

*Henpecked*

Standing in an empty bathtub looking out the window  
the old and tired—yet fully dressed—man is alone  
except for the neighborhood regulars: soap, towel, sham  
poo, toothbrush.

To this audience he plays his fury like a trombone:

"Go in the bathroom  
she says.

Bridge group is coming  
she says.

I say

Stupid old cackling hens running in circles  
squawking their fucking heads off.

I hope their heads do come off.

Pop—clean off and

Smack! Hit the ceiling.

But her bleeding head would say  
come out of there and  
clean up this mess.

No thanks.

If only their heads would

Pop off when they go home.

She's already home but  
one head wouldn't be much.

Take her by the hair and  
pitch her in the yard.

Good for the grass

I say.

Get some use out of her

I say.

Chop up her body and spread it all over the backyard.

Get some grass to grow.

Grass don't squawk.

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I'd like a nice lawn 'stead of a henhouse.  
A henhouse in the living room.  
Hens playing cards.  
It ain't right.  
It ain't right to keep a rooster out a henhouse.  
Damn chickens."