

Scott Wordsman

## Online

Everything can  
or could be traced.

Post-coke blowout,  
morning turns

vertiginous,  
peels skin from its

face. Forced into  
the day, I sprint

to the gym, come  
home, cook tensions

for dinner. Cue steak—  
cue every other

hundredth way to say  
*I can change*

without sticking  
to a thing. I change

my t-shirt, change  
my Facebook status:

*Puked at the Planet*  
*Fitness, don't*

*do coke and lift.*  
Retell it as funny—

quell its poignancy.  
Post, delete, repeat.

## Platonic Sleepover

One of us

dreams  
of chalking

tonight up

to a minor  
victory

involving

every piece  
of a starved

anatomy

\*

One of us

dreams  
of sleep

## **Pornography in the Digital Age**

Enter stars of all  
demand and anytime  
you want to  
watch them shine  
you can

## To My Barber

I shaved my head,  
hence my absence.  
I dreamt I would  
resemble a stone  
cut from gold  
instead of this  
pink-tinged  
blotch I spot  
through mirror  
glass, blinking back  
the dullness  
of a phallus,  
tip felled. This  
song, the skull's,  
its own condolence  
letter. Penned and  
shipped to both  
receiver and sender.