Immortal Bliss

Brian Kovich

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The Humidity
By David Thomas

It was last summer, seated in the lounge of The Surf Motel. Afternoon sun streamed
Through the blinds, fading the wallpaper.
The humidity had turned the world into
A dish rag. I told the bartender I was
An angel fallen on hard times.
I went on to explain how I had been told
Here was a gentle people;
Their fields were well tended,
Their lives were assumed names,
And their gods a lively bunch.
Reportedly nobody slept with everyone,
And everyone had a family and a job.
The bartender poured me out another double,
And asked if I wasn't a bit early.

Immortal Bliss
By Brian Kovich

What is the poet
But one who clouds lies
A painter of pictures
On words he relies
The face of the things
Not entirely true
Total lack of commitment
A pauper on cue
Naked in the winter
He's clothed in the sun
Foregoing all fortune
The journey's begun
Left only to ponder
The words and rhyme
As soon as he dies
To live on for all time