

W H A T  
I S  
W H O

by Biscuits Calhoun

SECTION III

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IMPOSTER SYNDROME

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*Lyric*

What is IP? Statue of six horses.  
Duck weeping in the sky.

*Ode*

Please love me like I love  
You like a cotton t-shirt  
On the American hillside.

*Sonnet*

Lemon garlic duck, so, guess mother is  
Allergic, but to which part? The sneezes  
Came, then the waiter. The Titanic hits  
The iceberg, certain people let out wheezes.

Their happy song as usual. Without  
A clue, the waiter walked by our mauve  
Table thirteen times until he found her bout  
Sneezing so hard, she fell over, out of

Her chair. Even her more humorous side  
Began to wilt, the swelling continued.  
He gifted her his handkerchief, white.  
Meanwhile, at the other end, I boo-hooed

Into my broth. Then the table fell, too,  
& the lemon garlic duck flew away, woo-hoo.

*Pastoral*

A former friend at the door.  
You hardly noticed her for like a hundred & six years.  
She stands confident & firm  
To help you regain control of your life.  
& behind her the tree, the only one  
Near not crooked, you hardly noticed it  
There for years of drought yet straight up  
It goes towards the green sky.

*Epigram*

The I continues sprawling across American poetry  
Like an ostrich  
Head planted in the sand.

*Visual Poetry*

child



balloon

*Nursery Rhyme*

That greedy liar.  
That sweetie pie-er.

He laughs his ass  
Off in the tall, tall grass.

*Sequence*

First, a baseball bat left in the museum.  
Then, a bicycle stolen.  
Next, a loaf of white bread gone stale.  
Soon, a cloud shaped like a trampoline.  
Immediately, it's sing-a-long time.  
Meanwhile, in the uncut grass, the addition of blood.  
Next, eerie music in the pink light.  
Later, silence.  
Later, a floating constellation of beer cans, sunk.  
Finally, two cheeseburgers, please.

*Aubade*

Thanks for letting me sleep on it.  
  
It is Thursday  
& that should be a flame.  
  
Grandpa called & asked  
If winter had any merit down here.  
  
We enjoy it very much  
Is what I told him.  
  
He is an awfully violet man.  
  
He & I are beyond our feud.  
Allies now in the morning.  
  
Toast time!

*Epistle*

Dear,  
You are the hum I hear.  
I had a really nice time with you in Brooklyn.  
I somehow found it relaxing.  
How's Bug, that darling?  
I washed my hands last night.  
A temporary agreement to not decay.  
An echo: an odd joy that starts in the mouth.  
Always a big boost to this stupid living.  
Now, I think.  
My leg is shaking, sorry.  
A cabbage does not become anxious.  
I am feeling unhinged from my own story.  
The sand dunes are made into bullet-proof glass, bags to halt the flooding.  
The joy to do this is unmistakable.  
Unmistakably, you are a wizard of the bagel.  
I am currently managing my ambition to explain everything.  
Which would you rather be: a cabbage or a melon?  
I find it fascinating that sandwiches exist.  
My sense of logic unravels.  
I hope it doesn't take another life to visit you.

*Dramatic Monologue*

It's true I couldn't decide  
Between the mint shake & the molten cake  
& I panicked.  
I panicked & detoured towards the sale  
Always unraveling in the old barn on the old county road  
Across from the old schoolhouse.  
The barn is blue & I bought a wood stove.

*Prose Poem*

Uncle Ron lived for so long he got a tattoo where his mustache once sat.  
*Growing old is not for sissies* is what the tattoo said, a banner scratched into  
an old oak tree. But don't make too much of it. Uncle Ron warns us Uncle Ron  
is too old for conspiracy theories & gab. That's why Uncle Ron sold his vinegar  
company to the British, then moved to Bastrop, Texas. Uncle Ron has since  
outlived two forest fires & a flood, several instances of scorpion bites. Uncle  
Ron now teaches classes for the furious. On the board, he starts each class.  
Anger is for scissors, which he goes on to explain. Though Uncle Ron never  
explains why he says error instead of area.

*Ars Poetica*

My lineage as the words my father shouted  
When the hook went in his thumb, but not  
The ones when it yanked back out with a flip of my small wrist.

*Epithalamion*

A horse &  
A toaster &  
A rich old white man in a Ferrari &  
A hint of fog &  
An array of forks.  
Various things you can  
Receive today &  
Various things you can  
Throw yourself in front of.  
With varying results.  
There is the tiny sliver  
Of light from the hallway  
Beyond where the teens smoke pot  
Till the bar quits carding.  
This is your last chance  
To escape up to the mountains  
To bake biscuits &  
Sing songs down to the ocean.  
Your one goal from now  
On is to not kiss  
Anyone else forever.  
Good luck!

*Concrete*

esc(ape)

esc( )ape

*Epic*

The beginning is an abandoned turtle shell at the edge of the property line.  
The ending is the same.

*Ekphrasis*

A person who is clearly a person  
Sitting in a chair that is clearly a chair  
In front of a mountain that is clearly a mountain.

*Elegy*

Another man on his way  
To ask my mother

To marry him & then  
He died. A truck driver

Half-asleep vanished him  
& thus the world got me.

