

Ennui paradiso

(When I was younger, I would bite my sister in the foot,  
and say she'd hit her toe on my tooth.

For children,  
there were rules to be learned f ex

Don't laugh at the names of people who have recently died.

And

Every time a slut tells a joke, an angel cries.

But I thought

Why not be honest with your callousness.

I'd see an old man sitting outside on a chair,  
wearing an eyepatch and a colostomy bag,  
and I'd be in love with him all summer long.)

What a pleasure to have something, like Vanessa Paradis, to occupy your thoughts.

(Now the future entails:

A balcony as health risk and benefit,

possibly shooting at people who'd call you thoughtless and special,

trust-falls with the highly paranoid,

the chthonic.)