

Pool Party At The Zoo

I want to be inside my belly when I cut my own throat,
And watch all the gulls fighting over razors and rope.
Worms will eat as pigs do, just like I do, just like we do,
And I want to eat it all.

I want to write sweet songs to myself about love,
Then eat my fingers, ink, labor, papers, and doves,
Vomit them out and eat them over again.
And I want to eat it all.

I want to eat the world,
And its scars and its SARS and its soap.
I want bones and loans and liens and beans
And brown paper packages, bulging with brains.

I want a saucy, little fox for my pocket full of peacocks
And a bed that's full of seashells, like a pretty, little pea pod.
I want a castle made of Hell inside the belly of a whale,
And I want to eat it all.

I want to spit out my lungs and my tongue and my teeth and my
grief,
Spit tangled nerves and taste buds around all that I see.
My fingernails and my slugs and my snails and my hair,
And I want to eat it all.

—Dennis Millisor