

"Cosmic Bob"

by Kemuel DeMoville

My father ate my eyes and screamed
like a crystal bath-salt zombie fuck.
He slammed stones into my sockets
and now I rattle like a maze marble
rolling. He died at 48
describing episodes of Northern Exposure
and ER reruns like they were Holy.
Now every night or quiet day
I sit in darkness worried that he'll kill me with his bad
DNA. I slurp through life like a tree
on a sand bank sliding - roots too weak
trunk too fat (I should hit the gym).
My pebble pupils can't seem to see the future
or the present - just focus
focus on the past and a constant hollow
howling and radda-tat-tat as the peepers twist and
tumble through my empty orb. Like
water whirling round a drain then down to darkness and mud.
Black birds would circle whenever he walked
outside. And when his heart finally exploded
he tried to take a piece of mine.
But I shrugged him off like a sociopath champ
and my time was spent eating pickled mango
on the same island where Dr. Mark Greene died.
My stone eyes focused on the sunset every night.
Every. Night. Green Flash. One cosmic snap and
lights out. I see better in the dark anyway.
For real though: he was kind and never knew my sons
before he died.



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