

ELK DRUG
by Mike Prim

thinking I can purchase love
with my pennies
I decide on bubble gum
which I share with you
and discover this treat
second only to your presence

you blow a bubble
out of lips I will kiss
years later
it pops we laugh
for now
the bubble is important

THE OTIS HOTEL

by Mike Prim

weathered places on the ceiling
small bedroom where I lie
paint there cracked and peeling
is my only sky
first to bend a blade of grass
wishing that were me
time here is hard to pass
as I question why
always followed the trodden path
afraid to be on my own
feeling empty in my wrath
tears I start to cry
headed now where others have gone
yet a place unknown
feeling like a lonely pawn
I am ready to die