426 SOUTH DODGE, APT. B

Josh Bell

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.