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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.

