

Kevin Carollo

# Homework Assignment

8:30am beeps the broken runner's watch.  
With my shattered tailbone blues and  
SlamTracker app, I feel like a brain nerd

in Brainerd. I put my coccyx into the mix.  
Sitting? Bull! The ghost of Joe Strummer  
swims back to me in alphabetical order.

From then on the crap poem called Hump  
Day writes itself. The earlier bio reads up  
to date. Cats casually stalk each other and

I have to put my feet up. Mark my rewords,  
I'll dream up new linoleum for the outhouse  
inside my brain farm. Truth is dealing with

an apple falling far from the tree. Justice  
is just ice melting. Final period is study  
hall in the library of Babel. Every morning

History is rookie security locking down  
the University of Hard Knocks. Bird times  
the alarm. Another spate of nincompoops

spouts malarkey, but the cat inside the pizza  
box is the real brains of the operation. Every  
thing is on the up and up. Freedom is more

fed than ever. In the forest of brains there is a  
billboard with my name on it: O one, o none,  
o neon at noon. Coils of the stove don't get

hot enough and air conditioning labors to  
fake another orgasm. In Moorhead I find I'm  
more and more aware of how I'm just one



more one-celled organism holding the key to  
my own salvation. Or what? You must have  
to sell God a piece of land in Florida to fake it

until you make it. You must have to drag your  
body to Cambria and back before the brainiacs  
of the rock opera take notice. It must be like

operating on your own body. It must be like  
dragging the lake of your soul for all eternity  
and always trawling nothing nothing nothing.

