



BORN SOAP

PETE MILLER

BORN SOAP

PETE MILLER

Born Soap / by Pete Miller

a H_NGM_N portable document format chapbook / March 2016

Copyright © 2016 / Pete Miller / All rights reserved.

Design / Heidi Reszies

to Carolyn

Table of Contents

DOWNWARD RIPPLE	1
ADAM AT 40	3
HUNTERS' GLEN	4
THE FUTURE/	6
7 A.D.	8
BLIND DATE	9
CRUMB AT THE SMOTHER PARTY	10
HOPE FOR THE HUMAN FAMILY?	12
LUCIFER AT 40	14
I AM NOT A MUMMY, NO,	16
DOWN WITH LUST	18
TO BE EMBARRASSED YOU FIRST HAVE TO BE	20
DEATH VISITS THE FACTORY	21
MY BULLY	23
DISCO GRIMOIRE	24
NEVER SICKER	25
ACTING ONIONS	26
THE SECOND NUMBING	27
THE LUDDERFLY EFFECT	28
SPHINX RIDDLE CAROUSEL	29
DRAC AT THE PARTY	30
GET HOME	32
POOF	33

DOWNWARD RIPPLE

I was born soap.

And how slippery
the dirtying up,

paperback smut's
musk

of low-status, *Acid Party*, regret's
barbed lashes. I'd low

slither
every outlet Saturday
midnight might

crackle, those strangers un-
grounded, slithering

outlets, blown, I'd become
a hug attack of
sparks, only
Sunday to feel

like that bathtub
drained of its electric shock,

drowned shadow
of my face on the tile some scum,

pitted twin
to the soldier who plaited those
convulsing thorns then

strutted off stoned, looking taller
for that bonus salt,

only to have
his ass fired
with pills anyway

come Easter.

ADAM AT 40

Once, *I've seen it all* was literal, a fig leaf. Now, though he can cry out all he wants, "I invented sex!" out here they're having sex in crowds, in mounds,

in doghouses, dugout canoes. He tries to maneuver downtown like a straw broom through a strawberry jam spill. The heat is boss. Everywhere, suddenly,

he has sympathetic brothers. "Hey brother," hums a man with mirrored sunglasses." Smog got you blue? Want to see the Sunrise?" Adam tries to decipher

No leisure wear, tiptoes back to a cage's shellac-faced woman gripping a Satsuma with her ass. *The Sunset*. His penis wants her navel. He cannot decipher that

mocking acronym unfurled above the Jesus tattoo across her back and figures it must mean nudity is permissible again now that Eden is just his missing

of the shrub ox, the entire garden no more than just a mud daub of gone wasps that hugs the bottom rung of a broken orchard ladder. He might as well have given

name to each of his pubic hairs. It's hard to have been taught by fruit. He hears *delicacy*, opens wide and gets a mouthful of barnacle compote. He hears *saved*

and winds up melting in the stocks in front of the Little Chapel of Compulsory Worship, where they pelt him with healing foods of the Bible. It's hard to throw honey

so they hurl it in jars, and even harder whenever he dares, "What's a Bible?" It's hard to be self-taught like a flood: So much winds up in your teeth.

HUNTERS' GLEN

I know that obituaries still exist
so that you can *knew*
your neighbor, but why not
know me now?

Why, based on
six in the morning,
taking out the recyclables,
anarchic, pre-lavender,
wish me
snipped eugenically?

Wouldn't you miss
that refreshing kick
of the preened Pete of 8 o'clock,
muesli-pert and well-shat,

flossed, lips wide to latch
onto those same fried-
corn snack nipples
of Debt as you, our arteries

bothered to pleather,
hearts hardened to that uniquely
Nebraskan haggis of bull pizzle
and adults who can only talk football?
All we are is preferring
divergent sources.
I don't herbicide.

My driveway cracks
at May's first zealotry of spurge.

We're not stomping
to shove red asses into

each other's faces
like ziggurats at the harvest moon,
I mean baboons, so, I say,
let's join forces.
Want to hear some poems?
Loan me your truck?

THE FUTURE

At the frilly boutique, I hear

*Don't you worry:
the white in your beard
will look distinguished eventually*

so that under fluster
I buy my four year old
daughter and myself

parasols for thirty bucks each, pink,
and they instantly frizz apart in the drizzle
because, *dammit*, they are not umbrellas.

