For My Future Children

Just “kidding” I’m way too fucking psycho to try and raise children I’d offer to write a poem for yours if that didn’t also make me sound a little psycho or shade my psychosis towards creepiness but what would I tell them? is it going to help to give distended time capsule supposedly showing my deepest and most precious feelings as ossified artifact so they can populate a fantasy of their natality with myth, idk where would I start?

I guess with today I woke up the sky was dark I had a battered feeling in my chest I went to work—do you all still have that?—I listened
to a rich Canadian poet bewail his wealth and talent splendidly three different times I smelled popcorn popcorn was a snack made by steaming the seeds of elliptical vegetable matter grown in the musky dirt of a place we used to call Iowa back when we spoke so that was a “day” I worked, fidgeted, pissed and shit, smelled popcorn, obeyed the imperatives of finance and hated it, sort of limped to the train, wrote this poem for you.

I love you, you know, if you can “love” the fantasy embodiments of exuberant pessimism which governs every moment of the present Hi kids. I have seen 208 episodes of *How I Met Your Mother* an artwork made in relentless praise of five psychos orchestrating havoc
on the endlessly substitutable gentry of upper Manhattan especially the women I hated the show and all of its characters felt nothing when they married had kids even when they died my friends were mostly psychos too but we were sort of interesting you can read about us on whatever trans-galactic disembodied wiki you access when you thirst to know something we did the best we could some of us against the total genocide everybody here ends up on one side or the other of what do they call aunts and uncles in the voiceless post-post post-post-post Emoji code you all use to communicate? We were an unrepentant non-nuclear family of psychos it was good times kind of
kind of
nice like parsnip ice
cream is nice on a hot
solar vortex far away
from the atolls that make
up the Maldives which
were a series of coral
reef islands where drugs
were illegal but half
the youth were addicts
bet you wish you
could have seen
them sorry kids
I mean I am like
really sorry I wrote
this as a suicide
note in the first
person plural
letter with no stamp
it comes to you
fresh from a spot
underneath my pants
so warm like waffle
cone warm you know
what I mean? Waffle
cones were fried
convex sugar toasts
you’d like them
they were very bad
for us. O are you
mad now you little
fuckers well we
loved sugar
and condensation
and Max Martin
and we hated the
obsequy we were forced to perform and couldn’t overthrow unless maybe by the time you read this we did? I dunno you tell me