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Dividing Two by Two What It Means to Count

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DIVIDING TWO BY TWO: WHAT IT MEANS TO COUNT

Carey L. Fries

of golds and reds. I am spinning and spinning
in a cyclone of color, dancing with daisies
drinking from the cups of daffodils
and finally diving into the dirt, naked and cold
with my hand on my crotch and my face
on a sweaty toilet seat.

The petals have fallen and covered my body
like a blanket that covers your face
but always leaves your feet cold.
It's past my bedtime bartender, but you just keep right on pouring
because I'm going to sleep with thorns in my hair
and if you run out of Jack you can pour me whatever
but don't you stop filling my glass
don't you dare.