

Octopus

by Mark Waldrop

Sometimes I think there's an octopus in my stomach.

In the mornings it stretches and droops its lazy head to one side

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It suctions it's tentacles to the walls of my belly and pulls them together forcing me

To gag, and vomit what we didn't digest of the chicken from
Last night.

Sometimes I think the octopus has a roommate.

I wonder if they will fight, like roommates do;

Or like warriors for territory.

Maybe they will kill each other, or maybe

The octopus will destroy the other and then I

Won't need to have this abortion.