And however much I would have not
chosen to have this world
appear as a freshly scooped-out melon

in which I, sweating ,
crumble apart right in that scrump-

tious divot, a meatball that somebody else's
god has smirk-plopped
I will take it all in heaps,

please. Just keep

her squeezing my hand, just keep
me screwball beaming
down dizzy

from this heart-as-a-helicopter
height while she skips across her
laughter,

*When I'm a grownup lady,
Daddy will be*

*a little old
man.*

7 A.D.

Had they known the guy wouldn't come back till he was 40
how much they could have accomplished towards the Kingdom.

Seven years! But retrospectively, 33 was barely mature enough
for just the dying part, His blubbering, never mind the resurrecting.

So Peter smoothes the banner, yawning, as John refreshes
the piñata's Swedish Fish, hoping this evening's wine

might collapse all fact, lure the moon's phase back to Gravy.
But what is His

of that crumbling courtyard
is only a scant corner of nausea, that Explorer's

who cannot quite reassemble a self from the shreds
of pith helmet tweezed from the tiger scat.

It used to be He could look natty in an acid bath, but so long
spent bruised bumbling Nowhere's low ceilings, that nothing-but-

corners Suckscape, He can't
ever unfold Himself from the crouch completely,

cannot forgive how it all served nothing, like painting an eclipse
on an egg, or that no shedding of gray will grow

lush, anew, His lion's mane—a windpipe crushed, a broken reed,
a croak at His own party, the crowned King of Whispers.

BLIND DATE

As a deer antler sheds velvet, my adolescence
lost role models: that youth pastor who turned all
plum using *pleasure* as a verb

being first. I was done with qualms; I fake-
loved vodka, stumbled for real, thought *let those
jocks cringe and feel like they're*

the waste of sausage casing for once.
Eric set it up and she was so boring, but
I needed any girl to become

more than a contrail to me, and
since I had meditated twice, legs
crossed and all, I talked up

in a low voice across that backseat how
what I *achieved* after just twenty minutes
of breathing with eyes shut on

the Senior Center's floor mat was not
merely an effervescent shiver's
tickle transcendent

through the Buddha field but felt—I grew my eyes
wider and darker, wild tiger—
better than an orgasm. Is it too late

to blush? And because she had not dated
since her boyfriend died in a gully, her parents
had to meet me, and I had to meet her brother.

He had a syndrome and a helmet
squiggled on with marker, silver moon globe,
and asked me if I went to church
until his mother hushed him.

CRUMB AT THE SMOTHER PARTY

He feels cut from rat.

He just sold the sunset for a punch in the neck
from the sun itself, fireball boxing gloves,
straight out of the frame. The gallery—too champagne-

popped to notice he's been pummeled
into the corner—sniffs at his knocked-off glasses'
skittering 'cross that parquet floor as *excentrique*, merely

another crustacean on a leash. He squints.
He twitches, hypnotized; a black spot circles the crowd
like some moth, hovers, but wants only him and zooms in:

a smoke ring that hugs his left eye, a bruise,
a shiny swollen keyhole that he stands
tiptoes to peek through, to spy all

the stomped-on jugs, the Mexican vials of flophouse jollies,
the air mustardy smoke from a potbelly stove stuffed
with Chairman Mao's Little Red Books. He feels sick to watch

how the wasted, bearded assortment of tubercular broomsticks
choke, their pants held up with everything but belts,
their one last red, sour sip swished and spat back into the bottle

and passed from one to the next, to the last
who scrambles precarious atop
a Dagwood sandwich-pile of black mold mattresses—

beneath which gasps the one among them who has done
nothing but eat and stink and who barely
deserves their smothering mercy.

And the artist, not daring to look at the face of that
one getting snuffed, lowers himself from the peephole,
tries to take in his great moment—flashing necks,

offshore chins, the gallery owner exuding
the countless ways the French can smell like shit and nobility,
those giantess twins who want nothing but to undo their braids,

unscrew their horns, let him tickle their soft spots.
But there it is, again: that rat by the cheese table, skin-disease mottled,
shivering to light a bent Gitanes, its one eyeball

dangling to the floor for any morsel, brain
quivering purple through beret shreds.
And even though he feels like Eve blushing to not stare

at Adam's jagged abdomen, he is still shocked to hear
his own voice when the rat speaks, his own sneer,
What are you moaning about? Fucking pervert?
Paris loves you.

HOPE FOR THE HUMAN FAMILY?

Consider, the blood zero between us,
my cousins' other grandparents.
We shared, but at what distance?

