

One Thousand Words on Regret

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Last night, I had sex for as long as it takes to drive to the gas station
(on Cambridge St.)
and all the silver sperm capsized in the jelly, like beached fish—
imagine their surprise.

Give me 1,000 words on regretfulness.

Sitting in the grass, I am trying to write out I hate you, “I have,
I gave, I gate—”
and it’s just too difficult to do. I gate you.

My jaw hurts and so I say it out loud, “My jaw hurts.” And that just
makes it hurt worse.

Swallow a candy in panic and it just sits in your stomach. Please,
there is room—

make use of the furniture.

The title on your bookshelf *Whores on the Hillside* and I say,
“Whales are mammals
and abortions don’t take place in your stomach.”

A trailing,
smoky breath primed for the coming extinction. *I know that
I’m not stupid.*

In their paddock the horses roar, like dinosaurs.

Bully for me! That’s the creative spirit! The sunlight
on the roof’s stone banisters—
a missive reads, “Missing: a pair of tan/gold fishnets”—tights. Help!

The whole world is turning into words and I don’t believe them.