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.