

# ruination rumination

*by* strannikov

a ruminating marsupial? if so,

I guess I'd be a kangaroo, the cud soured  
and pasted to the tongue, too little too much  
to digest, a month's worth of food in a week,  
nutritive prowess expired a year ago—  
my tail is dragging, I'm too wobbly to hop!

marsupial rumination? what's it worth?  
so much has grown wrong, our abysses lift up  
to greet us with black yawns, treadmills at full stop:  
my teeth are empty, don't expect me to speak—  
“organism”, “mechanism”—they're distinct?

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**(52)**

a drunken reverie each and every day  
though no season or year can stand still:  
another moment, and you're under the dirt!  
(never again any sunburn threat)  
the bones of your body melt into earth,  
the breath of your spirit ebbs into air:  
there, even tongue, jaws, and teeth of steel  
won't equip you to read Lao or Zhuang.

