

**T**hey want to drill another hole in the right side of my brain so that they can see the folds spell his name on the western hemisphere. It's not always sour when I can sleep under cedars. In a trance, I pack all my bags in less than sixty seconds. I have a quick orgasm and brutal cry, then am on my way. I store them in the shaft which I lug over my ears. I start to sing the collected essays of Henry David Thoreau and by the time I've finished I've crossed over to the west side to see a glimpse of that old woman there. I loved her once just as so. Another rapid a bit different in size. They must all be connected somehow, these lovers, they must've met at some ballgame. He must've bought her a candied apple. It broke her tooth. He hired his best dentist. The lovers stole the drill to give to the doctor that try to treat me kind. Now there's a hole in my side. I scream out. Eyelids were conspiring against me. That it is unfair that the rest made it through safe. That I must camp on the sand in cold heat. They give me an alka-seltzer for the pain. I say this won't do. I'm bleeding out of my side now. I thought it was meant to be a head wound. They drilled into my rib cage instead. They said they thought they heard a bird dying.