

Horny like a Bee

I listen to a new mixture of music
each song putting me in a different mood
the stillness of the room
is disturbing
papers on the ground so long
the out of order has become order
a woman's perfume
hasn't clouded the air
in a calendar worth of months
I think of shaving my balls
flossing my teeth
cutting my toenails
and trying to get a woman
for I am horny like the bee
losing my stinger
for a millisecond of pleasure
and to be met by a smiling death
holding my coat and hat
car horns call out to each other
in the tepid night

the movie theaters
are run down

somebody defecated
in the public swimming pool

the fight card
is full of no names

there is a Nazi
documentary
on television
I could watch

but
I rather invade
Poland