

Clean Your Room!!

an awkward crumple
over absent-strewn
thought, mumbling ancient reminders

“I thought I told you to straighten . . .”

Oh, enough of that already! I have grown
accustomed to my built-up surroundings
end over end of my best ideas
that I just cannot seem to

Let
go . . .

Falling flat on face, flustered,
Unable to recover
Remember where that
Homework
—or was that a bill—
was

heaping abstractions
& mounds of undulous drivel
sweeping up the walls.

“Man, where’d all this shit
come from?”

