

was going to be a positive poem but I already called it something aggressive and self-loathing. There's a cheer that spells aggressive; that's positive. Lift me up and high knee me deep inside a dolmen. Kill these woe-be-gones all the livelong day, bake me in a pie. Tell me how to be. I feel farther and further away from everyone and everything. That's why you get a pet, that's why you go to bed early and pretend not to hear the premium channels, sticking in your craw. I'm trying this new thing where the less you know about people the better, but I'm still tired of them and Lent is coming but I'm not part of that anymore either. Once I went to a Presidents' Day party and everyone was dressed up like presidents. There were three Gerald Fords. I was Geraldine Ferraro. I liked those people. Don't ask questions or worse, cry like Pat Schroeder. Draw a line. How can I be so self-centered *and* lack ambition? Gritless. I just want those fish tacos and to care about cleaning up earlier than I do. The boundaries get boring. I would have bigger fish to fry if only I could get this day-to-day down. Instead, I stick my head in this cool dark hole and pound.