

Fuck you, january

Gregory Nero

Abstract—fully emptied

Index Terms—very, sick

LAUNDROMAT REFLECTIONS

I see the cranial stems of the driers in the narrow
passageway - dust ports, brooms, tired dark
concrete and cramped shaking.

Things I shouldn't be seeing but do. I pull my eyes
away in reverence.

Lungs laden with heavy sleepless nights.

I'm a sticky sick creature.

I strike a bargain with the darkest part of the Moon
to the tune of deep hums and shallow breaths.

During the day I roast myself on pale fabric in the
burning sun and cough up different shades of
3am.

This shell I call Body is a wind-up nightmare with
tight springs and rusted rotten limbs.

My vision is blurry from this leaking fluid, the
squirming of parasitic maybes.

The buzz of these hours replaces Me with throbbing
nothing and soon I have fire in my veins.

My spinal cord is a perforated seam and I'm being
slowly ripped down the middle.

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Now there is sunlight and I can sleep again. Coins
clink and there is someone sweeping up
outside. Clothes spin and the world returns
to its track.