

am vegan tho i've murdered giant centipedes

the Uni lets in sun by day - thru glass that
bakes a fly who tries to leave it.

nights, we're all lit up - with lamps that fry
the tiny flying seekers.

and tho i keep a rescue cup, i've murdered **giant
centipedes**. ground them to a crunchy mash with
huge & righteous loathing.

i'm a kid who'd save a worm from sidewalk back to
lawn, yet this new & local Horror - i see one
now, and let it be; i turn within & regulate the
up-surge of **disgust**, yes - i **judge** this thing,
indignant it should be at all.

roaring out of Dehra Dun, we hit a wild dog. she
gave an awful yelp. i doubt she was okay. her
shadow stark & long in the headbeam - then
gone - a limping ghost slipping thru the
steamy jungle wall that bound us in.

we spoke ourselves comforts yet a curse hung upon
us, our words fell terse into silence.

i may have hit a hundred dogs - i may as well
have all these years, driving half-alert. my
wipers thick with writhing bugs - i maybe tsk
tsk as i euthanize, crush them with the coarse

paper towel while the car fills.

and tried my share of juicy pepperoni sticks!
minding shop, bored and on my own - bored &
curious.¹

and sold a lot of Haagen-Daasz. and kept a fridge
of fishing bait, worms who'd die unsold, dried &
sad.

¹ bored & kind of hungry - i admit it!

i'mma one who undergunns when face-to-face, am
vegan yet un-righteous at it, pertly first to
mention my complicity with eco-rape. i've seen the
pic of mountains blown open for the coal, yet
electro-whisk my coffee froth. i flush my urine
far away, miles into lake, and when i twist my
wrist they send me cold.

i'mma one who stopped surfing porn in my thirties,
but i gotta stream a band doc that wallows in the
hedonistic 70s. am counting on some pudgy back-of-
knee above a go-go boot yet damn me it's the b&w
church girls' ankles that'll get me!

all the meatz i haven't ett, all the steak my
mommy didn't make me cuz we always leant veggie
- it's been easy! **porkchopsch & appelsauce** a
rarity, a dinner on The Brady Bunch my Uncle
might've mentioned.

ALSO ATE MEATZ FOR A RUMSPRINGA BRIEF BETWEEN LTRs,
my mid-to-late Thirties. DELAYED ADOLESCENCE, A
SEEKING IN THE GLITTER & THE GUTTER OF OUR CITY. I
COULDN'T BUY THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS, I WAS DOING
NICE, BUFF & CLEAN, TRIPPING LIGHT. ANOTHER'S
MORNING MIGRAINE WHEN I'M SIPPING ON CHAMPAGNE?
HOW BAD COULD IT BE, FOR ME TONITE?

TODAY AM NEVER CLEAR ON WHAT YOU HARD-DRINKING

GALAVANTERS MEAN BY HUNG OVER - IT CAN'T BE
TRULY AWFUL SINCE YOU'RE BITCHING OVER BREAKFAST
YET U'RE LAUGHING THRU IT, NEVER STOP SEXTING.
WOOLY IN THE HEAD, U MEAN, WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A
HEADACHE: SERATONIC MOLECULES NOT SO SWEET &
APICAL THIS MORNING, LOL - U DON'T WHOLLY DIG
BEING EMBODIED FOR AN HOUR.

