

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

## INFINITY KID

Time skates away in tributaries;  
one day I will perish like old tofu in a warm bath  
shedding layers into my atmosphere like an upset jellyfish.  
I have a mind like a briar patch.  
Think about the young man stepping out of torn pants.  
My vaseline soul moves surreptitiously through the postal system,  
vinyl stickers inert and a mysterious navy heart like a connector  
toy.

I used to wear linen headbands and eat carrots out of special  
wrappers.  
The Batesian inner carrot waited for the right moment.  
The color palette was primarily that of animals with dramatic tails  
climbing the burnt cigar trunks of baobabs.  
And whirlpools factored in, relentlessly.  
I smelled their antiseptic perfume and fell asleep,  
aging all along in miniature strokes.

Everything repeats, after many billions.  
A folder in the pharmacy showed a string of earths mirrored like  
pearls.  
I spent a whole day thinking about the folder.  
I stored unimportant papers in its sleeves.  
Then a numbing arctic version of birth played out  
where a snowflake had twins and a life span like a fruit fly,  
terrifically short, and albino.