

Cap'n Jazz "Easy Drive"

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(aka my testosterone smock.) stains so deep they can see no end. stains so many they can hardly be seen. wrinkles like gashes and dirt formed shadows. my fingers swim for the end of a sleeve. and i can't understand. it's just my dad's old shift. it fit him so well. starched rigid. firmly creased. he grew into it and it grew into him. now i can't hear myself through all the sounds in my head. they all tell me exactly what i want. just call me tetris. i've got the headache. nothing fits and nothing disappears. call me tetris. i can't close my eyes on it.

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