

Ace Boggess

The New Journalism

staff a newspaper with artists & dreamers &
I would be the editor-in-chief “go

to the battlefield” I would say “where
bodies lie drawn to points like croquet balls

look up then left find the sunset approach &
tell its story” above the fold page one

for the Local section “ask a murderer about his child-
hood sweetheart” & “get photographs” this the news I love

I don’t want to know why the chicken crossed the road
but why he is a chicken when he could’ve been a fish

blood splashes everywhere across the daily pages
so I reject the who what when where & why

I’d frame the image then hang it in a gallery
where thoughtful patrons measure its angles

the texture density painter’s intent
let them decide where beauty meets brutality

in the alleyways of rain-sick dark
under covers where lovers & children hide

“jumper on the 6th Street Bridge” I’d say
“get over there & take someone from *Sports*”