

Darryl Whetter

Plastic Water Bottles

my enemy in North America. the enemy
of my gastrointestinal
enemy in Asia. the glaring
fingerprints of capitalism's invisible hand,
that force I thought mythical, propaganda,
until thirsty
at any temple, beach or other
Asian tourist site

the transparent
black magic of the twentieth century, my hollow,
crackling confessions. the most defining
sculpture of the species. cheap
but lasting. lasting
and cheap

my crime-scene hotel rooms littered
with spent shell casings. empties. small
tracer bullets and larger five-nines
dropped behind

I am become ocean Death
the destroyer
of marine worlds

Trip Advisor

a repeat

object lesson in Groucho Marxism.

all these members

making me never

too similar, too different, too

crowded, busy, still

spicy, bland, expected, conformist.

too Russian, too Chinese, too smoky, too male.

strong, weak, rugged, hard on the kids.

expensive, accessible. popular

ego advisor, ego curator. vector

and display these half-naked

prejudices, vendettas, hang-ups, embedded

microaggressions.

so screamingly neurotic

so privilege drunk.

go get a vasectomy

snip advisor

if we're really being honest,

“sharing” that review,

how many stars would you

should you

give your own soul?