

Luke

by Mirek Stolee

Pass the revolver. Let's play Norwegian Roulette.

Load the letters in the chamber

e
s t
c r
o

FIREPAUSEFIREPAUSEFIREPAUSEFIREPAUSEFIRE

get it into your damn head will ya?

What are the dots? Is it a reverse clitoris?

What are these thoughts? Are they a flit
or is this the sidewalk-hard love of the young
sailors and their waiting missionary wives?

Turn up the radio and press F5 until dopamine
rushes through synapse and wrinkle and settles
onto your flatiron image of him and her, feeding
color and bleeding contrast into the page.

Let's just forget it. Cock the gun, I'll gun my cock.

Is it still whiskey dick if the last time you drank
was at the funeral of a feeder mouse late last year?
I'm supposed to look at some folds and be certain.
I'm only certain in that I'm particular. The family photos
of blankets and sheets and prayer altars are not torn yet
but sometimes I get a bit of pica and sometimes the only
thing that matters is a peek at you on Facebook or
in my bedroom and maybe my poetry is just ambiguous
enough for me. No, thank you. I'm full.

I'm a world-champion ice cream eater, despite
my tendency to leave lactose in the toilet bowl. I'm
sorry I'm so goddamn gross sometimes.

Look dad, I learned my alphabet!

B

A C

I learned decimals too. 0.08 plus a Budweiser

Is a great day in the basement.

I would buttchug melted peppermint bonbon.

Who knew a five milligram tablet could expand
like a magic animal growing capsule in your stomach
and fill a void that the wetness of other women and
the aroma of Kahlua only managed to occupy a corner in.

Congratulations. You are your father.

(that's impossible).