

The Bed

I drank my fair share last night
after everyone had gone home

After I ate a dinner of sissy
barbeque pork ribs and chicken wings
with corn bread

I drank alone until 3 in the morning
and did not write
I did not care about writing
I could have given it up for good
last night

Finally I went to bed
and had wet dreams
about fucking this woman
and I worked on her and worked on her
and finally made it

Then she just laid there in bed
and I typed at my typewriter
in Peruvian lettering

And then I woke up
and my dick hurt from being hard all night
and crammed underneath my stomach

The room was cold
and I got up to piss

I got back into bed
and took steady sips of whiskey
out of a silver flask by my bedside
and listened to music
and I lay there in a daze

and I didn't want to ever leave this bed

it is only because of technology
that I can remain here and write this
on a portable computer

and there is probably 30 pounds
of maggots in the mattress
let them eat
their way up through
the sheets

and bore into me

because the world is too much
of a sickening place
to leave this bed

there are too many faces out there
that I don't want to see.