

Gut Flora

My mind
and
body
imitate
each
other's
mann
erisms
like
weathered spouses
in peristalsis /
know each other's
curves like childhood
memories /
they
are
so
happy to be in the same room
/ holding each other / until they think about the grief
/ the trauma / the repression / I try cutting certain things out
of my diet / like foods / and lovers / nothing seems to work /
the doctor says that frequent bowel movements is an evolutionary
tactic / no predator can salvage a foul smelling meal / so you make
yourself as unattractive as possible / for survival / and all that escapes
from this forlorn belly when i hear this news / is laughter / my own
vessel is telling me that no one wants to make a home of me / not even
myself / so I add new mistresses into this tangled marriage / Pantoprazole
is my body's morning sex / Gaviscon for a mid day fuck / but nothing
rekindles their love / I try to show the scans to the doctor but nothing
shows up / so nothing is wrong with me / but nothing *is* wrong with me /
something is wrong *within* in me / and i tell myself /
it /
is /
not /
my /
fault.