

The Berenstain Bears Go to Church

By Jack Morgan

*The black hoodie is everyone's
favorite thing to wear
anywhere near the hood.*

*Everywhere you go
N' Da Hood, you see peeps
wearing black hoodies*

*No one can tell who you are;
you one slippry fish.
Could be a killer for all we know.*

*Cats have killed dogs.
Caribou have killed lions.
Fish have killed bears.*

*The Berenstain Bears
move to the suburbs
where no one's died
in, like, forever.*

*The Berenstain Bears
forget to feed
The Berenstain Bears' goldfish dies.
They bury him
beneath an apple tree
so they can eat him up
forever.*

*The Berenstain Bears forget
to wash their hands.
The Berenstain Bears catch
Hep. B.
The Berenstain Bears die.*

*The Berenstain Bears
loved apples.*

*I got her number;
how you like them
apples?*

*I find them delicious.
I can't feel my legs.*

*The Boyz N' Da Hood
are always hard
like mathematics, bitch.*

*Seagull is much better for you
than Turkey,
but you have to eat
bout four of em.*

The Berenstain Bears
forgot their manners;
The Boyz N' Da Hood
pulled their card.
They were tryin' hard
to be legit;
now they sleep with the fishes.

*Your boy called me
from Applebees,
and I thought of sweating
turkeys in the breeze
he said I'd never die.*

*Turkey legs in Disney summer
in tinfoil in the breeze;
a tiny piece o tin foil in the breeze,
completing circuits
twixt you cavities.
I believed him.*

I told him it was all good.

*We went lake skipping
in a float plane
from Unalaska
to Timbuktu
all by the seats of our
wooden binnacles
to see bears catching
lake trout in their natural
hood; they were some hard
mother fuckers.*

O dear can't bear it.

Winter's tale and all

the bare emotion.

I cover it up, as is my wont,

with a black hood.

There are apples rotting

in my paltry pockets.

Forest snow

hushes robins

bears sleep silent

like dreaming black fishes.