They may have lived in the Song Dynasty,
and I at the Panda Express.
We could have had sex. Relatives?

At what remove? Silken
underwear removed! Slap me with
a soy sauce packet. Putt-putt

addicts? Secretly ungulate? Minnesota's
Mengeles? Anything guessable
forever remains keyhole-

squeezed, low-squinted-at through
the shadows of two
of their blocky grandsons cutting

across the cold, black lake to drag
me under to play
interrogators—ice-pricked

hands, DNA gets ass-raggedy
like enjambment in acrostics. Gumpa's
certitude? Gammy's help for pain?

Nothing can blame them. They are merely
some planet abandoned
to Dead Man's float the immeasurable.

But when the dream shoves

mouthfuls, with what
diluted portion of those gray strangers

was I that little friend who waves off—
We're only wrestling—rescue?

LUCIFER AT 40

3 AM and his wife grinds her teeth: a Puritan sermon.

He crawls out the bedroom window, rubs his hands
along the sill, a good friction. Not splinters, receivers.

On the peaked roof, stork stance, he spreads his arms
antennae-wide, a decoy Christ. At first just static articulates
its Brokenness across his brow like wedding rice. It stinks
of frankincense. But then discernible phrases start to form from out

of that buzz and hum, the what's been rolled in a moan
or cracked from a bone in a baffled crouch in a Croatian ditch:
jerked-off prayers of half-believers, what they have dug
from their scalps, a *damn it, Christ, please* spritzed with citrusy
Money Luck spray, *Endless Engorgement* spray, sideways
supplications of the fox-holed and the fucked in business,
that woman in Lanzhou convinced her eyeballs are Otto von Bismarck's.

It is like trying to savor embers, to stay here, to not fly off
and manifest his ancient miscreant magic, to land as a black moth
upon a glutton's upper lip and shit buckets of blood into his mouth.
Or to set the baked ham to ovulating before the Easter guests. But

how does that work exactly? His claws are dug into the rot of the roof
and his sons lie icicle-stiff, well-punished in their beds. So he just sways,
slightly drunk on the intercept, nodding his new Catholic Mass card beard,

its tickle. He spits and the spit returns, flaming. *Forget lusting for Eva Braun*
straddled upon her samurai sword, forget your cipher harem. All you'll get, brother,

is Cotton Mather with his little Swedish meatball balls, his butthole bean.
But he knows his real curse is never seeing the moon as beautiful again,
only as a smoky rag nailed to the sky still cooling white charcoal
since the flame of his descent. Never enough light there to slither back

to bargain with rotten fruit still hanging, thinking it has the chance to ripen. If he gets away, on a train all cotton-candy vomit, wormwood and squirming condoms, he is doomed to sweep the caboose out forever after dark.

I AM NOT A MUMMY, NO,

so drop
that damn chisel,
Egyptologist: I have,
still, my liver,
no brain in my nostrils,
four hours
until the alarm clock.
Roll me
back into my grave,
past the sarcophagi fakery,
the roughneck
hieroglyphs,
Ra's
yellow glower
scarring me
to not care—
all my plagues
their tongues out,
mostly sexual,
they seem lesser now,
apocryphal, merely
vaguely hurt feelings
drooping stiffly,
the yolky fronds of
an eggy tsunami.
Insomniac snatches,
I repeat age sixteen,
my oatmeal face,
plain aching and
the dishwasher's apron,
and my boss and
the real boss, his father,
all glumly glittering
Pharaonic regalia,

chuckling
with his pigeon-racing
Brooklyn-childhood buddies,
hypnotists all, the pigeons
mostly golf balls now.
Downtime, he orders me
to slather with a paper towel
mayonnaise across each
countless, dull leaf
of the silk ficus,
to give them that *shine of life*.
And it works:
The whole plant
in its verdigris plastic planter
lifts,
an ibis, to crash
the ceiling, which,
plaster and funeral pottery,
shatters over me
shards of
those twenty plates
I drop
trying to smoke
while, to impress myself,
carrying,
teetering, always,
much too much.

DOWN WITH LUST

No,

no, hers weren't
those most deflating words
of any would-be-enticer—

Bible Study. No,
she said *Hebrew School!*
Or, was it *Evil's*

cool?

The older I get the more
repercussive the fun: blasted
earlobes, nostrils, lips just

calamari on the sheets. Penis pieces
and cheeks on the pillows.
I found her small gun

and big pills.

