

Two Poems

Casey Fuller

MEGADETH

I just want to see it
in all its 12pt glory
bolded as the title
for everybody to see
the way I remember it
big M and big H
arching across a jewel case
covering the chrome
of a digital plastic circle
we used to call a cd
in all its dorkiness
the way I remember it
the cover art as a cartoon
of a badass scene
for a bored boy depicting
a shell of a bombed city
the air red with pollution

with a skeleton in a suit
leaning on a for sale sign
that looks like a gravestone
the way I remember it
hovering in my harmless
low grade nostalgia
in a world that would never
turn out that way.

The Way My Father Slept

He would sometimes fall asleep snoring
in front of the TV playing Solitaire
or below the bathroom sink next to
our thin ratty towels while wrenching
on some rusty pipe or under the trailer's
crawlspace in the dark. I knew how
to find him. I'd trace an orange or
yellow cord from the single outlet
in the shed following it to the big oval
cast by his shop light. Sometimes I thought
he'd left for good. Sometimes I thought
he'd died. Then I would nudge his shoulder
and tell him *hey I think it's time to go to bed*.
Not so he would sleep more soundly,
not to save him from soreness in the neck.
I wanted him to wake in a familiar room
with a window framing the woods,
with his work boots in his closet beside
his t-shirts and blue jeans and baseball hats.
I didn't want him to have to place himself
in a world he could no longer recognize,
so that his first sense was a struggle against
feeling lost, a fog that I knew would
carry him through the day.

When asked for a list of things he likes by his secret santa, **Casey Fuller** compiled this list: coffee, vintage Italian bike frames, and the night. He continues walking down his English PhD candidacy at UND like a veteran prizefighter, lumbering forward, chopping at the body.