

The Four Despairs of Lumpy

by Shawn Misener

older i get
lighter i feel

like suffering has melted
my muscle

a skeleton skin bag
filled with gas

unstable air fights
for access to my brain

so i smash my head
into the oak desk
just to callous up the skull

children call me lumpy

they love to push the gas
up and down my limbs

like a grotesque popeye
life-sized and breathing

my toes barely graze the dirt
and i have taken to heavy clothes

i once thought
my suicide would be the easiest

just float away
and burn up in the yellow sky

