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STRUZZO

Spent so much time with my head in the ground
I feared I'd metamorphose into an ostrich.
I'd like to say I'm being metaphorical,
just as I'd like to say I'm a zodiac devotee,
and both can be true at once, even though
no one can tell when I'm telling the truth.
Am I obliged to speak *the* truth or speak
my truth, however littered with broken glass
it may be? Somewhere someone is saying
I met that guy once and he was okay but he
had a penchant for white linen shorts
and hot pink shirts and telling the wildest stories.
Every word I say seems to come back
to bite me in the face—have I no decency?
Maybe I don't, maybe I deserve to stick my head
in the dirt and pray nobody sees my ass
pointed up at the sky as if it were speaking for me.



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