

The Complete

P
ost
erson
oems

Mark Young

A Sampler

Today the post-
woman brought
me a room to put
the elephant in.

Today the
postman brought
me John Cage's
X, writings
'79-'82. I went
to sign my
name. "Already
done," he said. "Seen
one **X**, seen them
all." I watched
the postman until
he went around
the corner. Took
him four minutes
& thirty-three
seconds. I stood
silent. He kept
whistling.

Today the
postman brought
me the packet of
instant water
I'd sent away
for four weeks
ago. Nothing
in it except
a two line
instruction.
Just add
water. Stir.

Today the
postman brought
me a book on
fundament-
alism. It was
full of assholes,
of all religions.

Today the
postman brought
me the mummified
remains of
André Breton. "You
must have been a
beautiful baby" I
sang as I un-
wrapped them
"cause baby take
a look at you
now." Such an
exquisite corpse.
"When you were
only starting to
go to kindergarten
I bet you drove the
little boys wild."

Today the
postman brought
me a letter
addressed to
the person who
lived here be
fore me. We
share the same
name. I don't
recognize it.

Today the
postman brought
an elephant. I
have no idea
what to do
with it. There
was no instruction
manual included.

Today the
postman brought
me the third
issue of the
series *Patterns
of War*. This is
the one I
have been waiting
for. It shows me
how to knit
a hand-held
missile launcher.

Today the
postman brought
me a 12" black
disk with a
hole in the
middle. Is
this a record?

Today the
postman brought
me the news
that George
Washington
had died from
hypothermia
whilst attempting
a night time
crossing of
the Delaware.

Today the
postman brought
me sixteen
Roman Catholic
priests. I'm going
to have to post-
pone services. I need
another five for
a critical mass.

Today the
postman brought
me a delegation
of NeoCon-
servatives. Be
careful with them,
he said, they tend
to drift. The last
lot I delivered
moved so far to
the right they
fell off the
edge of the Earth.

Today the
postman brought
me the can
of worms
I'd always
wanted to open.

Today the
postman brought
me the fifteen
nanoseconds
of fame allotted
me under the
latest Free
Trade agree-
ment. I
blinked &
missed it.

Today the
postman brought
me a concrete
poem. Just two

quatrains: but
still needed
both of us to
carry it inside.

Today the
postman brought
me a military
parade down
Pennsylvania
Avenue. I was
so disappointed
*Where are the
submarines?* I
shouted out. *You
promised you'd
drain the swamp
so I'd be able
to see the submarines
that were lying
on the bottom.*

Today the post-
woman brought
me a creative
urge. I've sent
it out into the
kitchen to get
dinner ready.

Today the post-
woman brought
me one of those
so-called smart
bombs. Don't
know why they
call them that. I
asked this one a
couple of simple
questions & it
couldn't answer
either of them.

Today the post-
woman brought
me a conundrum.
I don't know
what to
make of it.

Today the post-
woman brought
me her pandemic
polemic. Stood
1.5 meters away
to argue that

much of the
population was
so confused &
troubled by the
many conflicting
opinions being
bandied around

that a polemic
pandemic would
inevitably break out
& consume the planet
given the eminently
suitable conditions for
exponential growth.

Today the post-
woman brought
me a punching
bag in the like-
ness of Donald
Trump. I'm

thinking about
sending it back.

$a + b - a = b$ —

I've done the
math. If you
knock the shit

out of a shithead
you're left with
just the head. &
who wants to
be left with a
head like that?