

## The Latency

### "Eighteen Inches"

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Face down on the ground. stormclouds lie in white snowpiles all around. i don't know if i can make it through one more winter in this town. voted worst in show the last two years. i got a refill on my tears- another bottle of foam yellowed clear. the old man twitching on the train reminds us of mortality, the snow everywhere reminds us of the rain. and my burned and brittle skin, cracked and blistered in the wind is testament to repetition as the impossible happens again. q: so, what's your new years revolution? a: take off those ten unsightly pounds. the snow is piling higher and your face is growing closer to the ground. raising your glass at the office party or photocopying your secretary's ass is no less pathetic than our self-righteously self-important tasks of barfing rhetoric on shiny table tops as our collars and turtlenecks choke us right there in the coffee shops. winter will not wait for you. ironically, your worst dream has come true: pontification means nothing when i woke up and looked around, i found that my dreams had melted into dirty puddles on the ground

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