

JAMIE BRADLEY

SONNET XVIII, XXX, XL, XLI

On the green boy goes
You are all loving a ghost
Lying down syntactical as apples recalled
Answering: "Deteriorating," you said.
One red finger dips the white
Drip of love; white arrow, this
Hungry dead doctor, dream of love;
Jealousy alone can tend ten blue men
To send plum moans. Not me.
I like to beat people up.
Keats was a baiter of bears.
Paranoid: and of Martin Cochran, dead.

OCCUPATION: RICHARD BRAUTIGAN, OR THE GOD OF THE MARTIANS

why am I always
Richard Brautigan
in this opera?

your integrity keeps
getting in the way
of a fine impression
of me &

anyway, what you
call authentic does
not preclude that
I sleep with her

you're just as happy
as me when you fall
asleep and no

firm and falling
green haiku is
going to save that

Jamie Bradley is an instructor and doctoral candidate in English at the University of Ottawa. His work has appeared in periodicals such as the *Bywords Quarterly Journal*, *In/Words*, *Variations* and *The Moose and Pussy*, and in the collaborative chapbooks *Dalhousie Blues* (Ex-Hubris 2009) and *The Vizi Cue-Cue Reader* (Canteen 2009). His first solo chapbook *Compositions* appeared in 2008 from Angel House Press.