

1.

So I consult my donut
Holding it to the light
It's chocolate cover offers me
An insight to my destiny
To that which is not there

I'm talking of the hole, the donuts quiddity
Through which I see the world
Reflected back to me
What ought to be a vivid sight
Instills in me a wicked night

The hole might be the mouth
Of an ancient primitive worm
And from this mouth it grew a spine
To wiggle and worm it's merry way
Right in to my brain

Not unlike like the worm
I'm wiggling my self, blind and deaf
On a shopping spree, with massive debt,
I cannot unsee, the gaping hole in my brain

Now this gaping hole, where my frontal lobe ought to be
Upon It I have pondered some
The conundrum has me overcome
With unrelenting shame

The gaping hole in my cortex
From whence and where it came?
If my brain is no longer here
From where and why do thoughts appear?
The excrement of a menacing worm?
Eating away at a once so firm and succulent brain?

Which brings me to the second hole
The famous end of the train
From where my thoughts begin
Of which there are not many
In fact only a few
But if I think, sometimes I do!
I almost always think of you!

2.

She'd been living in her car for a while, touring her perennially foggy homeland: it was a treacherous thing to navigate. She'd been stuck on the same highway system for two weeks, chasing the distant city skyline that from time to time would emerge from the haze, though always equidistant to her. This highway might prove to be a closed circuit she thought as she stopped at a gas station. Admiring the expansive river system unfolding just beyond the parking lot, she desired a raft, then enquired, but no raft rental service was to be had: "maybe further down the road", suggested the well mannered teenage-boy left in charge of the station. How to get to the city hung in the air, the elephant in the room, but she had tired of asking; Had resolved to follow the road to its end and take it from there. After all, she wasn't eager to reach her final destination: which was the house of her father who she would beg for money.

Her eyes followed one vein of the river until it bifurcated and was swallowed by the fog. "Could the river system be traversed?" She wondered again.

She didn't see her father all that much

But poverty would have

her calling him from time to time; in her recollection he would appear lying on his leathery couch counting money wearing a pout, an expression he would often wear when taking stock of his ever dwindling riches. And when he had finished counting he would commence his lectures, recounting to her their family's industrious past and subsequent downfall; how he himself along with all his rich kid comrades had fought against their authoritarian peers in the hopes of creating a more permissive society. A grave mistake, that he would only realize once his own children grew up to be as lazy and dependent as himself he assured her. Permissive society or not, a fat stack of cash was enough for any individual to become docile. This she had understood from an early age; and if she did not put up a fight, she too would end up a couch potato passively awaiting the day the money would finally dry up.

Her brother Spineless was remarkably erect, as if sculpted from marble. His path through life was paved not by action but whatever his uncanny beauty brought about; a reverse Medusa turning to stone in the eye of the beholder, his transfixed corpus passively pushed about by his many admirers. Irony would have that Spineless, who had always been above the law, would one day become an upholder of it. His ruthless superiors were at first not taken with his beauty but rather the appalling number of arrests he was producing. As a matter of fact they found him to be outright unresponsive at a disciplinary meeting, so much so that a doctor was called for fear that the young mang had suffered a stroke. Acute Chronic Brain Fog the doctor solemnly declared: *It's a goddamn miracle that he's been showing up to work, look at the brainscan! you can't see shit!* Their Father had his own theory, claiming that when Spineless was asleep he would transform into a worm: "THAT is his true form" father declared; "A mouth and anus held together by a primitive digestive tract; waiting for dreams to pass through him as he in waking life awaits his orders". Perhaps not a very helpful diagnosis, but she appreciated her father's theories not for their utility but the tenacity with which he put them forth.

In all cases it became clear that Spineless had no aptitude for law enforcement whatsoever, but the fact that he looked mesmerizing in a uniform would come to save him yet again.

Management found that his sex appeal alone was enough to boost public perception: thus they stripped him of his firearm and most of his uniform; and was made to walk his rounds at the public beaches in a police blue Speedo, from which dangled handcuffs suggestive of anything but law enforcement.

