



Anastomosis

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Retire to Ohio for a drugstore getaway.
Pack in like pickles among the plastics,
The pops and pills; bask in fluorescence;
Desiccate the organic; out-science decay.
On cheat days, splurge on cigs they sell
Behind the check-out (for public safety).
Purchase years of life back aisle by aisle
Stocked with anti-aging serum, energy gel,
And a technicolor vegan vitamin gummy.
Cash in overtime nights on the factory floor
Until it's us that's been manufactured.
Time is cheap. It's youth that ain't free.
What was dying like before Walgreens?
In pre-drugstoric lore, bodies would mature
Inch by inch with birthdays in the backyard
Until bowing to the final tick of love's machine
We up and fell. We've since salted our lawns,
Sanitized the seas, scorched the last forest.
Death is dead, sealed in bottles of antiseptic,
Save the hint of pine-fresh ash on our yawns.

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