

Me and Herman

Tell me all about the party. I was not invited, though those people in there say they are my friends. It is probably my pet giraffe's fault. I take him everywhere. His name is Herman and he *is* my friend. I found him starving in a ditch on the side of the road; still a baby whose neck had not yet grown. I fed him well and gave him massages. Now his neck is long and Herman is tall, but we can't go to parties, because he breaks things like chandeliers and gets his head smacked by ceiling fans and no one likes that.

Pressed Butterflies

When the yellow flowers grew out of your ears they grew upward toward the sun and butterflies fluttered from your eyes, circling around your head, landing on the flowers for a few minutes before drifting off up high and bouncing in the air above the dirt road to the highway where a rainstorm pulled them down to the pavement, where cars and trucks ran them over.

White Marble

I am the white marble in the brown dirt below the flowering tomato plant reflecting the morning sun and the blue sky, smooth and hard in the shadow of something taller, expanding my influence despite staying the same size, looking over my shoulder and imagining I had legs that could get me somewhere, so I wouldn't have to be rolled around by some finger.

Bacon

Our loneliness is wrapped in bacon and we are comfortably warm and greasy. It only slightly matters what we really taste like. Bacon. Hail bacon. The food even vegans can't say they don't like.

My Cause

My cause is mango trees. I believe in fresh fruit for all everyday. It is why there is a sun with My Little Pony flying across its face, it is why there is a salamander in my Lucky Charms, it is why there is an elephant on my back porch standing next to the grill waiting for me to cook him a cheeseburger with caramelized onions. In the circus there are plenty of peanuts and the way the elephant grows at the circus is absurd, stop feeding him peanuts, he told me he prefers cashews just like you and I are the navigators of the earth separated by space suits, the dome our heads are encased in and the way we can see ourselves in the canvass of the field that has not yet been sown. The way the mango tree wishes it would grow in a field of asparagus, there is a way the way we can perceive the roof and the snow that is on the roof, the snow will melt the roof will not, there is something in the way the fly perches on the hamster wheel at the correct time, the time the hamster is sleeping in the toilet paper card board tube right next to his little shits resting on the wood chips, fly feet curled round stainless steal, butter knife slabbing butter on a friendly English muffin, smiling muffin, Blue jays bickering out window, smiling muffin, Blue jays bickering, sunny side up egg will suffice as a road flare.