I just want to live again
under safe retreat;
blunted beneath a motto's

chilly surveillance: *The cautious
seldom err*—Confucius.
Sheltering there, will I

discover where the probable,
aligns, finally, with the actual,
the La Brea Tar Pits

stinking of asphalt?
A level state? A painted-shut,
warped window to watch

my lust fail at its feral
aversions becoming barely-
tamed appetites, the Final Match:

Swamp Carouser versus Leprechaun,

a real green-brawling with teeth
bloody on the grass,
and the blind lion-tamer of my heart,

who doesn't know,
that for all his twisting,
he can't, anymore, even

slip the possum a suppository...

And there I am: 43 years old.
In Omaha. Watch me
mow the lawn: happy mastodon.

TO BE EMBARRASSED YOU FIRST HAVE TO BE

1994

What could fill such emptiness that compels
a man to live alone in Phoenix?

He has to dare everything he hates:
the Incredible Universe store next to the mall,
its own mall—

its own nitrousy fluorescence, the Free Market
joy-buzzing him to pick this rocket-booster stereo system
that will surely gild his hair luxe with guitar-blur and man up
his thrust. And though it's the computer

that denies him any store credit,
it's the *cast member* who grins to tell him the news,

and there's so much rouge on the bruising, he can't
process how already the place is already rotting in soft spots of
debt at the fringes—he just follows her
back to that jaundice-lit aisle that they—

cleverish assholes—call *The Black Hole*, damaged goods,
and grabs this orange-tagged boombox, apparently
rejected from the set of the East German *Flintstones*,

and when he signs *Pete Miller* on his dubious check at the register,
his typical scribble, his *B*-looking
P, his weird *-ler* and she yawns like she's at a orgy and
sniggers, *Butt Milk*?

what can he do but wink at the liquidation auctioneer
leering behind her, whom he mistakes for a teen sweating zits
in a satyr suit, and offer,

Great times, huh,
the 90's?

DEATH VISITS THE FACTORY

June 3, 1968

Spell it right
ugly in spikes in the title.
Everyone acts like they want suspense,
but a spoiled ending is more honest:
Films unspool into darkness.
And the darkness slithers away? Well,

nobody is only what they think
they become
after they think
they have stopped
talking but aren't I still worthy of a kiss?

Come 4 a.m. they would eat
even paint to not fidget,
clogged to a placid snit, bite
jagged capsules of light and each other,
to get the right look in their minds:

Klein blue
pigeon feathers,
that bashed-glamour-black
slashed red...

A hazy denial that home is always waiting,
its onyx wainscoting, Grandpappy's
corporate musk. His little detective,
that flaccid squirt, he accidentally trailed me!

And now he lies even grayer still, gurney clutter,
an orderly puttering through his miscellany
like old chow mein.

Tonight the beam
misses the screen completely.

The moon, sad and frantic, licks
aluminum as though it could patch
its pocks. But there remains

enough shadow cover for me to
emerge from my own hard click in the corner.

*To really judge an actor, he says,
you have to miscast her, but if you dare
undo my cat-leash you will have to plan on
a long tiptoes walk*

with a mouse repair kit,
darling.

MY BULLY

It splits like an ass,
the heart, to get stomped on,
a fire through the corn.
Adult-kicked, shoved
little shit. Farm kid.
I was raised on a comet,
to her. She had some grin.
Such easy force,
my front tire.
All my route money or
her wooden match wanted
to fly at my crotch,
bare legs, strike
to welt me as though I
had a goose egg in my dick.
Didn't matter how much
Eucharist I believed in then.
The timeless bend
was forever just us,
a fallen-in house
I assumed haunted,
and my plastic thoughts
of cops.

DISCO GRIMOIRE

Weekends I'm chamomile, currant buns.
But what a come-on:
The sidewalk dude wore a warlock look.
His prognostication: *The strobe un-codgers*.
But now this beat has me in a walker.
I used to dance
so hard I lost watches. Tonight
the timelessness flexes
wan, white beard chimes,
the grandfather clock's
pendulumectomy scars.

Widdershins Boogie,
I rattle a bat's wing,
transmogrify:

Dirtball Dandy. Melted Shape-
Shifter, Haggard Spellcaster; I scatter
such a creeped-outness of navel rings, hell, I don't
know where the bathrooms are, the bar,
that velvet rope of rumor, how to forge
an emoji for feeling like Hans Christian Andersen
on *Dancing with the Stars* wondering
when they stopped calling them emoticons,
how to hex off security slithering up,
willow wands to beat me down,
that truly worst curse: my youth
actually come back, drunk, and
in those pants, ass-pocket crescent moons
scrying nothing
but their own fool shine. And my crying.

