



gregory, i heart all over

Staring down the cracker barrel of fifty,
a gap-toothed Aqualung bobbing for apples
with dentition pretty well shot through, cured
in a pure cane stew of caramello and nougat.
There was a carnival one time
when I lost my mind
staring into the pastel centrifuge
where confectioners run their spun
sugar, and later I got my licorice fixed
right under the hot-buttered grandstand
by a Bubbalicious girl, she showed me
her pink, her Jiffy Pop, I came, inhaling
divinity fudge, and quite transfixed
by new constellations in the shape
of sundae boats. Yet I must set my
sights forward now, to root canals in
Bruges, starbucks on the Venice beach,
talking shop with the poetess Nutrasweet
Cupcake Hostess, and a Beat voice, whistling
through two missing front teeth says, "go there,
mon frere, go there." Old Corso's right of course,
it's never too late to begine routine flossing, a clean
wild hair for such a seasoned pride. Nostalgia
is the candy-coating, on the inside.

-Dennis Mahagin