



Bluebonnets, Firewheels, and Brown-eyed Susans, or, Poems New and Used From the Bandera Rag and Bone Shop

David Lee

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Yes, poetry is pure feeling, the source of all beauty, a portal to hidden truths. Poetry is also drop-dead funny, and David Lee, side-splitter extraordinaire, is, in this sense, a serial killer. Utah's first Poet Laureate in 1997, PhD, army veteran, and author of more than twenty poetry collections, Lee recently retired as chairman of the Department of Language and Literature at Southern Utah University.

Where I'm From

Where I'm from you served the overstayed preacher boiled
okra

And sat him in a chair by a table post so he couldn't cross
his legs

Where I'm from somebody at the breakfast table always
wanted a half fried still alive
sunny side up egg and poured ketchup on, beat up the yolk
and ate it with a spoon

Where I'm from at church parties they always brought baked
ham
With pineapple slices atop the kids weren't allowed to eat

Where I'm from the old people poured their coffee into
saucers and slurped
And the kids were told slurping their food is goddam bad
manners

Where I'm from saying goddam out loud in public was never
done
Except by those who do, and more than admit they say, do

MATT SUTHERLAND (March/April 2017)

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