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Holding Myself for Ransom

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JASON GORDON

HOLDING MYSELF FOR RANSOM

I have no lungs

I breathe by
opening and
closing my fists

*

I can throw a pumpkin full of explosives
into the kitchen.

I can crush a cube of frozen paint thinner in my hand,
lay down on a domino the size of a mattress.

I can rip apart the garden shears
like a wishbone—

angels bouncing between spark plugs,
smoke doing its rain dance around the room:

no one will notice.
The sun is a junkie's eyeball and

rats stampede through the neighborhood.
I play chess against myself.

Every black pawn I take
I have to swallow.

*

It's the same every morning:
the house folds itself up like a map when I leave it,
static infecting the radio.

I wake the avocado not a real avocado
one from the garden where our ghosts hide.

I'm bored with my eyes,
I close them open them pull off my lips kiss my own nose,
the salad tongs in my hand.