

Sketches

I suppose I
always fancied
myself an artist

as a boy
instead of going out
and playing baseball
with the neighborhood boys
I'd sketch
little drawings
of a female torso
with no arms
and no head
just one oddly
shaped tit

I'd sketch something
strange or grotesque
everyday

notebooks
full of the
bizarre drawings

the margins
of my schoolbooks
covered in doodles

a lion cub
just getting its roar

an eyeball
with a slimy tail,
it's iris branching
out into a flower
stem

a monster,
maybe

whatever came

into my little head

and now
the desire to sketch
comes very rarely

but when it
does
it still
feels good
to express
something
that has no
business
being
in words.