



[Home](#)

[Winter-Fall 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Autumn-Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

## Three Poems

*By Randy Taylor*

### Righteous

We used to paint the town black,  
Spin the wheels backwards  
Those days when school was here  
And work was there  
And we were snagged on a nail in-between,  
Hanging with the rust and mold—  
What is and will be.  
Pole dancing with the rusty cross—  
Wind and rotten breath our music,  
We taught the world how to dance.  
Pissing Wild Irish Rose on the temple by Tombigbee,  
To fill cracks in the brick and wash away the dust—  
We painted a new shade of red  
For Demopolis – the city of the people.  
But we always looked good.  
Freshening breath with Darvocet,  
Injecting enough peace in our veins  
To spread and pour like oil  
Around the Vine and Olive Colony.  
Throwing pizza to the dogs at Main and Cedar  
Turning and tossing a “fuck you”  
To Mary in her stained glass at St. Leo’s,  
Her cracked hands guiding the way  
To the nearest bar past the warped rail tracks.  
Near Black Warrior, we’d take communion—  
Seagram’s and a tablet of codeine—  
Pray and puke the chunks on gravel,  
Fall to our knees and bathe our faces  
And our sins were washed clean.  
In the city of the people.

### Under Foot

A brick with six round holes  
Crushed down to three  
On a bed of hustle bustle in the wind  
Soggy Pall Malls meet amidst the jagged edges  
And the cap of Seagram’s tips its hat  
Conversation of the street  
Big city gab on muddy water leaves  
Smoke and plastic wrap  
Snagged on the edge  
Crinkle and wrap around the scene  
Its vice grip on 1st and 31st  
A smog  
A haze too wrinkled to size up  
But all together  
Prattle aside an overturned bucket  
With a rusty handle  
Dripping bloody water dew to the curb  
Stockpiled under his porch

And he stands on it.

## Package

They tied a string through my dick,  
Taped it laterally  
With enough room at the corners  
For drops of blood to roll.  
Strapped down—  
A suitcase on the hood.  
Leaking Pyridium,  
Pissing blood and cranberry juice,  
Staining the floor  
Looking for lost treasure,  
Straining piss and playing in the water hose,  
Gravel and sand,  
Rocks and bits of gold  
Fell from my prick—  
What I used last Thursday  
In a twenty-year rolling scream  
Of human passion  
And a spray of rushing humanity  
Reduced to pleasures of  
A two-year-old,  
Fidgeting with a package  
That can't be untied.  
Rolling a tongue  
Over Jolly Ranchers,  
Instead of ripping sheets,  
Tossing pillows,  
And pissing never-ending rivers  
That flow without barriers...  
For now, I cry from above,  
As well as below.

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**Randy Taylor** is the director of Interdisciplinary Studies- Liberal Arts/ Education Specialist at Radford University in Radford, VA. His work has been published in *Pif Magazine*, *The Unroean*, *Convergence*, *Ascent Aspirations*, and *Floyd County Moonshine* among others. Taylor enjoys drawing inspiration from the surrounding foothills of the Appalachian Mountains and his well-established roots that run into the deep southeastern United States.

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