Trying Not to Get Upset

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Standing naked on a bread crumb, crying salty tears. Biting nails and cracking knuckles, to relieve the fear. Trying not to get upset, trying not to cry. Hoping for some miracle, so you'll never die.

Eating buttered peas and onions, on an old ant hill. Crushing ants and smashing spiders, on a window sill. Trying hard to break up all the monotony. Trying to grow apple pie on a mince meat tree.

Peeling 'taters in the bathtub, on a Tuesday morn. Thinkin' that you started dieing, as soon as you'se born. Got to get it off your mind: eat a rubber band. Build a chocolate air hole factory for the doughnut man.

Stacking BB's on a marble Wednesday afternoon, Softly screaming at the sun and swearing at the moon. Searchin' for the rainbow's end, for that pot of gold. Planting gardens full of fruit, and harvesting mold.

Whistling Dixie through your navel, drinking turpentine. Eating pork and radish pudding, just to pass the time. Trying not to get upset, tryin' to not think why In less than a century, you'll just up and die.

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

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