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?