If It Knew Everything I’d Ask It

How many strands of salt and pepper
How many toenails, fingernails
How many skin cells
How many gigawatts of static
How many sweat
How many units of halitosis
How many drain fulls of toothpaste, hand soap, shaving cream
How many squandered seconds
How many meals rushed
How many coins walked by
How many blood in the sneeze, the shave, the mole, the gum
How many mucus
How many noise pollution
How many ghosts in our comfort zone, under our very thumbs, how many
How many addicts in our attic
How many hanging in how many scrapbooks
How many drowned in the Danube running
How many running still
How many hungry, how many pancakes, whip cream
How many industrialized-revolutionary-picks-itself garlic to feed the world
How many weed to make it cool, how many cocaine to rise from the blood pooling on the kitchen floor
How many bondsmen, how many hail repair
How many freerange chihuahuas, how many trapped in a car
How many arteries clogging, toilets seizing, drains erupting
How many irons singeing, how many knees turned inside out and how white the fat wiggling about
How many clouds liquidating their entire inventory
How many Ry Cooders, how next, big Buddy Hollies
How many new by doing something old in a different accent
How many money in the world spent on feeling good
How many silhouettes of horses darting before the Californian flames
How many rabbits saved by white teens
How many hard drives to the bottom of the ocean
How many PowerPoints

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