

UNTITLED—LIFE IN THE SALAD—TOSSED

When I came to this morning I forgot what I was supposed to be doing. Was I supposed to be doing anything in particular?

Slipped back into the void,
 life becomes a plate, spoon, and fork.
 No knife.

Tonight I made supper with a side-dish
 because I can't afford meat.

Marshmallows don't come with
 meat—
 once abundant,
 roaming free
 as beast.

Poking fingers into the poly-foam,
 plastic covered trays
 sit next to
 pre-packaged salads.

Life-lived decomposes itself into life waiting to be lived by the hapless soul waiting for life to happen.

Mesclun

or

Iceberg.

He'll fill the void with a weathered fairy-tale, unfounded in his decision to make something happen because he forgets the absolute nirvana of childhood.

Long has his essence been withdrawn.

Microwavable meals,
 pre-packaged with
 pre-cooked veggies, and
 don't forget the dip.

You're going in the wrong direction.
Everyone will become upset.
Right is wrong; left is all that's left.

The newsman stares at me from pixilated mesh.
I consider what he's saying,
 how he's smirking into the camera—
 taunting the event,
 patronizing the rest,
 like puppy-dogs or kitty-cats.

And thus we are fed.
We eat and some of us give back to the machine the junk of yesterday's food—
 either regurgitated into a fountain of hopeless dust
 or reprocessed into tomorrow's news.

The sky ripples and swells with sentimental art.
We amass.
 Long, deceptive corridors
 beneath the places where
 once existed love.

Alas,
 only those who wish to go back go.
Follow the line without finding something grey.
Simon says to rid ourselves of this void—this flak.
Simon didn't say.
Go back.

Thinking about times when I used to feel
 not so alone,
 without overtones,
 without a home
 in a thousand.
I could go about my business and
 never really leave,
 never learn to see,
 without a sense
 to be free.



—Kristin Kepler