

I keep the foam finger on after the game,  
apply pressure to the wound.

It's over. Money won.

Eyes change color.

Odors negotiate a release.

Way to go.

I hope the perfect reader doesn't necessitate my ghost.

But now that I own a full-length mirror

I'm always camouflaged.

You'll see...

...a different ghost.

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night so I can be alone.

Sometimes I feel like the buildings are closing in.

Sometimes I hear a subway where there is none.

Close your eyes.

People won't change.

Exhale.

Antonyms accumulate

and quit.

Ends meet.

Sitting upright in bed

Sasha counts to ten.

Rain on the window unit,

too big to fail.

The TV stares back,

too big to care.

This is some future, man.

All I wanted to do was write a poem

but now that I've caught up to my thoughts

I'm ready to overtake them.

You were there and I was here, where I've always been.

I shoved my way through the crowd shouting "Is anyone here a doctor?"

Then I heard your reply: "You are."

It's a distance that deletes me.

Thoughts contained in rectangles  
but my memory is entirely square.

\*

I finally found the cat  
on the corner of Frost and Graham  
in Google street view.

\*

Hotdogs rotate, going nowhere.

Do things just go away?