

Four Poems

K I M A D D O N I Z I O

Applied Mathematics

Maybe we're all just integers.
The genes using us to multiply.
Marketing teams herding us into focus groups
and serving us antibiotic silage
before hammering a product
into our foreheads.
An animal is an integer.
Twenty-three million American chickens,
two hundred sixty-nine a minute.
How many rainforests are in my cheeseburger?
Subtract these killed and maimed civilians
from these soldiers:
Voila, a negative number.
Body counts. Dollars donated
to the ALS marathon,
Amnesty International,
Poetry Daily. Do you ever just
keep those printed address labels they send
and throw away the pitch letter?
Number of minutes since my last confession.
Number of polar bears stranded
on Arctic ice, degrees of warming
times new Cadillac Escalades.
Amount of change a panhandler collects
for a pint of Gilbey's gin
after walking four blocks,
eating one-half a scavenged hot dog,
and repeating his mantra
to eighty-seven pedestrians.

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