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Sapodilla

I hid behind a tree
not the Tree of Knowledge
or the Tree of Life

just a sapodilla
whose gnarly trunk had bark with
widely spaced furrows
and fruit that softened
fell and splattered

and attracted fruit rats
who ran gleefully among the branches
drunk on fermenting nectar

giddy at their luck
at being born in the greatest country in the world
Eden

The Snake was behind the tree with me
We made our acquaintance
He shook my hand with his tail
dry and cool

Each of us had our own agenda
and a name tag
His read: Snake
Mine: Adulterer

I was waiting for a chance to seduce Eve
Adam was more muscular than me
but I had wiles
and had gotten a preview of
the Kama Sutra

My wife and I
were the first people created by another God
a non-Hebraic deity

It took Her nearly a year to finish us
being slow and careful
unlike the Hebraic God

who dashed off
shitty first drafts with impunity
and never went back to revise

I don't know how long my wife and I had been married
We hadn't invented the calendar yet
or clocks
I measured Time by my growing boredom
The world was lovely
but my wife was repetitive
boring boring boring

Eve was a different type
red-haired
spunky
big fat freckles on her face
surely the sexiest feature a woman can have
eyelids pink and raw looking

My wife tended toward slovenliness
and drank adult beverages to excess
which made her even more redundant
a fact that never made it into our Bible

Hot Tub

My wife buys her bipolar older sister
a huge plastic container of cashews
then flees to New Mexico

where she hides out in a lodge on the desert
once frequented by mafia bosses
and still guarded by five fierce German Shepherds

She sits in a cement hot tub
that was once a bin for fishing bait
The hot water flows around her
and she feels those red and gray earthworms
writhe around her naked body

She watches the muddy Rio Grande flow by
A mule swims from the far shore
a Mexican woman on its back

My wife panics for a moment
because the woman resembles her sister
but calms
when she sees that
the Mexican lacks her sister's long facial scar

Toast

Toto F came home from work
smelling of Freedom Fries
and threw himself down
on the other side of the couch

I was still waiting for my patient
my lover

to come back from scoring dope with
Toto's drummer
Tommy Toast

so I could kill Toast
and take Tiffany back to our ward

The image of that bare
cum-stained mattress
was still with me

You waiting on the madwoman? Toto asked

I gave him stinkeye

*You act the part of a shrink
but you're a madman
I don't mean that as a bad thing
Just sayin'*

I went in the kitchen and rummaged around
made myself a PB&J
one for him too

Toto took a bite
*You gotta let people
work their own karma
You can't
just lean in like a shade-tree mechanic
spray 'em with WD-40
re-torque their internal combustion with your
giant fucking wrenches
you know what I mean?*

Yeah

let madness and misery rule!

Always has, man, always has

Let the rapers and murderers have their way with her
Let the highway wrap itself around her like a boa constrictor

I look at the world and I notice it's turning
Toto gulped a mad wad of PB&J
while my guitar gently weeps

Toto you're a fucking jukebox

Toto leaned forward
I think I hear Tommy Toast's car

Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois' poems have appeared in hundreds of literary magazines in the U.S. and abroad. He is a regular contributor to *The Prague Revue*, and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, most recently for his story "Purple Heart" published in *The Examined Life* in 2012, and for his poem. "Birds," published in *The Blue Hour*, 2013. His novel, **Two-Headed Dog**, based on his work as a clinical psychologist in a state hospital, is available for 99 cents from [Kindle](#) and [Nook](#), or as a [print edition](#).