Secret to Happy ~ For Bob Hicok

My her body is a canoe, body her my canoe is a thing of depth
resting above her tepid water-body of my swan road there
white pelicans cry while bathing in coconut oil spilled of the flesh
of crescent shaped palm leaves brushing her my face of her body.
Little wings flutter with grey feathers dusting my cheek bones,
Actually, factually my cheek bones because her always chews on
the my flesh that wraps around the jaw lines like a flour crusted
tortilla before we toss them in boiling oil for snacks at 4:21am.
Baby feet, her baby feet, no her baby’s feet walk across the sand
sized particles with hobbled resolve and sing me a song my
her wrote entitles, “Wah in F# minor suspended” and her is proud
of the creative gene that didn’t land in my her jeans.
Five years go her by and her asks me if I believe in happy
and I ask her what she means by happy, and she explains that
feeling when your foot gets numb and a million tiny leprechauns
attack it with pocket knives stabbing from toe to ball become her
best friends when she gives them crumbs from her pineapple down
side up cake, and that is what happy feels like in the tummy.

Dirty sheets

adorn a lady magnet with claws wrapping around the corners with frayed threads stretching
past any reasonable level of skin-like elasticity with squeals.
And the sheets are strong, gripping me with strong hands, grasping my essence with boned
fists.
Splotches of blood adorn the top cover, but I’m all out of Shout and I punch myself in the nose and hope that the next few fresh drops might cover up the brown and dingy ones. I think I hear the door click so I walk to the living room and peer at the door through the pinhole. A hatchet in one hand, half expecting to see an enemy come knocking, wanting to ask me more questions about life in the apocalypse. But she walks in, and I’m retrospectively glad to see her bruised eyebrows. I lick them with tongue, then a bleach soaked sleeve from a purple t-shirt to make her less dirty. I pour her a crock of the chowder I made for lunch, and took out a few of the last saltine crackers so she’d have something hard to compliment the sweet texture of cricket stew.

Things have been kind of sparse at the grocer’s lately, and when I say grocer I mean that stupid punk who tried to steal my favorite My Little Pony plushy, the one who knows a guy in the valley who gets all the highest quality thorax and exoskeletons, usually fresh, though often smoked with hickory bourbon glaze.

She’s usually happy when I change my sheets, but she drops onto the bed and hugs hard when I try to peel off the ripe fabrics from the spring loaded box, and she starts crying about how these sheets seem to mean something, or how they’re symbolic for the existential wasteland that our society has become and I rip them off anyway because I never could stand English majors.

**Human Beans**

My professor(s) sit on trees while they teach me about my life

smoking cigars water my eyes and I swallow extra smoke because cancer and the loud and the big and the strong and the faster and the loudness louding in my ears relaxes me with an almost vain quality

but I can’t help but enjoy it just a little bit like when my five year old cousin snuck into Walgreen’s and tried to tear open the plastic on a Playboy because he was curious to see what all the fuss was about when mama told him it wasn’t okay to be a human bean
not so unlike a kidney bean like the bigger ones in my sides that ache when something is sad
and I think about beans and how pointless having them is when we can eat such tastier smaller ones after all the bigger ones taste kind of weird compared to the decadence of the babies
but what can I say they always told me I had strange taste in women
which I thought was always sort of rude to say when I was hanging out with my parents because what the fuck do they really know about how I pour my cereal in the mornings?

Let Her Be Happy

The gardener won’t be found in the ticklish bushes
Scooping soggy leaves from the chlorine soaked pool with her untamed back hair
I can still smell her, and I love it I love I love
Cutting onions on the butcher block with half of my sharpened finger
I can’t see

It’s like I forgot to put in my contacts
When I dive mouth first into salty fog and taste strawberry milk fill my liver
I found her lying on the cusp of finishing
But she won’t open, close, snap shut slam wide
Dunked in violet blueberry jelly tattoos on her eyelids
Ha
Ms. Mr.

10:00am
She never shuts her mouth, buzzing in my ear like a broken hummingbird while I grill lemon balsamic linoleum burgers over the fire. I sprinkle just a taste of milked down caulk over the tops to perfection. She ceases in her incessant nagging just as I lift my butcher’s cleaver to finish preparing the honey-dijon caribou bones, scooping out the marrow as a special treat for dessert.

2:31pm
She loved breakfast and compared it to our weekend favorite of cleaning crustaceans and sailors at the docks for free. We refuse payment because I don’t believe in money for fun. She licked my lips and locked the door in my face leaving me to organize the bones worth keeping from the garbage.

7:00pm
We went out to the cinema and caught the newest comedy. I laughed my eyes into my nose, but she never really cracked a grin. Sometimes she’s just so hard to please gently.

11:47pm
Bed time. After I was done showering in dry water we brushed our teeth with peppermint toothpaste and sat down for orange juice. I just looked at her while she grazed my soul with one eye while the other told me it loved me.

Cucumber Man

The problem was that we were never very good at sharing she always wanted the eyes to look at weights and yoga mats on the internet but I needed the eyes for work because they have a strict policy of no seeing no service, at least for the customers that is, and even though I’m not a customer
sometimes they still treat me like one, because I still act like one and complain when they forget to burn my sandwiches enough.
So when I tell her I need the eyes and she runs away with them laughing most people understand why that makes me a little angry, and what the fuck are we Mr. Potato Head dolls or something no, we’re just regular dolls no starches involved although sometimes we are remarkably similar to vegetables like the green ones with tufts sticking out the top of the seed brains filled with sloop and I hope they let me keep working so I don’t get the gloom or she doesn’t get the gloom that would really put a damper on our relationship which would make me sad and nobody deserves to be sad when slicing cucumbers to feed a newborn.