

Pillows and Black Coffee

Eric Patrick Carroll

Waking up on July 28th,
I realize the sun is working overtime;
compensation for being broken last February past.
I fear,
as I step out into the spongy day,
the Honda, circa 1992, I hold in sight
will remain mine for many Aprils
 and rear its head
when I purchase my first three thousand square foot domicile,
 only two thousand square feet more than I need,
 but all that my wallet will allow.

I get in and shut the fucking door
and immediately I am quaking.
I fear,
losing one of my fingers in the cocoa colored doorframe
-- forever limiting me to playing 4 note chords
 even though I only play 3 note chords
 while I have five.
I reach down to release the engaged parking brake.
My hand misses the shaft (because looking at my CD's is more important)
 and sinks into the sticky, spilled-cola cup holder.

I finger the bleeding wood
 of the birdcall Gwartz left in here – must've been taking it to the pet stores again.
He gets a kick out of it.
The flustered parakeets don't realize
 Every note it cries is a lie.

I step back out of the trash on inner tubes,
I forget where I was going anyway.

 I pick up my coffee from the Victorian table
 in the entrance
 where I left it,
and I return to my pillows on the couch,
 stepping
 in the kitchen
 to visit my girlfriend
shaking her vigorously
double-checking the reality of her existence.