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

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.