



The Worst

Ray Succre

Borscht sweat pats down the nostrils; the tongue
of pre-lunch flinches into teeth
and jackets the sense, in a bath
of repulsive hunger.

The marrow percolates my up-coast outing,
my dozenth arrowhead dug from the day
and crushed like olives to trickle the vats up slow—
the workout center, the beef-maker
pad badly hitched to a deli.

Pinned in locution like a hideous fruit pit,
eldest minutes of bellowing hours turnip-tugged
from my ground. I've ordered, it has arrived, and
here as though by skink-bite,
the sweat of many hits me an electrical mud of
pungency.

It grows hotter quickly, and
as I approach downward my meal,
fork-handed, soda-headed, trunk-mouthed,
even the emerald colored stink
in the air is soon to
crow for what this Sun, hours, will make of it.

