my brain is still lazy
and I write a poem with a wandering eye
until it’s too much
and I have to go into the next room, grab a plump
strawberry to put in my mouth
as I step into the bathroom and take a hot little piss

when you wear a phrase like a pair of panties
still wet from being prematurely pulled from the dryer
it’s best to sit for a long time
and think about what you’ve done