

Photographs Are So Last Year

By Tyler Brumbaugh

Third Place Winner, Poetry

Two worlds,
Mine was here first.
A cartoon sky,
Silly drawn clouds bleeding black ink,
Weeping pastel paint.
Running down its canvas,
Spilling into ours.

Converting all it spills onto.
Mountains now satirical mounds of brown with tilted faces,
One eye bigger than the other,
Singing a crazed melody as more
Ink floods into the city.

Time to leave
Foot on the gas pedal
Away, moving at 68 mph.
The sun is bobbing up and down,
Smiling down at me,
Giving a wink.

70 mph
I pass a bus stop where an Indian sits.
Color fills and geometric lines construct him.
A headdress wearing native is born.
Climbing the park bench,
He flings his arms towards his artist,
And spins round and round madly.
A rain dance.

80 mph

Almost out of the city.

This town has lost itself.

Buildings are wailing like sirens as I pass.

The flood pursues me.

90 mph

That toon carnival sways side to side

In my rear view mirror.

The bordering desert seas

That trap this highway road,

Cough up globs of dye.

Ghostly Aeons take the form of dust clouds blowing in the wind.

Enveloping me, each particle screams randomly.

la la la la
la do t nah do nah t do la
la ha ha do o nah o do cha la
la here to take o U o away cha la
la w w la
la la la la

110 mph

It starts to rain.

Ink everywhere.

Splashing my hood,

Seeping through the door jams,

Misting through my air vents.

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!

Touching my lips.

Mouth forcibly cracking a smile.

125 mph

Cartoon fingernails singing,

Human hands trembling,

Turn toward a cliff.
I will not live at your pace!
Car dives, falls, and explodes.