

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.

