ouroboros

by M. F. Sullivan

if it were a child it would be in first grade this year.

it requires the attention of such, a little or a lot each day.

this thing has grown with me.
came upon me when i was ill-prepared
to expand each year
to something better
closer to correct

but it's maddening.
i see my own struggle with it
within its pages
hands drawing hands
like hamsun or bukowski or celine

the battle of man and art universal vomit condensed into telepathy,

alive in collective consciousness.

it's still so bad that he can't even read it end to end.

if someone who loves me can't finish the thing then why should anybody else? why should i? it gnaws at me, the guilt of abandoning it, but i know soon enough it'll be back renewed exciting me until

i remember again why i always come to hate it.