

Myself in Opposition to You

by XXXX

The Sunday sunset slowly simmers the sea.

I dreamt last night
that as I pissed, with a handsome guest,
my face burst into flame.

I awoke choking.

My bed smelled of sweat, semen.

O, I watch pornography while listening to Mahler!
and you? Vulgar rag-wearing oaf.

Masturbation to moans and screams and wet slapping sounds.

I vomit at the thought—

and to the sound of my choking,
perhaps some Verdi, or Handel, such that I, fountain
of chewed up meat and rice, do so in slow motion,

as a countertenor sings:

Ombra mai fu...

