

Ode to Hyperventilation (Sublime Stupidity)

*I never noticed it/until/I fell,/until I lost/consciousness/and rolled/outside/
my being like the pit/of some squashed/fruit... Pablo Neruda, "Ode to the Cranium"*

Three future maybe
engineers/maybe
grunts/maybe
failed actuaries/maybe
simultaneous investors
in coal mines & cocaine/
quintessential diggers
of ditches & hikers
of knobs southeast
of Gettysburg/three
lined up, giggling,
mattresses piled behind/
oxygen of fresh
friendship, quest
of just-because/
dorm throbbing
with bellows & bass/
you get so high
just breathing fast!!
Yes! You do! Sway
in the zephyr
of fierce breath
& laughter/clamp
shut the mouth/
& whoosh into
nothing!//*You*
bounced, man!

the Voice said,
your cheek cold
on the tile, Hoon
& Mouth tittering
on the mattresses,
your third eye
growing a perfectly
ovoid mango
(whatever that is)
pit, a minuscule drift
of dust right under
your precious nose.