

We Incompetent Sperm

Heavy Heavy Low Low

She changes the way I thought of awkward situations
when I met the eyes
of an arrid 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 shouldnt be thinking about
and it makes my stomach rot

I guess what Im trying to say
is lose yourself
as soon as possible
and it doesnt feel good but it doesnt feel bad either but there
s nothing I can do about it
But sit here and fall apart.