

Decomposing at Bathhouse, FiDi

In the Mega Sauna a strange matador of terrycloth & Ylang Ylang snowballs sizzle.
Steam whips around the stadium of flesh. Caught Monarchs in slide slippers.
New Yorkers love to be just shy of nude
and I am an uncoring pear. Cracked molar fresco. Monday they'll pull the rest of me out.
The dentist will unscrew me like Merlot.
Stranger in my mouth as sticky twilight pop locking & dropping at Berry Park.
Where is it you've never converged with another?
Thomas Eaking's *Oldman Seven* strikingly resembles Walt Whitman whose brain was donated then destroyed by accident.
If you loved me you'd deem my ripped teeth worthy of jarring and study.
We decay
But please don't say it to my face... call it an enamel flurry one single flake falling from my gums.
Like morning there is pulp at the core
of the hardest substance
in the human body.
Don't draw me when I'm this supple. Sketch me croissanted slow crumbling.
When Linda McCartney lay dying Paul whispered into her a tableau of spring stallions bluebells
clear skies till her hand slipped from his. Neurologists study what Near Death Survivors describe
as massive downloads of data roaring into focus when hearts quit. Normally our brains ride the brakes.
Every memory plugged as a dike.
Here, each moment in succession. An avalanche of night peers into your astonished mouth.