

And one more for the rooooad...

by Nikki Moen

One as a reflection
a disembodied salutation
of the living corpse talking;
the literal bog dump
of euthanasia

One who partly took me
as a mirror, for hours upon hours
gazed on his image-
it wasn't as if I minded
the practice
in the least

One to stay silent and cheap
as I gape, flabbergasted
in a black military dress
upon my swiveling stool
of us, the lower class
(or is it just low class)
in some dumb sports bar

One to take soft sweet generosity
and hack phlegm upon it
in a half-assed offering that lacked
any buffering
polish in the least

and one *me* to take it out
on the perplexed nice ones
because of the ones, the assortment of ones
(the rogue's gallery of ones?)
who came before.