



11-15-2001

Knucklehead Anthem #69: Truisms

Jarret Keene

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Keene, Jarret (2001) "Knucklehead Anthem #69: Truisms," *Westview*: Vol. 21 : Iss. 1 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol21/iss1/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Knucklehead Anthem #69: Truisms

by Jarret Keene

I. True Romance

My mistress eyed my nine-year-old son, nude
on the internet, for a dollar bill.
So much for a romantic interlude.
But who can resist taboo-breaking thrills?
Here, where nothing remains confidential,
the terrain is marked with subtle alarms.
Don't trust appearances; superficial
regard masks a face that will do you harm:
The mature babysitter slips your tyke
drugs. The trusted chiropractor stretches
your vertebrae until they pinch like spikes.
Devoted husband? He's a deranged leech.
Sit down at the table, enjoy the feast.
Pick through secret terrors that need release.

II. True Crime

The assassin is a reader of books,
crude and select; unlike other gunmen
he shows a literary acumen.

The quiet wiretapper has deadly looks
and a love of the use of brute force.
She granted her ex a shotgun divorce.

The impostor is an uncertain soul:
He always dons a convincing guise,
yet knows not himself. Just look at his eyes.

The writer drills each thug an inner hole.
Why must characters bare trademark quirks?
Distract from the fact: the plot doesn't work.

III. (The Ballad of) True Confessions

Forgive me, reader, for I have sinned.
I loved someone who sought to do me in.

