

**Do Angels Sing Along to Sad Songs?**  
after Rae Armantrout

Jacob Monash

Our flag's got osteoporosis,  
bent like a dowager doggedly  
donating her last nickel to a child  
clawing at his mother's skirt  
for change enough to buy the last  
gumball in the machine.

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You feel a chill in the shower  
when you close your eyes  
to keep the soap from them.  
There's a scary movie playing  
but you haven't seen the monster yet.

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It's cold and these thrift store  
jackets have holes in their linings.  
Frost creeps between fissures  
in old cement, teaching faulty  
lessons in plate tectonics.

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Bare twigs itch at the house's  
scaly psoriasis. There's a draft.

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We ask the page before us  
for words it doesn't know.  
White like a corpse, we  
desperately need smarter paper.