

drippingly gone,  
like painless blood, like  
placebo, like popping Tictacs.  
It feels, with the wrong  
combination, like  
wasted grain in dogless  
winter months.

*For The Boy Eating Jolly Ranchers*

they're great—they're free

and full of sweet  
mainlining memory  
these sugarbones

when a world's inside  
a small hard smell  
the tongue becomes  
a galaxy and

you're planetgazing

how to believe the taste  
isn't real?

you had one  
—watermelon—  
when your mother collapsed  
inward like a star  
too big for its own  
fireeating fire

you had one waiting  
in the hospital with Baby  
like you're having one  
now but

don't you know  
there's no fruit  
on this rock or on  
any other spiraling tongue  
that can match

the plasma in  
your mouth?

the flavor feels right  
because you remember

but there is nothing

in any world

to match it

## JOSE HERNANDEZ DIAZ

### *Just Another Murder*

I saw Dave Douglas the trumpeter at a Dunkin Donuts in Boston  
and said, *Hey*. He said, *Go fuck yourself*. I told him to watch his mouth.  
We started fighting. He swung first, wildly. Then I swung, wildly.

We composed ourselves. Realizing wrestling is my strength,  
I tackled him to the floor. Douglas elbowed me in the ribs.  
I coughed up blood. He elbowed me again. More blood.

I was hurt, but I wasn't out. Still on top of him, I punched him  
on the side of the head. Someone on the street shouted  
we were fighting dirty. I got off him. "Let's call a truce,"

I said. "Amen to that," he said. "Amen."

\*Title of the poem is taken from the song 'Just Another Murder' by Dave Douglas, from the album *Keystone*.