

Edgar's Evasive Evacuation

By Danny Fekete

In the darkness you will find me and the dæmons Fate consigned me
Hidden by a stack of worthless tabloids on my bathroom floor.
Eyes no longer idly wander over words, no surfeit squander
Of mine energy should be expended on such scandalous lore:
Ranting reams and raven droppings, rotting on my bathroom floor,
Here perusedè nevermore.

Here I moan beside my faucet, all alone and full of dross, it
In the dingy dusk reflects the deeply dolorous effects
On the fool who ill-selects the matter of his evening's platter,
By the shining of the lining of the brine upon his brow.
Never would, should I could, sup again on baking-chocolate, now!
Never, by my braided brow!

From my toes, a numbness creeping, seeping 'spite my wilted weeping,
Up my legs, it comes entreating that which I cannot restore,
Cannot move, behoved as I am, from this state that I deplore:
Roiling in my turmoil, toiling desperately to start despoiling
That white bowl – so smugly foiling kind catharsis of the more
Discordant apples I'd abhor.

Deep within this gloom is twisted my poor face, near windows misted,
Like a gargoyle primly planted, perched upon its porcelain home
With my gargoyle's grimace in this wispy mist, my mien as stone,
There I vainly strain in sultry silence on my wicked throne;
There I thrash and gnash my teeth, bequeathed unto my wicked throne;
Impotent upon my throne.

Spurring nought I sit enduring craven Colon's blithe demurring
Of release that I would fail to find if I from this ledge flew.
In my mind I see my blurring study with its maps recurring,
Whirring in my waning, paining brain, cartouches clear in view:
"Here Be Dragons," "There, My Droppings"; fancy, both, and both untrue.
Damn my feculence undue!

From my frosted window bleeding: Nocturne's tendrils tersely ceding
Their dominion on the blackest corners of my bathroom floor.
In that forming of the morning, grey and dismal, bleak and storming,
Thence I make my final pact to act, to dump this dirty ore.

"Fondest fortunes," I bid, groaning, to my abdomen, disowning
It and rectal zones unhæmorrhoidal, heretofore adored.

Stayed by neither pain nor puncture, and bereft of soothing uncture

At this most unholy juncture, by my efforts unrelenting,

Nearly spent and much repenting, venting, denting, *so* contenting:

From my bathroom ruptures forth a sonorous, stentorian roar

And reverberations scatter tabloids 'cross my bathroom floor

Where there once was stilted stasis, where once sat the toilet's whore.

Now discharged, my panting quitting,
Succulently, sweetly shitting,
Sitting with my anus sore,
Sitting on my gold galore,
Sitting, smiling evermore.