
They cracked and doused sticks of incense