Funky Miasma

Alyssha "Kat" Holdren
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Don’t you want to get up on the desk
and scream loud obscenities
at the top of your lungs
and jump up and down
and run like hell to 7-11
walk in like you own the place
and demand a large pot of coffee
for you and me, babe
drink it down
until you’re too full of caffeine
to stand still
you jump over moving cars
like they were hurdles
and do primal screams
paint the town
maraschino cherry red
after we have exhausted
every cell in our little bodies
we’ll find a mud field someplace
far from here
where we’ll throw mudclots
act like little girls can’t
and little boys can
we’ll make gourmet mud pies
and throw them at passersby
until isolation is a thing
we need not crave
we’ll take off our shoes
long since
super-saturated with mud
and laugh
because even crazy things
are better than nothing

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