

EVERY VENTRICLE

Nothing bothers me. Not even
this *mal de mer* in a few inches of water.
I can't afford to pay myself
to act in these plays,
I can't afford a director,

only an assistant: So what!
Once, I stole a loaf of bread.
They cut off one of my fingers
and said to me: If you can't open
your refrigerator without weeping

don't open your refrigerator.
Good advice—immediately,
I stole some caviar.
Comic maladies, that's all.
Nothing bothers me: Not smiles,

perfect imitations of rifles,
not anti-snake laws. I stay in bed
every morning until I've had at least
three or four bad dreams, I'm glad
to remember the past and *more*.

Nothing bothers me!: it's as simple
as a wheel: I just keep all my fibers
glowing and every ventricle open
to these gentle ghosts I welcome
and who own my breath. . . .