

## MOMMIE SWIMS

Out of the toilet she comes, radiantly  
empty. Drunk she looks like sylph  
all enwound & gouged in the doorwhite, her face  
a mass embroidered like the flayed sciencebook man  
enmuscled with live curled hair. She sways  
and puts her hand against the wall  
to steady the wall. Then approaches me  
over the sliding rug, oriental, flaying & enwrought  
with absurd calm flowers turned from us  
to drink themselves only. The bitches.  
Who's that? A glass breaks, the bells fall  
from the chimney the cymbals crash into the stick she falls  
into the bathtub. A swimmer, she's a swimmer.  
She sinks to seabottom in a little ball.  
What a luxury flesh is. She vomits and is made whole.