

Excerpt from *Weed Apologue*.

This poem was previously published in Berkeley Poetry Review, Issue 45 and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

I

No. No.—**Slender Mouse-Ear Cress**: “This new **initiative, strategically speaking**, is in every re-spectacle a **half-breed**, a **castigation** of the **invasive alien**, and is **conducting critical field** investigations of those who **won’t fess up, grazers** from all **over the words**.”

In the storm the victim steppe/d off  
the colluvial slope of the curb,  
“Prostitution Activity Hotspot.”  
Later she got sprung. No, no:  
Then she was spotting.

“I wish to say we had love and sex  
after spotting the weed pur/chased  
by you. *I’m gonna slit another one  
you dirty cun/tries*,” and the grassland  
was desiccated.  
— Glasses, hoodie. Early 20s, Man.

[grabbed and dragged her onto construction site]

My other said:  
unfortunately, beautiful Alberta  
embodies new paths of trauma  
I diss/solve into rock.

Alberta ended her.  
This is what’s been penned:  
the grazers were borrowing.  
You've got to stand/under this:  
*90% of the visible sex trade Aboriginal youth.*  
“The whores still stand me up,”  
he gets off.

The Report-a-John lacks: how  
in hairy pods did you erect your  
stalk with whores that are  
*still standing?*

Bring me the rapists’ deeds,

my other whispered.

In the sex work of Marginality  
your weed apologue looms

wins a significant overrestitution, and  
sprouts so wide/common, that,

with ill/lust/rations:

No. No.—**Small Flowered Sand Verbena:** “THE MOST  
OVERGRAZED OF ALL VERBENAS. **Environment** includes  
**coarser regions**. They have had **many oppressions** from **key**  
**contributing grazers extirpating** as **weed this varmint.**”

*Please, leave,  
Bromus/ical abuse;  
the more you mistreat,  
the less you see sand dunes.*  
(My other marked the 2<sup>nd</sup> body  
with peach-coloured thin-wings, stained  
by prominent veins.)

The next victim managed to escap-  
(for) -ade after Man. had left, ranching  
groceries and ice.

The Port-a-John wafts: Just/ice  
smells very bad, like dead bodies.  
Weed them out and see wheat grounds.

Her fat lip didn't waft. It was populated  
by a gas plant, compression station and  
discouragement of greatness and rainfall.

the hoe place: Any 17-42-year-old fixed forth to Be(d)ridden.

the hoe place: The rest of what's left of the Heist in Alberta,  
at the corrections facility road  
and the military fort.

No Truth  
to this Recon/quest.  
Only the ice.  
Only the laugh.  
Only the very bad waft.

The hoe's place:  
an arable resource.

*How do you grow a john?*

Tell it Phony, "Pretty Please?"  
A Garish Jest Caress  
Early Nightcap, No One Calls  
Perforate Lobe, One Yawn  
Hubba Squashed  
Too Early Tit/for/Tatters

This is what's been penned—all by promoting steak/holders. This is an act—the Word Users were impotent. The *Sin-Sin Nipple-Chaser* had *ordered the kill* until further Not/Ice. It was Icing. Hwy. 63 was barely p/assable. The who(l)e per/sons were till sanding. Bring me the *Hot-Ass*, the 4 Men. whistled.

The rapists' deeds, my other  
corrected.

Read the rest of the chapbook [by contacting Sarah-Jean for a copy.](#)