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Thought Industry "Jane Whitfield Is Dead"

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(I) July 10th, 1993

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Jane's clenched legs writhe. Soot dress dance flannel sheets. Inane lush that can't decide, but I'm snared here. I wake flustered in her bedroom that I can't escape. I weep here's something that can never change.

This marriage is make believe. Cook slop meal; and sew t-shirt; and wash my plate; and make bunk bed. I never asked these things, because Jane's now dead. Jane's found dead, long dead. Left me to this lonely bed.

Hoard of locust mad.

(II) September 17th, 1995

Jane floats down the aisle. Voluptuous cream wedding dress. Family and friends tight smiles. Razor near. "I do," and I promise on the bottle lover's grave. She sighs, "our timeless loyalty is branded change."

This marriage is make believe. Mow front lawn; and wash sports car; and cut slab wood; and pain garage; but we're not a sexist pair. Because Jane's now dead. Because Jane's been dead. Because Jane's found dead,

long dead. Stranded to this frigid bed. Pacific bottom

sad.

I'll mourn her softly

(III) May 3rd, 2043

A-frame by Winchester stream. Trimmed hedge with daisies. Fields. Stained plank ceder fence. My gramps' ponies. She'll shit a brick. I bet. Our house to raise a family. She'll shit. I bet. We'll grow old together. Snail slow and ancient gray. Racquetball on tuesday morning. Playing eucker. Sipping tea; and watch the sun die from our rocking chairs. We'll gum sweet oatmeal holding dishpan hands. She'll shit a brick. I bet. To watch our children married. She'll shit. I bet. To see us when we're ninety, sleeping in on church sunday. Playing our dated CD's that we bought in my twenties.

(IV) January 25th, 2051

This marriage is make believe. Now I'm crying on her body as she passed away without me, and left me this bitter old man; because Jane's now dead, because Jane's been dead. Because Jane's found dead. My wife's now dead. My wife's found dead. Jane's left dead.

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