

# 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

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unstable air fights  
for access to my brain

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

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children call me lumpy

they love to push the gas  
up and down my limbs

like a grotesque popeye  
life-sized and breathing

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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

