If This Is a Story,  
How Come There’s No Plot?  
by George Ella Lyon

There’s blue under  
that rumpled gray sky  
somewhere.

*  
I have seven questions.  
Here are the first twelve.

*  
I don’t know any better.

*  
Never mind.  
All the men  
in his family  
are like that.

*  
His mother tried  
to smuggle him  
drugs in jail.  
“He’s my baby,”  
she said.

*  
Bless you.  
And bless whoever  
has to put up with you.

*  
She came  
like a house afire.

*  
Died before they were born  
both of them.

*  
You don’t keep your treasure  
under the toilet lid  
do you?

*  
The reason I cry  
all the time is  
my kidneys is too close  
to my eyes.
If she’s a martyr
she climbed up on the cross herself.

They’re fighting over the key
to a house that’s all rubble.

In the third place
I am flat-out allergic
to you.

It was the last thing
I wanted
but it was wrapped up so pretty.

A fish don’t know
how big the ocean is.

He only wrote one poem,
thank God.

I’d as soon sky-dive
as go down that street.

I had a double major:
shit and miracles.

If you need anything—
day or night—
call somebody else.

I’ve had a ton of BEFORE.
It’s AFTER I’m after.

What do you mean
how did we get here?
YOU drove.

We kept our old car
in tip-top shape.
It was the road give out.
* Ask me no secrets. I’ll tell you I’m wise.

* I loved the part in the dream where the baby ate California.

* Fiction—real or not real?

* If I could walk into that little tract house right now and find them all about to eat dinner I would say a blessing that would burn their ears off.

* If you don’t want more pain, don’t breathe.

* You mean I was supposed to be happy HERE?

* That’s the first penis I’ve seen in ten years.

* I feel like the Ark right after everybody got off.

* Pass the poison and tell that one again.

* Turned out he was NOT Calhoun’s long-lost brother after all.

* Holes up is what she does. It’s the Irish in her.
I’ve had about enough of you.

He didn’t know which end of the match to strike.

This is where I get off, boys.

You’re about the most useless woman I’ve ever seen.

Yeah, well, ask God.

Zip it up before I cut your balls off.

Strangled her with the clothesline, he did.

I apologize for all the elements taken up to make the molecules that enable me to be so sorry.

Come here. I just want to love on you.

After one bite I put the fork down. I could think of better ways to die.

Who made you a guest of the world?

As soon as I finish this dream I’m coming home.