

Country Club

Andy McGuire



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POOL

I'm too tired to care today.
It costs too much to care what you say.
I love you too much to care anyway.
I write *I love you too much to care* on my resumé.
I hear they're hiring masseuses at the New York City Ballet.
I left my car with the man from Bombay
They pay

To play
The man from Bombay
Who bobbles through the dossier
Of things George Washington would have him say.
Beautivul day.
Right away.
Selective hearing will forever outweigh

The fact that the past is here to stay.
Throw a stone and you get three cheers for the NRA.
Everyone under the sun is killing a power play.
A wedding is underway.
They vow each word like vertebrae.
The bride has died and gone to heaven, and I catch the bouquet.
It must be my birthday.

Eat, pray
And stay the fuck away
From my cabana. I wave the waiter over and order an El Presidente
Then brush him off, *Ándale!*
Carry on with your *beaux idées*,
At sunrise the horse's mouth hits the hay.
Eat, pray

And delete your browsing history. Whatever you think you saw is hearsay.
I care in a cowboy-wrangling-a-stray
Kind of way.
I throw what I say
An exclusive soiree
And pull out my impression of JFK
In which I lay

Low, having a bad hair day,
Bleeding, all blasé.
Not bleeding per se –
Bleeding is not my forte,
Comprende?
Rome was built on a day like today.
Namaste.

HAPPY HOUR

Clementines are sweeter going ninety,
Flip-booking by, pink flamingos,
Christmas south of the Mason–Dixon,
Alabama synonymous with *awesome*,
Signs jonesing for Jesus
Upping the ante as our avatar nosedives
Latitude lines on the GPS,
Caught on a wave of leaving.
Ontario will never have Florida oranges
And blues. We winter with impunity
In the womb of the Coupon State,
Where one can spend a lifetime trying to say
Something dazzling about the Gulf,
Hailing daily incompletions like an eagle
Dropping dry hearts on the one-yard line.

BLACK BOX

Black blood spots a field of snow.
I race to write this down,
Black blood spotting
The snow as I go.

Call and I come
Bounding back with a rabbit.
I can't help myself.
Submission is such an embarrassing habit.

Already dead in dog years,
I call and the future comes faster
Than a flock of fallen ducks.
Slavishly licking the wound of hunger,

Offal and all,
I suck the bones of Best in Show.
The connection I sense
Between bladder and plough

Is enough to tell
The tail between my legs is yours.
Call and I come
Like a mutt depositing yellow.

Where he goes, I go.
The snow is all but drinkable.
I am down on all fours
To do the unthinkable.

DOLPHIN

The air wears the scent
Of coconut and sautéing skin.
I skim the deep end
On a blow-up dolphin.

A bikini speaks to me,
My imagination takes a vacation.
I look and then I look some more.
Looking is the local currency,

Looking is what bikinis are for.
She reaches for lotion.
My dolphin squirms
At all the commotion.

The money shot is coming.
The money shot shouts, *Coming!*
The money shot shot the sheriff
Over tanning tariffs.

The rich get richer and so they should.
My money is good
As gone with a taste for top-notch.
A waitress watches me watch.

CANADIAN WATER

A centrefold impaled on a birch branch
Is where freewheeling moose
And the painter and his canoe collide
With subpar ollies, summer day jobs
And the bones of bush parties,

When every channel still has a helicopter
And the lost mothers of department stores
Desperately comb through thickets of clothes.
Every tree in the country has a painting to its name.
Graffiti goes against the grain.

Left of *Slayer*, below *fuck love* and *Brian is a homo*,
A Sharpie heart frames a pair of initials
Long after the backseat of the beater of their bloom.
A familiar face I almost met too many times to remember
Hauled all of the picnic tables into the trees.

I love this place enough to deface
With a lavender portrait of her,
Acrylic crows overseeing the landing
Where I disembark
And lick the icing off Tom Thomsons,

Splinters turning to branches bearing fruit in the shape of my face.
Here comes the hot pink dawn rising over the horses
Of a drunk, a sasquatch, an amateur arsonist,
As the dream drips on,
Breathing down the neck of the archivist.

MINOR KINGDOMS

Drifting with my Daisy
One lazy afternoon,
The world was a fall fair
Where you shoot balloons.
I took aim.
The bird epilepsied from the rafters,
Left eye socket usurped
By a silver pellet.
To see it suffer was not
What I was after.
It was embarrassing.
I cocked and shot
Until my Daisy shook.
I lost count of the shots it took.