

PALLIATIVE

Woke up depressed, flattened. They say
it's that time of year, but I don't get it:
irises, birds singing, sweet fragrances,
why should I feel bad? I drink
about half the amount of coffee
I usually do and regret it. I trip
over carpets, scan ads for supermarkets,
buy a used movie for a dollar, nothing helps.
The Amish try to sell me bulk Reese's Pieces
for \$1.99 a pound, corn flour for 29¢ a pound,
mysterious essential oils that are purported
to change one's mood. The sky
of the library's ceiling: morose giants
of previous administrations, empty bank
accounts; trade agreements are really
investor protection contracts according
to Chomsky. I'm fed information
in a constant beam of light,
no wonder I've gone bonkers.
Pork rinds for \$1.99 a bag. It has to do
with whenever the weekend officially
began and we were allowed to stay up
and watch monster flicks. The Japanese
Army had everything ours had,
but was required to battle
a staggeringly huge lizard
that crawled out from the sea.
Somehow man's lust for cheap electricity
backfired and we were all screwed,
starting with Tokyo and millions
of panicked residents evacuating
the city at once. What havoc. I crunched
a bowl full of barbecue rinds
and sipped a caffeinated beverage.

It didn't help and my brain kept enhancing
the story until daylight where I woke
from a dream where everything
had turned into fettuccine alfredo.
But look, I'm feeling better now
having told you. It's going to be cold tonight
with a good view of Mercury,
Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.