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## Ars Poetica

A stranger with bad teeth asks for one can  
only imagine what. Nobody recognizes

his guttural tongue. Shaking his head, the bar-  
keep polishes a tumbler. The stranger babbles

insistently louder. Talk of politics  
quiets at a table of locals. Talk

is useless. Tearing his rumpled shirt, the man  
bares a map tattooed to his chest, thumps

his fist against a place unknown  
miles away. The ceiling fan creaks. A fly

lights on the globe, casting a monstrous  
shadow.

Matt Morris

“My first book, *Nearing Narcoma*, won the 2003 Main Street Rag Poetry Award. I currently have poems appearing or forthcoming in *Antietam*, *Blue Mesa*, *Coal City*, *Georgetown*, and *Mochila Reviews*, *Hunger Mountain*, and *Segue*. Visit my website at [www.miscmss.com](http://www.miscmss.com).” M. Morris