

Utopia

(Actually discovered after Columbus sat on fresh seagull droppings while sunning on the deck of the Santa Maria and relieving hard-ons to the view of natives on the beach)

when a cop pulls up next
to you at a red light, smile
and crush the gas with two
times the mightiest force
you can muster and wait
to hear roundsounds
of sirens and lights behind
you, neglect the dog humping
your sister's leg and let her
deal with the pinkribboned
poodle herself while you take
the screws out of the treadmill
and door hinges in hopes
that a parent or that mad
mechanic down the road
will open the door or get
a sudden sense of health
consciousness and in the
end, despite noble intentions
of friendly visits or
workouts, find themselves
staring at the ceiling or
the bottom of your crotch
from their found positions
on their backs, and after two

bags of chocolatepeanutbutter
M&Ms, ten pounds of Reese's
Pieces, a large mushroom
and anchovy topped hand
tossed crust delivery pizza,
consume the crab rangoon
and lo mein leftovers from last
night's foray to China House's
House of Chinese, and don't
forget to lock the door to your car
after you get out, but before
you check if you left the
keys in the ignition or in
the butt pocket of the Jordache
jeans you tossed into your
mother's basket of laundry
along with the ten dollar
bill you won after drinking five
shots of vodka in five
minutes without falling
off the barstool and your
driver's license and the
receipt from the ATM and
your lucky fingernail,
the one you ripped off
and kissed once a day after
the blond hooker down
the road ran her fingers
through yourhair and over
yourhands the day you

walked home from school
since your car was still in
the shop with aspirations
of frankensteining back to
life after a garbage truck
took the driver's side door
off at 5:38 a.m. on that Saturday
morning you left the blond
hooker's apartment without
your driver's license or her
receipt