

Sixfold February 2022 Poetry Contest Entry  
Anthology Title: The Kingdom of the Sloth

Thing

I am a sick and sorry vomiting thing  
My tongue lashes out for laughs only I can hear  
Bend your knee to me, for my greatness is potential  
Bend your knee to me, oh you who are great

I am a weak and whimpering, groveling thing  
I am a drab wool coat steeped in anxious, burping mud  
May God rest my soul, I am alive

I cannot stop thinking, my God my God  
What have I become, what am I to become

I am a sallow and acrid melting thing

## Kingdom of the Sloth

I present a question to my council and my court:

What does one do with time? Time that is passionless, without flow. With only cause and without effect. What is one to do with the days, or the months, that are named by so few wishes?

I wish to be entertained. Beyond that I am motivated only by fear. Those with no time envy mine, which is boundless. I envy their ambitions, for those who want time have something to do.

I am neither rich nor poor, I need for nothing and I want for nothing. I wake up far too late and I stare in the mirror, I am the ruler of the kingdom of the sloth.

Kitchen

This is where my life begins.

This is when my life begins.

12:37, actually 12:38.

AM. Kitchen.

My God, my God, my God what is wrong?

It ends not an hour later.

Unsatisfying drift to sleep,

Was better a few months ago.