

Not Calculable

by Bud Smith

sorry I crushed things
sorry I ate the cake and ate the crate the eggs came in
sorry I devoured the ingredient list
we will never make a cake like that again
big apologies for the locked door
but you knocked too soft
big apologies for the last sip
the last word, the lost love
your hair clogging up the sink
you're in debt
but not to me.

sorry your college degree was left out in the rain
and the mice gathered the dried up pieces
when the puddles were sucked back into the needy ground
word came in: everybody needs a nest in the shape
of plentiful impracticable dreams
woke up one day and saw the world was a mess
I did nothing about it, poured myself some apple juice

sorry I love to hear you sing off-key when you're angry
sorry I want to die on cable TV or not at all
sorry for the cracked moon, worthless saves
pitiful times, big apologies

big apologies
for pulling your hair while we fucked
and you got so mad you slapped me in the nuts

feel bad that your award got pulled apart
by the car crushing robot
feel bad for getting sick all over your finest work

I am human and my errors
are incalculable.