NEVER SICKER

The last thing I remember is the cop saying *I remember you*, and then my crying at being remembered. At what point did I drop my pants and shout *I'm too big to fail!*? Three pitchers of watery, snot-blond beer then four shots of Jim Beam I raised to your absence. *Here's to forgotten tastes!* Then a dizzying venom icicle in red heels teetered by with a trayful of blowjobs. I grabbed three. Too sweet. *If I owned a douchebag establishment like this I'd serve a drink called Alzheimer's.* I think I said. But you weren't there to witness, and you were always my morning-after chronologist. And if I did indeed walk into that moral morgue, that ancient set of our tequila performance art—*where even the herpes sores, you'd say, have trust funds*—I have a line of defense for the judge: *Your Honor, I thought it was a tanning parlor.* Hell, Mac and Joe's was now a *sports bar*. And that little sweating bruise of a basement Shy Quaker Sluts once played, I walked out a member of the smoothie club. I'd been sober eons. But the passing scent of gushing kegs set upon me like a twinge of mint at a séance, old mean cravings I thought long buried. October. I didn't mean to return here solo, but I turned 40 wrong. And, my friend, we haven't spoken in months. Your new bride was so regal, she contained her blushing to one nostril, but, still, yes, I should have kept that story in its box, your legendary blackout, how you shat in a wastebasket... But it cracked me up. Pal in John Waters and noodles and smoke, I'm sorry, but I thought time was the becoming-funny of stuff. I'll take it all back; will you bail me out?

ACTING ONIONS

Today the self went furious again.
Irks and edgy, shoved into the mind-
corner's leg irons, asking
April's windows how they got so noseprint-
gross, but still the robin
crashes to rise again
from the un-browning grass,
stirred by a chickadee friend
who comes on like a rapist,
cajoled, flapping dazed, my heart's cheap-ass
taped-on wings, I'm too soft
beneath the pummel, this eternal
evoke-evade's walloping,
I'm marshmallow, I can't
even act Christ-like in my handshaking without
winding up with something
totally flesh-eating that leaves me
stripped down to a universe about as moral
as any other oval, this burden
of a candor that goes over
like a pickle in the soap dish,
raw onions when all that anybody
ever wants is to, damn it, never again
cry like worms at the resurrection.

THE SECOND NUMBING

Day blinks out
and my head is in the pillow's place:
deep inside the white pillowcase—

safe but still waking swampy, some flutter
of torn dollars beneath my eyelids,

a crawling towards crying,
the baby sets her mark across my fear, such

a severe smallness—

back to bed my blue sheet is folded
down, a cold wave,

the beach where my dead
friend enthuses and I tremble to bring news

but

I move against the sand

like an alabaster human-handed
sphinx

gaining nothing,

and he shudders into flame,
and he is freed ash falling on my face,
faltering veil,

and I am just another blind animal,
insomnia father.

THE LUDDERFLY EFFECT

I've got this weak heart for physical media
so when every restaurant table
has a screen on it, again I spin out in scroungy
Pluto's nostalgia orbit,
my spacesuit becomes
just a whalebone corset. But,

for all my listing in its fuggy cult,
how much of the '60's was spent denying
Ginsberg's harmonium wasn't dry heaving?

Were the '40's more than Hitlerite
fritters and rickets? I consider 1926's
gin-fizzing crotch:
Could I have escaped my slurred fate,
Oedipus in a catapult, shot straight
at the mother-wall of alcohol? I want 1912.

To animal-dance Moose Paloose until
she grunts out our fur-fluffed, shivering,
Katzenjammer litter

so they absorb—*not me, bastards*—
the kidney punch of the Modern and piss,
somehow, along with all that blood,
Steve Jobs' grandfather's
sperm, and increase the chances
no one tonight would be mounting

their devices to moan
long into
that old new dark...

SPHINX RIDDLE CAROUSEL

Poncho and sombrero, the armadillo just looks anxious.
But I have quit clinging to the unlikely. I tiptoe past him and the Sphinx,
the mermaid and her curdled eye. I hold my daughter's hand tight.

