

I have a nightmare brewing on my countertop
and I drink it with sugar and cream. Our children are drowning
in a sea of filth and they do so in silence, it's see or be seen.
The television
sings to me, I eat the static for breakfast with pseudoephedrine
The television
sings to me, and it eats me back, such a clever machine
Nonsense- I am no one and no one knows me.

To the pawn shop I sold my soul for sixty cents and my radio for seventy five
to the man behind the counter who is missing
a face. At least the radio will get some use
he says as he wraps it up carefully in cotton
and lace. Everyone is selling their soul these days,
so your most precious parts might just go to waste.
Might decompose into charcoal in a utility case.
If only I had something really worth selling.
I show him my oil slick teeth but he does not care.
My rage and my ardor is worth nothing there.

With the money I received
I stop at the store on the way home and for dinner
I purchase a prefrontal cortex and some
carrots. Salvation for the sinner.
I am vegetarian but not for long.

I am not built for the cold my fingers turn to bone and I become
fragile.
My face shatters like glass and I leave shards behind for others
to marvel at. Modern love. Modern loss.
My tendons unspool like thread and pile on the floor,
to be swept up and disposed of.