

Poems
by
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American Sonnet #1

for my language this nostalgia
meaning no one has lost count

but the jury in a shoulder harness,
in the darkness of three suits

our parents driven from this house,
the promises The Shining echo

before speeches on a distant station
the clatter of a copter's blades

the riot let burn that witness leaving
every single wall our children

cartwheel into sequined sundials.
Mythologies of ceaseless roaches:

the wealthy gazing down like vul-
tures guarding a shrine of bread.

American Sonnet on a Cardboard Fruit Box

Campesina this box is labeled, a for moving box
of bananas box, pineapples, mangoes
box of Argentina, El Salvador, box
of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Brazil, a box
of Brazil, Ecuadorian box, Peter's Groceries box
of Paraguay box, Uruguayan Chili box, Neruda
box like Joseph Cornell's boxes of
lost things, found things: fingers, hands, limbs,
nails, necks, a box for moving
books, Campesina box, a box for
revolutions box, solutions box, evolutions a box

to store a biography of Ché, a box of Coup de Tete
for leaving nada ninguno but the dead, an empty box
stamped
peasant, woman, worker, a box to fill Gringo: a box
for
you.

Triolet of the Working Poor

The dying drink without a tune.
Others nod their heads. Some scream.
My brother lit a match beneath a spoon.
The dying drink without a tune.
And my father -- shook down by his gloom?
Nothing more or less. No screams.
The dying drink without a tune.
Others nod their heads. Some dream.