

T

Tenacious T. Perfection, as in fits like a T.
Tuesday. Tablespoon. Teaspoon (oddly confusing).
Temperature, time, troy (as in weight)
ta for thanks, ta ta for goodbye.

What interesting geometry is T, all right angles
and imaginary triangles, extrapolated, bisected,
tacked to the wall. You don't need to be a tactician
to know its place (or yours) in this thrilling typography;
you don't need a tachymeter or a tachometer,
but you might need a tachiscope, because perception
as we know, depends upon
recognition, memory, a tactile sense of tension,
palpable as fruit, almost as intense as tantric sex
whose definition could not be found.

A non-existent taxonomy purported in the 60s
(or was it later?) to be the stairway to heaven,
but turned out to be just like the poem: tautological
for no reason other than it is. Though some might claim
tetrahydrocannabinol (certainly the longest word I know)
is a testimonial to this kind of thought, the truth is
thanotological thinking prompts me more to tomfoolery
than chemical or theoretical constructs, though I must admit
the temptation to torment often has tragic results.

Tripping through the Ts I came to trigeminal neuralgia,
(which is something I've actually had), right next to trigonometry,
which I've never gotten, but learned a marvelous bit of trivia:
triskaidekaphobia (the fear of 13) which is now a close second
for the longest word I know, which is actually a lie, since
antiestablishmentarianism is the longest word I know.
And that's the truth.

U

Ubiquitous u. Un- as in
undone, unpleasant,
undeserved, unfamiliar, a whole page
of un—negation extraordinaire,
except when its unleashed,
uncaged, unbridled as in passion
or unerring judgment,
unconquered, which is the same
as triumphant with or without
ultimatums. One does not
need to be told for the umpteenth time
that urban sprawl is a blight
or the universe is expanding.
It must be time to hitch a ride
to Uranus or at least Uzbekistan
where one would hope the air
if not the brown water
won't set the uranium
counter to ticking like madness.
In that case, nothing to do
but throw back your head and howl,
your uvula undulating
all the way back to the good old U.S. of A

What a World . . .

So this doctor says vaginal stimulation is essential in an unknowable way to bladder health, and now there's even a home tens-like unit one can buy that will simulate (or is it stimulate?) the physical therapy you've been having where the tech shoves three fingers inside and says "squeeze and hold" while this machine you're wired to says "work!" which means the same thing as "Squeeze" only doesn't sound quite so provocative, as if watching a graph of your muscles contracting while someone's hands are in your vagina, and another probe is up your butt, could possibly be even remotely misconstrued, especially given the small, cold room, the table and metal stirrups, the crackly thin, paper beneath you, but you think, "what the hell—most fun I've had in years!" and turn your head to watch the graph steadily falling as the seconds tick by.

One of These Days

There was a song in my head
and it played all day.
It ran its tune through the shower,
the hair blower, the Sonicare toothbrush.
It hummed and hummed and hummed.
I could feel it in my fillings,
the spaces between my teeth,
my follicles, yes, even between my legs.
It made my feet restless and I kicked
the covers all night long
dancing to the beat.
It pushed me out of bed and down
the hall, out the door to my car
and followed me to work.
I wanted to tell someone, hey,
I've got this tune stuck in my head,
but couldn't say what it was,
couldn't sing a note, so I sat at my desk,
nodded and tapped my foot, and worked,
imagining a day where everything
went my way, the world was kind
and so was I.

Transformations

There was once a prince—
or maybe a frog—
no, wait, it was a pumpkin—
yes, once there was a pumpkin
who didn't like squash.
Every day he twisted on his vine
this way and that, that way
and this until one night
he finally rolled free.

He had no idea where he was
or even who (or is it what?)
but he kept rolling, down,
down, down to the valley
where he slid smack, bang, bump
right into a stream
and was carried away
by a very swift current
to a whole different land.

Wow, this is great, he thought,
though he was cold and wet
and suffering separation anxiety,
but he thought it anyway
because he didn't want to be
one of those pumpkins who got
what he wanted and still
wasn't happy. Eventually
the stream became a river,

and the river a lake, and the lake
spilled into another lake
and then became a river again
which emptied into an ocean,
and all this time the pumpkin
just bobbed along until
dumped on a sandy shore,
was found by an orangutan
who loved squash. Even the seeds.