

When Tavon Learns His Wife Sleeps Around

He arranges a parabolic pathway of evenly spaced panties,
her entire tarnished underwear drawer,
leading to and fro the garden they planted together,

October 3rd, 2008, smiling nearly the entire afternoon.

He tells his insomniactive daughter
finger-sandwich bread on Mars is a little longer

to account for the extended phalanges' bones.

He could have said any planet or toes
as rarely as she listens.

He limps around his neighborhood mumbling Zdravo
(hello in Slavomacedonian) to everyone.

Many say Hello back in English, which is not incredible.

He asks the family Labradoodle to grace the dinner table
because he's forgotten how to bless food.

He doesn't completely ignore Gun

Digest in the pharmacy magazine aisle as he normally would.

Upon his newly shaved head,
he wears a tambourine at the alligator farm.

The reptiles appear to adore him.

He ignores their apparent love,
claiming they've been socialized.

He's asked to leave because of his cymbals. "Not cymbals,
they're called zils," he tells security. "We know
man" -- the guards sympathize -- "exactly what zils are."