



e and there, an old sailor,
d asleep in his boots,
igers
ather.

– Wallace Stevens



MINNESOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
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RED WEATHER 2016

THIRTY-FIVE



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Poetry | Prose | Visual Art

The Spaz Brat of Fucktown

aka Kids are Assholes, aka Real Recognize Real

Nicholas Boushee

you are a kid
babysitting
a kid
in the apt next door
but you don't do much sitting
since
the spaz brat of fucktown
is always in the tub
reigning supreme
singing
his national anthem of fuck all
in his lunatic language
throwing
what sounds like an arsenal
of cheap plastic toys
against thin wet walls
I knock on my side of his box
that is failing to contain
his insanity
and mine
He says "who is it?"
I smirk, thinking of the Hedberg bit
"I cannot open the wall!"
His ballad of ballistics continues.
Rather than murder
I write this
saving the coup of fucktown
& the dethroning of spaz brat
for another Monday

Winter Meal

Nicholas Boushee

This is for the brave ones
Who put every ounce into a singular dream
A singular vision
Who not only put all their eggs in one basket
But cracked 'em all in a pan
Sizzled and fried 'em
Brought alive a golden omelet
Shared it
Offered up some nourishment
To humanity
Or at least those paying attention
Thank you.
I wouldn't have survived the winters without you.