

IT'S A SPEEDY DAY

--by szilank

I.

it's a speedy day

my jaws are aching

i remember

you were saying

having a girl in your arms

makes you feel rich, lucky—a king

who takes great delight in eating

a huge chunk of a roasted beast

(a wild boar, or some pork at least)

it is a medieval feast

II.

my memory

feels like a pantry room which i don't own

abundance of fruits, sweets, flesh that I've once known

no entry but a glimpse

and a taste of their smell

i moan like a chubby chick

in fat girls' hell

III.

like sprinkles on an icecream cone

(or on nice boobies—some icon!)

scattered throughout my hectic mind

are unsettling, delicate, kind

as they say, “gems of memory”
cutting or giving thrusts of joy
just like or maybe more than E
browsing them leaves me sharp and coy

IV.

missing you: jams of memory
my mind full of soft spots I’m mindful of blind spots
i’ll carefully go through the relics and then
inspect them as objects of gravity
and I’ll search for traces of how it’ll be
but please enter any time and do feel free
to paint on my mind a new graffiti

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