

STRUGGLE



Swelling up,
I push, push harder,
Building,
Getting bigger, bigger,
Expanding,
So big I want to pop,
Puffing up, puffing up,
Hanging here on this one,
Lone hair of the bushy eyebrow,
I can't just stay here on this eyebrow,
Annoying this person to the bitter end,
Ah, come on,
I am swelling, getting hugher and hugher—
Hugher is not a word—I must be STRESSED...
Just sitting here balancing on this one
single solitary curly eyebrow hair,
Almost ready,
Yes I am ready,
I slide off his sweaty eyebrow
Glide down his slick, moist cheek,
Yes I am that reward
that drop of gold medal sweat
Outlining the curve of his ruddy,
Pulsating chin,
I am that lonely bead of slimy sweat,
The reward for exercise well done.

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