Song of an imaginary breakup with a fictitious girlfriend under

spurious circumstances

it will all be your fault, I will be

blameless

your self-loathing

anchored like a canoe against

a background of lascivious

beach, growing

cancerous in the delta of

your burning thighs

bringing to mind the shock

of the quotidien rage

that punctuated the senseless

slide of your days from

clarity to

contradiction and

I will always re-

member

the way you waved your

chapped hands, perhaps

absorbing energy from the

plate of bacon I had served

you as a peace offering after

the sex hadn’t

worked. you gave me no

choice, I had to escape a

turmoil painfully reminiscent of

the cuckoo’s love

child pushing the robin’s bluest

eggs from the stolen

nest like

beetles rolling dung from

lawn to tiny holes, prefabbed

with glittering

claws. I have stepped from

the edge of the boiling pot

onto the semi-functional

element of a stove we bought

together in a department

store of withering dreams,

that we hauled clamlike

across the bloor street

viaduct, my mind restlessly

pitching old socks over the edge, to

lie deathly chilled

on the DVP pavement of your

detestable matter-of-

factness.