



Present Whereabouts Unknown

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Bulbous, then jack-knifed, the past dots its i's. Just sit back and enjoy the sun, the old man used to say. He rarely meant it. The sound of his voice made animals cry. You will suffer a magnificent failure, a college girl reading my tarot told me when I was just a freshman.

Now I'm grown. The feast has commenced. Driftwood just misses the large catfish in the corner of the hundred-or-so gallon tank. Four pelicans in formation skim the surf's surface. Everywhere I turn people with hearty names are quaintly smoking.

Elsewhere in America, raccoons tip over garbage cans. Motion detectors make lights come on. Business men and women in meetings fall asleep over their marketing stories. Inspiration's sloppiness. Invention after reinvention. My vagina is a mixed metaphor. I'm hung like Everest. When you say talking, you seem to mean complaining. And all I can say is, *Where have I been my whole life?*