

Marcia Chicca

Masturbation, 3AM

Imagining your body wet with rain,
my own glistens
as through the ceiling comes the rumble
of my neighbor's snores
like the still far-off thunder
of an approaching storm.

Found Poems from Alcoholics Anonymous' Big Book

1.

I made the coffee and later
I called my former lover,
which really meant I went to bed with a knife.
Drinkers are like that.
Beer cans, bottles, and dirty clothes, bruises
like different-colored costumes, and I
understand years of darkness,
thousands of miles,
the end of everything.
Ask me about the bruises.

2.

That night, I vomited,
and I loved it.

I really am-- like all of us,
an appalling thing.

3.

We think
the 'why' is not important;
That is where we are really fooled.

4.

I did not fall in love with
the first new leaves.
I did not remember.
Besides, my gin would last longer.

5.

How can I know
how many thousands of men and women
suffer too?

I read everything I could
and I muttered my name aloud.

I will never know.