

WORLD WAR III

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Out of Cheerios again.
The kitchen table wobbles
when I smack my knee against it.
Outside it's just cold enough
for last night's rain to freeze.
I can't find my checkbook.
The pants I meant to wear today
have a sauce stain *you-know-where*.
A raccoon's been in the trash.
My left molar hurts when I chew
anything harder than tuna fish.
The gutter's clogged with leaves.
I woke up wondering whether
there's any woman left in town
irked enough to sleep with me,
then took way too long to urinate.
I think my neighbor thinks
I'm an unemployed ex-con.
Vandals stole my jack o'lantern.
A squirrel got run over
right in front of the house.
And now this.