

Profession

On those mailings
that political parties,
candidates, and good causes
that aren't tax deductible
send me, there's always a blank
to fill in for, "Profession,"

the cause or candidate
informing me they must
make "a good faith effort"
to find out this information
for the federal government.

I've grown tired of writing
"Retired," or "Retired Teacher,"
both sound more mundane
than sorting the dried dinner dishes.

So I'll write, "Clown,"
"Lion Tamer," "Knife Thrower,"

though as a kid, I never had a yen
to join the circus, nor do I now:
just an imp the years haven't
filed down into a man who always
follows instructions.

And what are they going

to do to me: mail back
my donation, send agents
in wraparound shades,
to force me into
an overcrowded Volkswagen?

Robert Cooperman's latest collection, Draft Board Blues, was named one of ten great reads for 2017 by Westword Magazine. Forthcoming from Main Street Rag Publishing Co. is That Summer and from Liquid Light Press, Saved by the Dead. Robert's work has appeared in the Sewanee Review namely.



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