

Feels Good

I have said the f-word
so often
under my breath

that it is now a kind of breathing exercise.

On the porch, my brain burnt
off its hinges, I watched the night



slither down the hill and into the city.
He said *We are having a party*. He said

I want you to feel
good. And for the rest of my life,
I will watch people squirm

in our foldable chairs. Our favorite drug poured out of us



and dragged its body down the road
until a car wrecked it.

The corpse appeared and appeared
in each passing headlight.
I traipsed from home

to oncologist to home again, practicing my breathing.



Inhale through the nose and
fuck, fuck, fuck through the mouth.

My lover twitched on our bed, part of him shooting out

of the covers—a foot, a leg.
Such is the restlessness of sleep
when a body is reeling



from what it lacks.

On the road, the torn maw,
the opossum splayed wide

for the sun to rot. We swerved around its opened mess.

I slithered
my fingers through his dark
hair. He said *I just want you*

to feel good. I said *I feel good. Does it feel good?*
It feels good. He said *It feels so good.*