

# Accurate Appreciations of Current Conditions

*by* XXXX

I appreciated the abject abyss  
of my blue bowl  
this morning and made up my mind  
to measure how many times  
I stared down the dismal, damp  
drain for the day.

I pondered my pee perhaps  
eight times, which, if not  
indicative of a case of kidney carries,  
certainly says I should seek to stray  
far more frequently, and  
oppose the opposition against opportunities  
to stare south in strange bowls,  
part from the pristine, plain, placid  
safety of my usual shitting-station,  
on all fronts flanked by air fresheners,  
tissue, and tiles.

My mother met me this morning  
as I lay a mangled, unmoved,  
formless, festering faggot of flesh and fat,  
as if I were some canrivoracious cancer  
at the folds of the fabric of space;  
and she said: "Is this all you plan to do this summer?"

I said, "Sure."  
She said, "Soon you will be gone from this house."

If she meant I will merely  
switch spaces, and live still  
in this way-without-waywardness,  
in perpetual pre- and post-peril--  
even considering the standards of  
the post-industrial, post-modern world--  
then surely I am susceptible to self-inflicted  
ingestion of some strong poison,  
or swallowing glass to incise my guts,  
or splattering my brains all over the house  
in some scarlet spray,  
if not drown in the density of my own dread  
and desire.

