

some days are

by Ed Higgins

minotaur shit on your tongue
smokestacks dumping acid rain on your already thinning hair

your eyelashes pinned in upside down, backward
you give wrong shaving directions to the mirror

your brain's a wingless duck migrating east
for lunch you eat the paper bag

full unblinking knowledge of yourself
the Milky Way curdled

your cat unrolls both toilet paper rolls
Escher frogs up & down your legs

Monday wants to be January, or July, anything
old regrets text-message you, urgently: let's do lunch today

bees up your nose building comb
your brain a Red-cockaded woodpecker pecking to get out

your smile a yellow Disney scarf with dwarfs
one eye a 20 lb. yam the other an over-ripe avocado

a small orange dog urinates on your toothbrush
Canadian thistle blooming in your colon

your saliva is once again formaldehyde gravy
all life's explanations ooze of pinkeye, incurable

two cups of coffee later
many days are none of these.

