

The Situation

I need to get out of this situation I said;
to be more like the day-fox
practically blowing smoke rings
out there on the pavement;
to be a nice little virus, or spore
on the wind with my hair tacky,
my swollen hand resting on the edge
of a smear on a napkin; to hardly touch
things, or access an inbox or die on
contact with a purchase order or
fellow demon of the backwash. Hell.
I don't know what Jesus had in mind
when he said *let the day's own trouble
be sufficient for the day* all those years ago
with the tigers flashing their flanks
between the arches of the Colosseum
and the older gods in valid circulation,
but I suspect that when he dreamed
of his imperative getting traction on
the future, it wasn't this one that he saw.
Look around. Safety curtains. Death,
the big fourth wall. That's not how
the future, or trouble, work at all.