But with a beige mane more steam-table-bacon than flowing meadow,
my plain old pony isn't quite a pony either, nor her rabbit a rabbit: not
a twitch on him and named, she tells me, Sweet Carrot. Then she calls

me Poppy Seed, and it tears right through me so in that jester-
ringed mirror I go, heart exposed, aglow, new at nothing but this whiteness
in my beard and deep smiling for all the arthritic pressures of my hunching, how

I'm ready to gnarl, finally, to lean on the Riddles' third leg, on her, surrendered.
But at 3 a.m., I awaken on that same rotation, backwards, faster
tumbling realizations: so much left untasted, wild onion, blazing star...

so many other carousels of displacement to step on and to spin...
And if you multiply associations by errors you get relationships, I guess,
thus I hobble Omaha friendlessly cautious, nearly well-rested enough

to keep all my teeth till Heaven, still stuck with that ill-chewed
all-I-might-presume-to-impart when everything of this child
already catches sparks off the further edges of the next questions.

DRAC AT THE PARTY

My sonar,
socially,
a Jello-trapped
bat's, I'm lower
on friends
than pumpkin ass.

I guess I passingly know this
one wooly bully Satanist
infamous
with trick-or-treaters
for his black turnip
Eucharist, but
he sees me coming
like he's heard that
one before.

And Mummy,
she's got this disdain thing,
like I'm weak philately, and her
sweet-assed
Osiris collects
only Kruggerands,
knocks aside
that ostrich feather
and squats
his gold-stuffed
jockstrap onto
his heart-weighing scale.

But I've got
these Janis Joplin stamps!
I feel like her.
I mean her tonight—

her actual
skeleton nailed-
up banging against the door
as I crawl into my bedroom,
thunderstorm
so harshly lashing
the windows,
midnight lightning,
that it feels like I'm driving
my haunted house
through the carwash, when
what I really want is a Mercedes Benz.

GET HOME

First,
flapjacks topped the Not List. Now,

Bunyan

waggles
nine-iron,

widens

Topanga Canyon.

And although LA should be kissing his ass for breathable skies—
postprandial pipe dropped for bales of snus—

he hasn't been thanked for shit, just forced at the nostalgic
smog bar" to drop his felling axes, shakes fiddleheads from his armpits. *Time*

to get home, Babe. The ox merely grunts,
flatulent and blunted: He has found his attuned

masseuse and a place that serves menudo by the trough.
Besides, he remembers Minnesota's ambient trauma, walking stumps,

the only sun a white lichen's clutch of bloodied feathers,
the only music the mosquito's sleepless knife.

Paul, of course, hears that grunt as an homage to hauling big wood,

echoes it into a whoop, and the boom flattens
the Hollywood sign. *One final stunt!* Make a plow of that landmark;

turn over some Walk of Fame stars,
show this town some actual dirt, its heavy shine and—why not?—

drop some seedlings—Norway pines, shadow
oracles hyping a noir revival until the desert scorches them,

toothpicks for a giant whose absence thunders.

POOF

Not like Simpler Days
room deodorizer
with the promised *Excellent bloom and suspension time*,

all that face-to-face of friendship played,
sniffed back at, a such
minor part,
a little sting at the nostrils,

so much rolling
unspoken beneath *Come on over*,

a Sebadoh lighter dialed up to *singed eyelashes* and brushed
too close to those enticing knots of chance clumps

so that they never evolved into schools of art,
radical movements, only a dampness, a blanket
of mold swallowing the cat-pissed

loveseat—no one has a cat—

all those quirks emerged not yet
enough to throw
a furry shadow; not yet

anyone an actual drunk,
just a *partier*; our lying
merely exaggerating, cute;

true betrayals
still merely
stalled possibility,
and before us so many

wrong exits
to delight.

Acknowledgments

491 Magazine
Bayou Magazine
Slice Magazine
SP_CE (LOVEBOOK)
Toad: The Journal

The Future
Disco Grimoire
Lucifer at 40
Down with Lust
Adam at 40

Thanks to the *Ten Poems* crew: Patricia Murphy, Robert Krut, Sarah Pape, Elizabyth Hiscox, Alex Linden, Todd Robinson, and Brenda Sieczkowski. Thank you also to Nate Pritts and *H_NGM_N*. And to Jeff Sirkin, for being a brother in poetry.

About the Author

Pete Miller received his MFA from Arizona State University. His poems have appeared in *Superstition Review*, *Minus Times*, *H_NGM_N*, and *The Moth* (Ireland). He is co-editor of the on-line poetry journal *A Dozen Nothing*, and lives in Omaha, Nebraska with his wife and two daughters.

H _ NGM _ N