

Depression

Something wakes you.
The Dream
Has you half-way eaten.
You flail around,
Groping for the light switch.

You brush the antennae.
You try prying its jaws
From your hips.
You ache all over:
You are starting to lose fight.

With a hard twist
You manage to look
Over your shoulder
At the dream's fierce eye
In the estranged light
From the corner street lamp.

Outside a single car
Goes by with its top
Open to the summer night
And two lovers laughing.
You think maybe
There is still time
To love; to be happy.

You make one last
Thrust and torque,
But the Dream
Has its teeth
In the base of your spine.

— Bill Witherup

Scattered

My Psyche scatters
while I sleep

Leaving me to
assemble my Parts

Every morning
On Earth

— Marion Sue Fischer

**Ars Poetica
for Mark Bigelow**

Locking the gates at the Arboretum
I stop at the giant sequoias
To soak in the deep shadows; pinch
a few needles and rub the incense
In my beard; take off my boots
And socks, knead the carpet with
My toes, alone in a cave of branches.

But these ancient friends
Are directly beneath the flight path
To Seatac, and an airliner
Passes over, landing spots on,
Vacuuming up the thick cloud pile
And nap of the night sky.

— Bill Witherup

**Poem Breaks All
Box Office Records**

This poem cost sixty million
Dollars to produce.
This poem is breaking all
Summertime box office records.
The female lead, Muse Meduse,
Admitted on *Geraldo*
That she was forced
To fuck the producer
To get the part, and that
The male lead, Mark Time,
Has AIDS and that he put
His tongue in her mouth
During a kissing shot.
Ms. Meduse is suing
Paradox Films; is reported
To have hired one of
O.J. Simpson's lawyers.
Director Ted Montage told
Ms. Meduse, "You will never
Work in this town again!"
Producer Beau Geld could not
Be reached for comment.

— Bill Witherup