

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.

