

# Thoughts Recorded By My Wife and Sister Three Days After I Emerged From a Coma (Loaded on Dilaudid)

*by* Shawn Misener

I thought you brought me candy.  
Woke up, driving the big rig,  
tape everywhere- even under my ears-  
to catch all the words that fall out.

Chocolate cars for the rally,  
sponsored by Colonel Sanders  
during the inverted eating period.

I went on a water gun rampage at Meijer's,  
and walked out with a gallon of cookies and cream.

It's the largest hot dog in the room!

This is a secret jet plane  
loaded with secret documents  
belonging to the eternal ghost of Vince Lombardi.

Then,  
a hexagonal ICU  
overflowing with teenage nurses, dressed down

and blasting the Dead Milkmen.

Watch!

When I put my radiology silhouette against a mirror  
you can see the strangest things:

Me, playing the guitar on one leg,  
an evil rabbit garnishing caveman clubs,  
a Volvo crossed with a Roomba,  
driven by a Shriner with three eyes.  
Is he a triclops? Is he the first?

Dilaudid will make you want to fight  
the righteous fight, no less,  
the bloody and hidden civil war in Puerto Rico  
... Just for the glory.

Bake sweet rolls and make love to your new wife,  
fall asleep for three years and grow a beard.

These will be the scars I won her with.  
It was a brutal swordfight in Old San Juan,  
but I sailed away like a glistening pirate  
with her over my shoulder, woozy with love and awe.

Two milligrams every two hours.  
The cable remote with three buttons:  
Volume up, volume down, and summon nurse.

I wished for salt on my ice chips,  
and sprinkles for my open wound.

