

My Love

Please realize I do understand
That you could not possibly stand.
For you are trying to say,
In your own little way,
You're in need of my helping hand.

But really, could you just quiet down?
For even without a sound
I can tell you're in need
Because as you bleed
Your matter is seeping around.

Oh please stay still, I insist
As I try so hard to assist.
But it's sad for my brain,
As you lie there in pain
And my stomach now harbors a cist.

My god something's starting to stink.
Just wait for I need a fresh drink.
And you need to be still
So my tonic can chill
And then I can properly think.

Please tell me now what should I dial.
My god how you're covered in bile.
Remembering the number,
As my fingers grow number
And your presence is so very vial

Your skin is a pale as a doll.
Just wait and I'll go place the call.
And try not to move,
As I step over you
For you might just cause me to fall

Yes Ma'am I need someone here.
The end of his days may be near.
He had taken a knife,
To end his own life,
My lord he was always so dear.

Oh my the operator's a fool.
And now he's started to drool.

But while you're on the line,
I'll order some wine
To help me clean up this pool.

I'm sorry sweet friend, my mind's junk
And I'm just a little too drunk
Just please remain still
And swallow this pill
And I'll give you a ride in the trunk.

“God Bless you Sister”

And then some literature.
But she placed it in the trash
Despite her upbringing.
Despite her starvation.
She threw away the pamphlet
With the blue sky
With light rays peaking through the perfect white clouds.
But she waited till the old man
Who stood outside the pharmacy
Could no longer see her.

He requested I mark "OD" on the calendar.

And I did.

"Opening Day Baby!"

And now it was today.

A familiar voice,

Muddled by the charms of AM radio.

The same voice from my childhood,

When I'd fall asleep in the back seat,

Sun hot on my face.

And now he listens to it,

And I fall asleep in the front seat,

Sun hot on my legs.

Hitcher

70 miles per hour

“yeah right man” he says to a thumb on the side of the road.

Greying ponytail.

Was he balding on top?

Pigment also greying,

And his jeans,

As no cars ever slow.

Too Much of Anything

It seemed to him
As he looked up right before the bump
That the cat was disappointed.
That is where his mind was when it hit.

Well, what would you prefer I do?
It's already here.
I don't have anything else I want to do.
Go eat something.
Go shit in or around the box.
I guess whatever you're feeling at the moment.

It's not that hot in here.
You have water.
You have food.
I'll open the blinds later.
I will open a window too.

Should I do laundry today?
What is today?
Well, I don't need anything til Thursday night.
I have two and a half days.
Oh yeah the sheets
Just stay off the sheets.
We can sleep on the couch.
It is cooler on the couch

But get off the table.
When did you get up there?
You'll just knock over my stuff,
There's nothing to eat
On the table.
Go eat your food.
Look,
Oh, hold on.
Sorry,
Man you ate a lot yesterday.
Goddamnit what is today?

Oh yeah.