She studied her reflection in the rare view mirror: She had a face and hair that was long
She had always owned a car, since she was old enough to drive one.
Her hair was blond and on her T-Shirt was written *TimeWorm*. The highway was like a donut; her car a
maggot chipping away at its outer rim; Waste all time! It had felt like the end for a while; Father's eyes
popped out of his skull holding the chocolate covered pastry to the light:
We're in a weird time of life he exclaimed from his supine position on the couch that had taken on his
shape, and spineless was wearing his speedo in the garden, sensing his sister who was pissing behind a
bush at an empty truckstop, plotting and scheming how to rinse her old man for all his delectable dollars.
And what kind of cash did her brother hold working full time and living at home?

That summer she had been working at what barely passed as a bar: serving beer and wine out of a
refurbished shipping container by the waterfront. It was a literal shithole, parasitically attached to the only
public toilet in the area. Yes... a veritable shit hole that mirrored its porcelain cash cow in every
conceivable way. The guests did not seem to understand this, it was not a separate thing felicitously
located next to the toilet but rather an extension of it. And so the pissy drinks and shitty service would
combine with the constipated and impatient customers into one rank atmosphere, conceived, furthermore,
under conditions so unhygienic it was a miracle no one had died.

But at times, she supposed, it wasn't all bad; the 9 to 5 was doing her some good; and old cranks would
come and talk of matters you wouldn't hear in other places. One such figure would point out to her that
the head was in charge of the corpus, and once you could embody this principle your limbs would begin
to tingle and unwind; and he said that at night he could hear the worm in his brain. She said her brother
was a worm but had not heard from him for a while. "Don't lose your head in the dough of time and
things" said the old crank: "in the middle, there lies the hole of the worm, you could say it is the veiny
interior. Not all creatures come from there, some are floating heads; take the prime minister, he has long
Covid and lymes disease and in his little suitcase there are epipens and nasal spray; why oh why, I
wonder, would he build the highway in the image of his own round belly?" Spineless would know, she
knew that spineless said less than he knew. His leading head might be full of fog but she cared for him
deeply; admired him for his kindness. 10 years in the force and not a single arrest! And how gracefully he
would forget it all!

She pulled over the car and got out. Above the empty lane rows of light extended out into the silent gray
mass that lay ahead. Was she really doing this? Was it really time to retire? It wouldn't be a heist, it would
be a humiliation; and the gloating of her father once he realized she had quit her job, the thought alone
filled her with fondness, made her laugh out loud: "I told you so" he would say: "hell, I even bought a
little armchair for you, right next to my couch it stands, why don't you have a seat and watch me count
this money; don't you wonder how long it will last the three of us? Eyyy what about some vitamins?
We've got 16 different kinds but woh woh woh, keep your hands off my viagra! Spineless! Bring me my

fruit shaped ice cooler and fill it with shoe shaped ice cubes; let's have a drink and toast to your sister. She gave it all she had had to give!"

Spineless turned slowly towards the laughter coming from the living room, something had cracked up the old man. He walked towards a bundle of sumptuous silk pillows above which emerged the bush of curls that was his fathers hairdo. The old man was wiggling a half eaten donut in front of his face, expelling bursts of baby-like laughter. Spineless scratched his head, then opened his mouth as if to say something, but Father intercepted him and took the initiative: "Law man, have you come to arrest me? Is my crystal donut considered contraband?" Spineless stood his silent ground. "Or have you come to watch, perhaps suspecting that your father cannot finish what he started? Well then watch my boy, watch and learn". Father tightened his grip and in a remarkably deft movement stuffed the whole thing into his mouth, pulling back his hand now empty and spotless. Spineless jaw dropped as his fathers haughty expressions took on a tinge of terror: Hybris Nemesis He Was Choking, Spineless thought he must be joking! He was not and so dropped or rather rolled off his couch hitting the floor already incurably dead.

Spineless stood watching. He could not remember who to call when someone died. Outside the fog had begun to clear up, revealing familiar territory, instilling in her a new sense of resolve; this wasn't the end, she would only beg for a little bit of money; just enough to keep her afloat while she looked for a new job.