

On the hour, every hour

Engorged and aching, I squeeze until he
finds me. Suck, suck, suck, breathe in
the scent of papayas. The milky film separates. His tongue
and eyes dart from breast to breast
behind closed lids. Warmth spreads
across my belly and trickles past my forearm to a puddle
in my bellybutton. Once a sixpack, now rolls glisten
with his urine. Suck, suck, suck, breathe.
The right-side six and seven shooter sprinkler squirts nectar
in thin streams onto his cheek as he gropes with his lips
where to latch-on to the next WMD.

Domesticated

I plant dots in the middle of their foreheads,
too sweet, two sweet
Mozart and Friends Sleepytime lullabies . Before the kids
come home –I need a smoke to make it another two
hours with their screaming. You know
that, I'm ticking off the minutes. It's so irritating to have
a nic fit, like listening.

My sons' limbs intertwine at my knees before the alarm,
the Rocky themesong, baking the panukkuku, grinding the beans for the french
press, scrambling eggs with the flick of the wrist – This flint is spent, cannot be in the moment
exhale...plan the next escape to the Brewery, the Doghouse, someday...
I'm going to get in my kayak and paddle away. Hop on
my bike and peddle cross-country, walk until I can't walk like my name.

Clean, sweep, wash dishes, bathe, brush teeth, put on pj's, storytime,
before ringing the temple bell for dinner. Lollipop, lollipop o la la lollipop.
The sounds of monotony drive one to drink...3 pm. A reason to start dinner earlier. A box
and a 30 pack will give you
perspective, how not to believe in God anymore.

Life if I lie: The goal is not to reach the center the goal is to get out.

Watch this or this. Watch this, this is going to be a cool shot. The ball bounces on the hardwood floor and falls short of the ducky, no it's No you can't have the orange pop a chicken, a big cylinder almost like a hamper for dirty clothes. What about this? No, I did not say yes, you can't have the almond joy. The answer is no. No candy is not food. The dad snaps his fingers. Go up. Up. Spaghetti with chicken in it. Yum, says the mom. And you keep banging your head up against concrete, until the floor beneath you gives way. Would you like to try to do this maze? I tried doing it; there was a dead end, says the child. Dead end again. How come? Says the dad. There are only two ways to choose between, truth or fiction.