

# Four Poems

---

ANDREW KARIM\*

## St. Rita

Sometimes my mother  
reminds us that she  
would have been  
a nun  
were it not for her  
motherfucking  
husband  
and beautiful children,  
goddammit.

## John F. Kennedy Street, Beirut

Behold these boulevards in May  
they remind you of  
men who turned lira into  
franc  
just footsteps from  
water and wine.

---

\* | Open Access Copyright License: cbnd Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 4.0; E-mail: drewkarim@gmail.com.

### How I Became a Terrorist

In your political imaginary, I mean.  
My peach fuzz was a little darker than  
Sheldon's when it happened so I made  
sure to shave it before the smoke cleared.  
It only grew back thicker. Have you ever  
seen a sixth grader with a full  
grown beard?

### Nothing But Haute Couture For Mirna

She spends her first paycheck on  
that Rodarte cause Anna and  
Stephano tell her to  
wear it to spam and  
eggs breakfast where dad  
opts for another shot of gasoline.  
She can have nice things too.  
Nice things look nicer  
south of Figueroa.