

Patrick Chapman

Junk

Dear me.
I am too fat to endure.

I want an easy and efficient way out
because I must be fit, healthy and attractive.

I can not live without all those delicious things
but am not doomed to be gross and ugly for the rest of my life.

I want your perfect solution and will take your formula regularly.
I will wait for the med. to do the hard work for me.

No need for those exhausting gyms and diets.
I will lose almost a pound a day.

I will try it here for free.
I will try it here.

The Oxtail Incident

I turn up face-down in a bowl of soup.
They find me with a bloody gape
in the back of my head.

It is not a mystery for long.
You tell them everything,
how you could not bear it.

“That boy would slurp a bicycle.”

You had asked me over and over and over and oh
but I would smile and say that you were wrong.

I never shut my piehole when I ate,
I now admit.

My slow-spin-cycle mouth -
every mashed-up morsel
sloshing along on my tongue,

and the smacking smacking smacking smacking smacking smacking smacking
when I chewed.

Security

I'm the safety mesh at your window slip.

I'm the airbag in your bumper car.

I'm the off-switch on your acid trip.

I'm the deadbolt on your velvet door.

I'm the tamper-seal on your fine Tokay.

I'm the public official on your private jet.

I'm the licence revoked for your PPK.

I'm the fresh-air filter on your cigarette.

I'm the bluebird left in your upper stash.

I'm the broken blade in the knife-drawer lock.

I'm the home-by-nine at your all-night bash.

I'm the handbrake on your runaway cock.

I'm the use-by date on your miracle brain.

I'm the breakdown truck in the loony bin.

I'm the bubble-wrap in your brut champagne.

I'm the suicide note in your valentine.