

EAT YOUR BEETS OR WE'LL SEND THEM TO

by

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starving children in Ethiopia  
Feed them intones the blonde  
Switch Channel  
Switch like an accident  
Fresh bodies covered by white sheets,  
Contorted metal, glass confettied on pavement and...  
you have to look  
God, there's something sticky and damp on my feet  
Settle down and watch the show.  
Neat lines of bloated bellied African kids,  
plastic bowl attached  
Pimple-faced man dishes out white rice, smiling  
It's up to my ankles now--maybe it's blood.  
Dark skin stretched over jagged bones nursing toothpicks.  
Naked breasts. Naked primitive breasts.  
Network approves, but blood keeps rising  
Hitting my armpits  
Where's the plug? Pull it.  
Pull it fast!  
I'm on the second floor,  
the asshole downstairs has drowned and  
it's too thick to swim in.  
I keep seeing those starving women  
having babies they can't feed.  
The light bulb flashes  
RELIEF  
It's not my fault.  
Relief  
Bloods draining. Draining  
Now all I have to do is shampoo the carpet.