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Inside Back Cover: Poetry by John Bonnani

John Bonnani

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The rain gutter deserves a better cleaning

John Bonanni

At night my corduroy shorts take the window frame with them, a sweep of gray across one leg. To sit & smoke on roof slats, to watch the tea billow from the curve of the tin can. Here, the bird had a way of whistling less invasively.

It’s time for dinner.

A friend taught me this. You can use almost anything—a cigarette, a Pepsi, an apple.

Down the aluminum stairs to hear magnified a rattle of glass like plates beneath a lawnmower.

Whose turn is it to say grace?

I never did learn the twist of spaghetti in the cup of a spoon.

To shovel was so much easier.

John Bonanni is enrolled in the graduate program in Special Education and serves as editor of the Cape Cod Poetry Review.