

Coke _____

The body isn't airtight: weak valves
everywhere waiting to be breached
by amateur pharmacists, the body
expands like the chamber in a fountain pen,
ballooning to accommodate the stuff
that will soon dribble back up
onto the white page of bed, writing upon sheets
its postmodern/mortem masterpiece.
The body believes heart and soul
in the idea of tomorrow: when the body seeps
and crusts. When the body's a dead weight
denting the pillows on the couch.
When it dawns on the body
that whatever it put in itself yesterday
went straight through its head
and has cost too much.
The body picks itself up
and returns to the bedroom to read
what it wrote/wrought. The body
cleans up after itself. The body
licks its wounds. When the wounds
become body, the body moves.