

Trivial Humiliations

Mind over Matter (Dentist)

I'd been breathing deeply,
evenly taking in air through the tube,
snorkeling over coral reefs again,
my skin roundly announcing its otherness
to the water it just had
separated smoothly from itself.
(Doing Fine!)

However:

The Dental Hygienist
forgot to check the X-ray
before she stuck that stainless steel hook
way into my tooth and I collapsed,
completely punctured-
body and breath rippling inside now,
sobbing,
terrified,
no longer me.

No dental Hygienist
should ever
have that much power!

Hot Fudge Brain (ADHD 1)

When I was young,
I was able to believe
that the ideas
were the slippery ones.

But all along
it seems it was my mind,
sliding and wrinkling
along the edges of ordinary thoughts
that other minds found manageable.

By now I have learned
that if a thought is small
it sometimes helps to dump
A lot of Mind on it,
and feel it whole,
and drag it whole,
over time,
into memory.

Only the best
small thoughts
are worth
the effort.

With really big ideas
I have long since made
a sort of playful peace:
I dribble and spit,
and splatter bits of mind
all over them,

Joyful in my release
From relevancy.

Public Relations, (Septic Woes)

Recently I have learned the skill
of packaging my personal waste
in little plastic bags,
so they will take it at the dump
without a fuss.

This has gone on for months,
in spite of early morning dreams
of aiming wide - (oh shame!)
and rushes of adrenalin
as I drive up in fear
of some new dump attendant
discovering the difference in my trash.

I am careful to exclude my mail,
but wonder if my waste
bears some olfactory fingerprint
immediately traceable to me.

I dare not ask these things,
or what the penalty might be
for letting golden fluid
slip into the creek.

Somehow it seems so innocent,
and even fishes pee.

Trickle Down Economics

I knew
it was not logical
to loathe
selling my blood.

It was not reasonable,
to dread those small,
twice weekly,
voluntary offerings.

It was not sensible
to cringe
from the burrowings
in my arm.

It did not satisfy,
to watch my body's food
drain
into plastic tubing.

And so, the anger was not quick
or clean. It oozed
into my breath, my gait,
as I pushed the cart
with food my blood had bought
for the child.

Life Drawing

Is an exercise in futility,
to be repeated as
often as possible:

The human body before us
changes every moment
in tiny ways.

The pencil is never, ever
sure.
It just never is.

But it pretends that this time,
the hand and arm
will make it right...

Will carve just the right path,
gorgeous, fat and thin,
on heavy, creamy paper.

An exercise in defeat.

Repeat!