

We Incompetent Sperm

Heavy Heavy Low Low

She changes the way I thought of awkward situations
when I met the eyes
of an arid woman
mayonnaise hair soaked in piss
Gumming on the seat before her
she shifts her leg
with breath of cat food
and eyes as sad as the punished infant
she leans in my direction

I've been thinking about how things that always made sense before
just kind of stopped altogether when I inherited my terrible
condition

Now I can't stop thinking about sun and paper and other things
a woman my age shouldn't be thinking about
and it makes my stomach rot

I guess what I'm trying to say
is lose yourself
as soon as possible
and it doesn't feel good but it doesn't feel bad either but there
is nothing I can do about it
But sit here and fall apart.