

Colin Dardis

Attempts suicide by gas, wakes up with a headache, opens windows

There was a time
when it wasn't all that bad;
you were married, you had a regular job,
hell, you even took art classes at one stage.

Perhaps you were thinking of the time
when you lost your virginity
to a 300-pound whore.

Or that spring
when you were suffering
from an internal haemorrhage
and nearly died in hospital.

Or when the FBI took you into custody
for avoiding the draft
and you spent seventeen days
in the humid whiteness of Moyamensing Prison.

Or that extreme case of ache you received
when you were fourteen.

Or when your father found
those sordid short stories you were writing
and threw them out on the front lawn
along with all your possessions.

Or when your father died.

Or your unfinished novel.

But whatever you were thinking at the time,
you survived it,
and went on to grace the world
for a further thirty-three years
with your poetic presence.

The first forty-one years
were just practice.

Someone has been talking

Someone has been talking.
I know they've been busy.
They've been gossiping away, speaking to all and sundry...
about me.

I'm not sure who it is exactly they are speaking to,
but they are out there, at their computers,
spreading their damn filthy lies
across the internet,
targeting their malice and hate
at me.

I am just one innocent e-mail address,
one single, male consumer
who happens to fit their market demographic:
I'm ripe for their slander,
game for their libel,
a fool for their abuse!

It arrives daily,
mainly in the morning, I find myself
wading through each despised missive,
hopping and skipping past the thick, cruel swamp
tingling with an electronic edge,
a virtual cesspool of deceiving pornographers
braying around my shoes,
waiting for a glimpse of gold,
for my guard to drop.

But I am wise. I know what they what.
They want to enlarge the size of my penis.

It's lies I tell you, all lies!!!!

Let me read you some of their e-mail temptations:

are you going to pass up the opportunity for a bumungous penis? really?

are you the next man in the world to get super-sized in his pants?

as your dick gets larger, no woman will say 'no'

beat her womb with your new big rod, so that she knows who wears the pants!

May I ask why you are so unhappy with your dick?

Get more pleasure in love with your new big phallus

don't you think it's time you stopped being a loser with a tiny penis?

I mean, what mailing list am I on for these people to contact me?

Which ex-girlfriend exactly put me on this list in the first place?

Why do I have to suffer this onslaught of torture?

But I laugh at their games, their efforts

Because I take Viagra!

America's Whores Come Home

America, I have sucked Allen Ginsberg's cock
and it tasted like pussy;
you make everything taste like pussy,
how do you do that?
with your candyfloss mould of public hair
and cherry lips of teenage sex

America you sell desire in six-packs,
comestible masturbation
guaranteeing instant success;
your consumer favours
the more immediate brand of gratification,
satisfied with off-the-shelf pornography
and worthless acme fantasies.

America, you sell us nothing
but models in tight bikinis
pitched on tits-and-ass cheap icons;
the juggernaut of airbrushed flesh cascades
over the mighty broken dollar;
sex becomes your economy,
sleaze fills your hospital beds,
your schoolchildren taught to
procreate, rather than to love.

America, fire me your wishes
wrapped around a bullet
and finger-fuck the resulting wound,
tongue out my petty blood and sinew,
putting a price on my worth
measured in pay-per-view and digital downloads;
it is enough to know that I was born
and then I discovered credit.

America, whore me to the world
and leave me penniless inside your brothel bed.