Cracking Open My Mind Like a Can of Beer
on the First Night Back to Work

I wonder if
every one of my
poems
is as shitty
if I were to read
them again a few
weeks later
like the poem
I just
trashed

putrid
junk
it was

for one
of the greatest
unknown writers
alive
I produce
some awful
works
from time to time

The first night
back to work

using the computer
because the typewriter
is in hawk

it moves
like a slug on a branch

most poems
I've ever written
on it

100 days of music

all motor functions
suspended

only
the word processor
working properly

my prick
harder to get up
than a hibernating bear

it hangs there,
lonely

the record
player is skipping
and I'm
too lazy to
move the needle

I run to the woman on my couch
"I'm Harvey Pekar!"

"Who's that?" she says

I feel like giving up on her
my heart isn't in it anymore

I'm indifferent
her smell isn't as sweet
her tits don't feel as good against me when we embrace

but some of the pain is still there
like going over a sunburn
with your finger

I feel good...
on top of my game
I've been writing less
and experiencing more

I'm a free man!

and yet
there are those out
there that wish to see
me fail

people I thought
were friends

fellow
cop-out
artists

who
dwell
in
nostalgia

searching
for some
semblance of
what once was

and it's sad
because
I could
give two
shits
about them

ride your horse
into the sun,
daddy

see if I care

for the first time
in a long time
I'm having fun

shouldn't you be?