Honorable mention: Mat Caceres

The Biography in the Colophon

Certainly there were no octopuses
To speak of but you tried anyway:
Tried explaining the meaning of water,
Tried explaining the meaning of certain sofas

But the witch doesn’t carry cufflinks
And she won’t be home for dinner;
She’ll be a herd of ghosts,
Something of which has no scientific name.

Finally, the trains were exhausted.
They waltzed. They made love.
Here, they’ve arrived and now
Their favorite month is grazing.

Everything is reflecting off one another.
The quartet was killed
And the detectives are making jokes.
Those jokes, the jokes that prompted the digging of fossils.

The cannibals jog off their dinner
And complain the cigarettes are too short.
The sermons are all in re-runs,
Unoriginal as the borders of each country.