

There Are Currently No Support Agents Available

by Joseph Goosey

The dinner bell of my nose bangs like
who did I lend *Journey To The End...* to?
Maybe somebody who's glitter.
Maybe a stranger.
Each're equal.
& who did I lend *Anti-Oedepis...* to?
Maybe a lover
turned unfortunate professional.
Maybe a tragedy in progress.
Each're disparate.
What I do know
is the constant shelling has stopped for now.
(they say they're trying to protect me
but I'm not buying that shit
in the same way I would buy a caracal bone
dyed turquoise
to deflect from whatever's next)
& I know it's 7pm inside my conflation
but have no idea
what's the weather above
this hardly luxury umbrella?
I've been taken, for sure,
so add or replace that period
behind my sickly tax. If meaning's lost,
call here if found.