

When the Birds Landed: A Poem

By Peter E Bozic

And, he awoke, as in the fire surrounding him
That a burnt book and five women, had become
The only words of if not school and to study gym
That, his spouse, was now the news and his
House was not the red hat of a slum

But, not to sleep, and as in the years before,
And, of paper, that he had not love of the fire
That, surrounding him, had become not a river
What words now of those books and his five
Children, who and once, now became a sliver

Fire and what color of brimstone and, what
Men and women of hate, now in hats of gold
Became the music behind him and the years before
And, even to say and wise and gone and bold
That, the music now gone, had become the paper

Men and the News: A Poem

By Peter E Bozic

Of, past years, and what airman to see what sky
And, what woman to see, what fear and what man
To, now of Indians and cities and to have been of try

That only dancers and school became the can and
Do not, of life and his brimstone of purple

And, his life of not panic and not the word "No"
Hello, and even that of a ghost and before and usurp
That, off the past, and off the hours became a country

That two letters, became, that circle to awake in fire and that
"No" and before and life and what behind him, now to sing
And not speak aloud of between verse and assemble
Dance not of the telephone to have been of a ring

And, what wedding, to have been between colors and fear

The Rooms and the Children: A Poem

By Peter E Bozic

The man, with that ugly curly hair, and his breast
If not, that of a chicken and his body that a dog,
And how, he once spoke of life and even to format
That to spell, even ages of eighteen and twenty five,

That once the nurse, spoke of a log, and that a convent
Became, his place of birth and that a convent, became
His place of hope to find a child who and whom, once
Open and of a circle of water, and of a body of that

As, once, he spread his own legs and perhaps to shit
The children, of between if not easy and country

That, two nations, and one man became a podium
And, that fear, of that nurse, became his life and his dog
If, not star, and the men behind who and once of you

Now, could only call, him and a filthy and dirty fool

The Dubious Uncle and the Drunk Aunt: A Poem

By Peter E Bozic

When, the five hundred walked between the words
Like "Avenue" and "Street" and when the two hundred
Turned a corner and between that, if one man on
A bicycle and that the five hundred and two hundred
Now, to chant and sing of, not color and not belief

That, even the word "fire" and an essay and as in school
That the perhaps thousand and perhaps million
Of, what breath, had two years and faces blind to fools
And, color of memory, and color of time and color
Of self, that children as in alcohol and paper

Now, had only, the dull and old bottle and only
The dull and old, books that had been of hatred
And, not of school and learning and not of life
And, the "Avenue" and the "Street" and the gather
Of people and to chant and sing and panic not of

Perhaps only two more years as in to hide a face
And, to hide, a child between bottles and windows

The Stage and The World: A Poem

By Peter E Bozic

How many men, and how many cars, on a chest?

And, how many men, and how many bottles on the

Stomach of a nation and how many pockets and how many pants?

Now, that the crowd vanished and now, that the crowd gone

And, what performer and what child

To have been only five and only ten

And, how many women, and how many women on a bed?

And, how many schools on bed, and how many schools on a town?

What, now that the years before and gone and what between?

Not to speak of, right and left, and left and right

And, not to march and what the stupid church

Between the child and the years of ten and five