

**BRANDON BROWN**

*For My Future Children*

Just “kidding” I’m  
way too fucking  
psycho to try and  
raise children I’d offer  
to write a poem for  
yours if that didn’t  
also make me sound  
a little psycho or shade  
my psychosis towards  
creepiness but what  
would I tell them?  
is it going to help to  
give distended time  
capsule supposedly  
showing my deepest  
and most precious  
feelings as ossified  
artifact so they can  
populate a fantasy  
of their natality  
with myth, idk  
where would I start?

I guess with today  
I woke up the sky  
was dark I had a  
battered feeling in  
my chest I went to  
work—do you all still  
have that?—I listened

to a rich Canadian  
poet bewail his wealth  
and talent splendidly  
three different times  
I smelled popcorn  
popcorn was a snack  
made by steaming the  
seeds of elliptical  
vegetable matter  
grown in the musky  
dirt of a place we  
used to call Iowa  
back when we spoke  
so that was a “day”  
I worked, fidgeted,  
pissed and shit, smelled  
popcorn, obeyed  
the imperatives of  
finance and hated  
it, sort of limped to  
the train, wrote this  
poem for you.

I love you, you know, if you  
can “love” the fantasy  
embodiments of exuberant  
pessimism which  
governs every moment  
of the present Hi  
kids. I have seen  
208 episodes of  
*How I Met Your Mother*  
an artwork made  
in relentless praise  
of five psychos  
orchestrating havoc

on the endlessly  
substitutably gentry  
of upper Manhattan  
especially the women  
I hated the show and  
all of its characters  
felt nothing when they  
married had kids even  
when they died  
my friends were mostly  
psychos too but we  
were sort of interesting  
you can read about  
us on whatever trans-  
galactic disembodied  
wiki you access when  
you thirst to know  
something we did  
the best we could  
some of us  
against the total  
genocide everybody here  
ends up on one side  
or the other of  
what do they call aunts  
and uncles in the  
voiceless post-post  
post-post-post Emoji  
code you all use to  
communicate? We were  
an unrepentant non-  
nuclear family of psychos  
it was good times  
kind of

kind of  
nice like parsnip ice  
cream is nice on a hot  
solar vortex far away  
from the atolls that make  
up the Maldives which  
were a series of coral  
reef islands where drugs  
were illegal but half  
the youth were addicts  
bet you wish you  
could have seen  
them sorry kids  
I mean I am like  
really sorry I wrote  
this as a suicide  
note in the first  
person plural  
letter with no stamp  
it comes to you  
fresh from a spot  
underneath my pants  
so warm like waffle  
cone warm you know  
what I mean? Waffle  
cones were fried  
convex sugar toasts  
you'd like them  
they were very bad  
for us. O are you  
mad now you little  
fuckers well we  
loved sugar  
and condensation  
and Max Martin  
and we hated the

obsequy we were  
forced to perform and  
couldn't overthrow  
unless maybe by  
the time you read  
this we did? I dunno  
you tell me