

Death, Be Sure To Wipe Your Feet

1.

I was in a house full
of women on their periods
so my chances were slim
from the very beginning...

I could have fucked
her roommate
but I hadn't had
an erection
in 3 days

I began to worry,
but I hadn't defecated
or eaten much
in those 3 days
either

just 2 eggs
over-easy
with a homemade
slice of butter-milk
toast

the roommate
flirted with me
the fat one
not the old one

the old one
was too busy
being old
but acting young

and even if I could
have gotten an erection
I had no interest

once a man is unable
to say No
the sharks have begun

to circle

I sat on the bed
with the woman
I had traveled by
airplane to see

she fell asleep on me
and I let her stay there

I just sung songs to myself
and listened to her nestle
deeper into my arm...

2.

She took me
around to the parties
beer upstairs
dope downstairs

I went downstairs
because it was quieter

they offered me some
I declined

I still hadn't
taken a shit
but I had to piss

I made my way
to the bathroom
unzipped
aimed
missed

then into the kitchen
I found a brand new bottle
of vodka

I opened it
drained it

poured a glass of ginger-ale
drank it down
it burned

more vodka
more ale
then back to the party

my woman
was taking the pipe
in her hands
inhaling
exhaling

and I felt
the oldest
I had ever felt

watching these people
behave this way

moronic to me

drinking and smoking
was a big to-do
for them

the only reason
they drank was because
a policeman told them
they couldn't

and they wanted to
feel free
while they
sucked in their
college education

they bored me
the paintings on the walls bored me
the cheap conversations bored me-

my woman

had nearly passed out
from the dope

so we walked to her place
around 2 or 3am

she undressed
climbed into bed next to me
feeling the warmth
and still no erection

not a flicker of movement
but I was too tired
to care

she was out
as soon as her head
hit the pillow...

3.
Sleeping
next to her
was lovely

just another body

her feet touching my feet

having someone there
when waking from a bad dream
during the night

reaching over
into the darkness
and knowing there's
something there

those are the things I like...

4.
The next morning
we woke up

and spoke of
old things
inside jokes
laughed

I went to the toilet
pissed
my prick looked
like a dried up fig
I sat down
pushed
nothing came

“Did you drink last night?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

“Are you hung over?”

“No.”

“What did you drink?”

“Vodka and ginger-ale.”

“Where did you get vodka?”

“In the downstairs kitchen.”

“WHAT!? THAT IS ROBBIE’S PRIVATE BOOZE!”

“So what?”

“YOU DON’T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE! IF HE CAUGHT YOU DRINKING HIS
BOOZE HE’D KICK YOUR ASS!”

“I’m lucky then, I guess.”...

5.

The next day
I went and watched
a play she
had directed

it was wonderful.

I stayed for 2 or 3 more
they were all terrible

that is what I liked about
my woman
when it came to her calling herself
an artist
she held up
her end of the bargain
by actually
producing art
and doing it well

that night
there was another party
but this time
it was more aristocratic
every one dressed well
ties, dresses
except me
I had only brought
one change of underwear
and one change of stockings

I had cum stained pants
a toothpaste stained sweater vest
and a beer stained corduroy jacket

and despite
the clever dressing
and the music
and the minuets
it was still
people
pretending to be
people they were not...

I found
the quietest spot
in the corner of the room

and looked upon
them