

Ivan Jenson

Men's Club

nothing worse  
than a dive  
without a dame  
just  
cigars  
in ash trays  
scowling  
mugs drinking  
mugs of beer  
the grunt of football  
on the flat screen  
and not  
even a busty  
waitress  
in sight  
a slow fan  
twirls above  
someone  
swats a  
fly off their  
shoulder  
brooding  
five o'clock shadows  
and  
the scent of  
liquor the closest  
thing to perfume  
in the air  
no not a single  
set of

heels  
clip clop  
into the joint  
you could  
cut the lack  
of tension  
between  
the sexes  
with  
a knife  
women  
maybe  
you can't live  
with em'  
but it's  
a shame  
to drink  
without em'

## Colorful advice

when  
you walk  
on a blue  
brick road  
because  
you are in  
that  
moody  
red zone  
filled with  
a sinking  
pink feeling  
then grab  
green  
energy  
and  
soak  
up as much  
yellow from  
the sun  
as you can  
and  
try not  
to stand  
under  
raining gray  
and then grab  
white chalk  
and draw  
a simple smile  
on midnight's  
blackboard

Cry over it

spilled  
silk  
that is  
what lost  
love is  
like when  
someone  
becomes  
the rotten  
apple  
of your  
eye  
like when  
those  
sweet  
things  
that were  
said  
cause  
truth decay  
and when  
the baby talk  
grows up  
and says  
“We’ve got  
to talk.”  
well then  
you’ve got  
dried flowers  
on your hands  
and your wine stained  
sheets  
are ready  
for Mr. Clean