

If It Knew Everything I'd Ask It

How many strands of salt and pepper

How many toenails, fingernails

How many skin cells

How many gigawatts of static

How many sweat

How many units of halitosis

How many drain fulls of toothpaste, hand soap, shaving cream

How many squandered seconds

How many meals rushed

How many coins walked by

How many blood in the sneeze, the shave, the mole, the gum

How many mucus

How many noise pollution

How many ghosts in our comfort zone, under our very thumbs, how many

How many addicts in our attic

How many hanging in how many scrapbooks

How many drowned in the Danube running

How many running still

How many hungry, how many pancakes, whip cream

How many industrialized-revolutionary-picks-itself garlic to feed the world

How many weed to make it cool, how many cocaine to rise from the blood pooling on the kitchen floor

How many bondsmen, how many hail repair

How many freerange chihuahuas, how many trapped in a car

How many arteries clogging, toilets seizing, drains erupting

How many irons singeing, how many knees turned inside out and how white the fat wiggling about

How many clouds liquidating their entire inventory

How many Ry Cooders, how next, big Buddy Hollies

How many new by doing something old in a different accent

How many money in the world spent on feeling good

How many silhouettes of horses darting before the Californian flames

How many rabbits saved by white teens

How many hard drives to the bottom of the ocean

How many PowerPoints

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