

IN BED

The world is like an ugly person you're supposed to love for their inner
beauty

but some people are just ugly—if you poke them with a short needle
you find badly lit rooms of cheap wall-to-wall carpet
& metal shelves of racially insensitive trinkets
so it's often better to avoid them completely
& mind your own business . . . in bed

Today is a good day to get things done . . . in bed

An atmospheric river has closed the zoo, the elephants are trudging
through the mud

Trees are falling over like myotonic goats & not getting up again

At the bottom of the river you're in a cozy submarine . . .

Cats asleep on either side of you . . .

as you think about Colette, who spent her last years in her apartment in the

Palais-Royal . . .

with her phone & books & papers

Time wrote that her novels were about “quietly desperate women in love &
in bed”

but that's all the women I know except for the ones

whose beds are shallow graves

Sometimes it's fun when in love to grow loudly desperate . . .
and write about it . . .
especially when your lover has left you alone . . .
to be cradled by your Microbead Boyfriend Pillow in its striking azure T-shirt

There are so many things you can accomplish, at home . . .
You can meet all sorts of lovely people . . .
You can fake an orgasm to hurry things along . . .
because you would rather be out having brunch with bottomless mimosas
or binge-watching other people having sex

With a man or just some sperm & the right equipment you can get a baby
& then bring it in bed to sleep with you
until it grows up and leaves you alone . . .

But beds are not just for sex or procreation
or sleep, or sleeplessness smoldering with 4 a.m. dread . . .
Beds are for living! Beds are for life . . .
& for memory, as you lie between cork-lined walls
writing very long sentences in French

Sometimes I'm so happy

I want to kill myself first thing in the morning to make sure I die . . .

under my white organic ruched duvet cover

like a marmot burrowed deep under the snow

who can't wake up from hibernation

while others crawl out, ravenous for spring

SUNDS FOR
SAD GIRLS