



Bill Gainer

The Inside of Things

People are not just
black or white.
If you've ever
peeled one
you'd know.

Confessing to a Suicide

I've been practicing the note,
so far
all I can come up with
is –
It was me...

At the Alphabet Café

The word salad
is just one
step away
from being
word soup...



The Obscurity of it All

The girl with the prosthetic leg
gained a little weight
her prosthetic didn't.
Looked a bit odd,
just enough
that you
noticed.

The Girl Upstairs

On the floor above
I hear her heels
click.
When the lights
are down
I can look up
see all the things
she tries to hide...

Hello to a Memory

Everybody
weeps
for somebody
dead.

I got a few tears
for you.
So,
hurry up.



When the Dress Code Weakens

The bartender
dresses like it is Tuesday,
her day off
and the neighbors
are all at work
and she's going out
to pull weeds
in the back –
yard.

Plastic Jesuses

I don't know
which of you
were praying
for us,
but it worked.
The electric is back.

You can all
take
the credit.

Eight days
of head lamps
and extra blankets.

*On the third day
we quit talking.
On the fourth
I started wondering
what the dog*



*would taste like.
On the seventh,
she said
she was planning
my murder.
I didn't see her all day
on the eighth.
The ninth
we had light –
god was a little slower
this time around.*

The sound
of the garage door opener
heaven sent.

It's plastic Jesuses
for everybody!
Glow in the dark
of course.