All the gas station girls, the towheads, those tomboys with Firestone eyes, will love me if only I can't prove

I've learned from my mistakes. So to hell with the memory, esemplastic, bikini-hearted, freelance lover

of fuck-ups. I say avaunt thee, midwife of mishap. Tonight the stars will leak 40 weight tears, and the new river in my life will seem possible.

I remind you, in none of these taverns have I raised whiskey to the lack of human chorionic gonadotrophin in a woman's bloodstream; we haven't spoken later in a dim booth like

bored co-anchors fading into break. I haven't found a sense of direction to lose, nor have I begun worrying that too many people love me for not enough reasons. For a while, I might make these toilets flush clockwise, which is a less arrogant way of saying I'll turn the world
upside-down (starting with your
bathroom) even though there’s not
an alley or a shopping cart left
in the city limits that an angel
hasn’t puked in, and the streetlights
make my best faces seem suspect.
For now, it’s me who haunts the ghosts.