

# ARTFUL POETRY CONTEST



## Why Are You On My Trail?

By Poet t.l sanders

Dear Neighbor,

Do you notice that when we are on our neighborhood trail our neighborhood badges badger me with questions?  
Agitating the adage: "They don't belong here."  
Agitated, I dodge the volunteer brigadier who would not hear my, "I belong" song sang like the Broadway "Rent"  
I paid to walk along the walkway under six feet away from my freshly paved, blacktop driveway.

Dear Neighbor,

Do you notice how the badge-less beard Benjamin 'Benny' Coffin number III Barricades me,  
your neighbor—an affront in front of my own garage?  
Neighbor, tell them you noticed the berating barrage of expletives; tell them how I exited  
this bloody mess triggered a loud love for the hate his soul was holding exploded my skull  
knees buckled; he's belting bare knuckled bullets through my brain though my body barely breathes

Neighbor, tell them you see the fire-arm of his luger Heimlich maneuver  
my chest pressed and soaked, throat choked by Beretta smoke laced with bitter Skittles' taste  
the rainbow of inalienable rights like Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness denied  
sentenced to death for attempted comply

Dear neighbor,

at least, please, capture this chapter; let your camera phone answer the questions to leave a message  
that these unchaperoned chaperones have haphazard reactions to mishaps, and happenstance keeps hap-hap-  
hap-hap-happening to hapless hopefuls' family members forever remembering crime scene photos

3 March - 7:30 PM

neighbor, tell them how I told the truth, and still I lie  
drowning in my pool of blood adjacent to my pool behind  
my house will be paid off from the life insurance check my wife collects  
neighbor, will you pay your respects?

i need you to notice. tell them you know this  
man is your neighbor.  
tell them now; not later

neighbor,  
do you notice?